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THE BOOKMAN

THE MOVIES: A COLOSSUS THAT TOTTERS

BY A SCENARIO EDITOR

The miracle of the movies is no more. Together with the telephone, the wireless, the electric light and the automobile, it has faded into the grey veil of accepted things, and the shining glory of its incredible novelty has gone. Indeed, one might almost put forward the claim that the motion-picture has passed into the class of public utilities: at least in the same sense that the daily newspaper has. Just what the movie is to become—whether a form of dramatic art, a form of animated literature, a form of news-service, a pictorial expression, a medium for propaganda, or what not—we have still to discover from its future. Certain it is that at the moment it is primarily an industry. It is so referred to by its owners and exploiters, by the heads of its multiple and multiplex departments and even by its artists, who, when they talk of what they do (and they speak of little else) refer always to their "work" and to the "business" of picture-making, or to "the industry"! Moreover, it has been an industry even in the strictest sense. It has been handled as such by men who knew no other terms of activity, and now something is radically wrong with it—as an industry. It is probably perfectly safe to say that there is today no other big business in America which is in a more precarious condition. It is inflated as perhaps no other group of corporations which hold kinship—the interrelations are closer than in any other group-industry, and it is inflated like a gigantic balloon. And all this because it has ceased to be *only* an industry.

At first a picture which moved was a bonanza. The machine which made this possible was in itself an object for complete organization and exploitation just like any other mechanical invention. A picture which moved was a miracle. People would pay to see the thing happen even though it hurt their eyes, and the

Editor's Note: The author of this article is a well-known writer, represented by several published volumes and numerous magazine stories and articles The statements made here are based on several months' experience as scenario editor for a large picture corporation and on the observations of the author, extending over a period of years, upon the methods of motion-picture production generally.

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miracle was so great that its subject was of little or no matter. Acting was unnecessary; art, plot, all the usual components of public entertainment were unnecessary. The picture moved, and for a long time—indeed during the whole period of the organization of the industry—that was enough for the public. Mechanical perfection was rapidly sought but only because people's eyes are sensitive, and an imperfect projection, whether through the fault of the machine or of the film, made their heads ache and thinned the audiences. Besides, the type of mind which organizes industry can deal effectively with concrete things.

The miracle of the movies was thereby made the greater, and for a long period accumulated great fortunes for its exploiters. And then, branded an industry, and held in thrall as a wage-slave, it began to lose its value. The inevitable happened. The public, that blasé child, became used to it. And once the people have got used to a thing, they become either critical of it, or worse, indifferent. The American public has done both things, with the result that the motion-picture magnate of today is, more often than not, a poor man—living in the habit of wealth without its substance. And this in spite of the fact that there are more picture-houses than ever before, that new ones are constantly in construction, and that they are filled to suffocation.

What, then, is the reason for this extraordinary situation? Briefly, the chain of production is this: the big machine which puts photo-plays before the public can be roughly divided into three divisions—the producer, the distributor or releasing agency (a middleman), and the theatre owner. The cause of the business inflation and the actual want of funds which lurks like a ghost under the resplendent exterior of the picture world, lies in overproduction. And the overproduction is not so much due to the actual number of films completed in a year, as to the number of films which are so poor that they cannot be shown. The one man in the chain which forms the links between the author and the audience, who seems to have any sense of showmanship, not to say of art, is the theatre owner. He knows, or at least has learned to guess at, what his public will stand for; and he is the final word on what is released. The releasing corporations have warehouses filled with his rejections. He has learned a little about what the public wants—perforce. And for a long while, as time goes in the motion-picture world (which by the way is only sixteen years old), he thought it was a name which the public wanted; personality was what counted. And so, at first, it did.

But the people have begun even to see through that piece of hocus-pocus. A good actor is entertaining only when properly cast, and one great trouble with the movie men is that they disagree so thoroughly with P. T. Barnum. They have been convinced that it *can* be done all the time. The showman—the man who operates the motion-picture theatre—has learned the wisdom of the master showman. The public is far from being a fool—it can be conned by novelty up to a certain point, and then it begins to look for substance.

He has discovered, the theatre man, that while the people still love Mary and Charlie, they want to see them in a story. And they knock the picture as they leave the theatre, no matter how dear a favorite the star is, if the story was a dull one.

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Ask anyone in the picture world today, from assistant camera man—nay, from office boy—to president, what they most want; what their lack is; what will bring back one of the world's greatest and, at bottom, most legitimate professions to a sound and healthy basis, and a universal cry will answer you:

STORIES!

Well, why haven't they got stories? The world is full of them, authors are eager to sell, managers eager to buy, classics are aplenty, ready and waiting to be picturized, and nobody's copyright infringed. Yet thousands upon thousands of costly feet of film are uselessly stored at a high rate of insurance by every company in the country—simply because the story they unrolled was unspeakably dull.

Having for a considerable period of time held the editorial chair in a producing company, I feel able to speak authoritatively on this subject. It is only fair to the world of writers that they should know what it is that stands between them and production—or at least adequate and intelligent production—of their work, and possibly even the producers will forgive my disclosures if they help to bring author and audience closer together. Indeed, I am not sure but that a simple recital of conditions on the average motion-picture lot or studio will be as great a surprise to the picture magnate as to the long-suffering author. For the average owner, officer, or stockholder lives in appalling ignorance of the minutiæ of his plant.

To the conditions which follow there are of course exceptions. But the exception is as a rule only a matter of degree. To begin with, the editorial department of a picture concern has an outer room where a clerical staff of young women opens and files incoming mail and correspondence. When manuscripts come in they are handed over to the reading department. This is a room where half a dozen or more young women at an average wage of ten dollars a week, without the competence of a stenographer or salesgirl, sit all day making first choice of the material the editor is to see. Not alone do manuscripts and plays, synopses and scenarios pass through their hands, but the magazines for which the corporation subscribes—for the most part the lighter all-fiction type—must be read by them, and from this mass of matter they must select what, in their expert opinion, is likely picture material. Whether there is some vague notion on the company's part that these young ladies represent the typical motion-picture going public mind or not, I cannot say; but I believe not. It is simply that they seem to form a necessary machine for weeding. When one of these girls finds a story which she considers would make a good picture, all she has to do is fill out a form. The forelady gathers these filled blanks together, sometimes with and sometimes without the manuscript itself, and of a Monday morning the whole pile is put on the editor's desk. Here is a sample form:

TITLE: The Heart of Rachel.
AUTHOR: Katherine Norris.
SUBJECT: Divorce — love-interest. Second husband successful M. D.
POSSIBILITY FOR: (Here occurs the star's name, omitted for obvious reasons.)
BRIEF SYNOPSIS: After unsuccessful marriage with brutal husband gets divorce and marries man of high character. Drift apart—brought together by sick child. Virile and heart appeal.

A significant pause seems necessary after the perusal of this masterly

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critique, which is a fair sample and far more lucid than many a one which has come under my observation.

The firm to which this suggestion for the consideration of Mrs. Norris's well-known novel was thus made, lost the book. Indeed, they never even considered it, as the editor-in-chief thought it didn't seem very interesting. And no wonder, although "virile and heart appeal" is not so bad, come to think of it, provided one had read the story. The misspelling of the name of the author was, of course, pure carelessness, although it is by no means a sound conclusion that, had it been correctly written, the editor would have recognized it. A writer's name, unless it be Marion, or Sullivan, means little or nothing to anyone in the motion-picture world. The title of a book, if it be very famous indeed, may have a significance. But rarely is the writer's name connected with it, even after the purchase of the picture rights: when that formality is actually gone through with.

Well, then, we have got as far as the reading-department personnel. But before we leave them to their gum-chewing, let us observe one last and most important fact about them —a truth which holds good of every human being on any motion-picture lot, and which endless chain is one of the greatest internal menaces of the business. Each young lady in her sub-editorial chair has a scenario or two of her own up her georgette sleeve; a scenario stolen, compiled, consciously or unconsciously, or "original", which she is determined shall have preferment over outside submitted material. And there is no form of personal politics to which she will not resort to get that preferment, even to the point of suppressing valuable story material from any and every other available source.

This is shocking but it is true. And the same may be said of the camera man, the vast majority of the extra people, the studio manager, and indeed everybody on the lot, by no means necessarily excluding the editor-in-chief. These people will undersell any legitimate author, and to get an honest, fair reading from the editorial department is one of the most difficult things in the world. Of course, there are exceptions; but the editor of integrity seldom lasts. Honesty is too expensive in this world of easy money.

Now for the editor-in-chief. He is a comparatively new figure in the picture world, as in the earlier days directors, studio managers, and officers of the company were considered adequate judges of what the reading department offered. Indeed, the director was more often than not the author. But since this policy began to show disastrous financial results, the notion of having an editor to aid in judgment (never finally to *pass* it) was conceived and its execution granted.

So of a Monday morning the editor looks over his basketful of carefully weeded submissions, reads "The Saturday Evening Post"—hitting the high-spots and largely influenced by the illustrations, "cans" them all, or almost all, and goes out to have a little talk with that star who will soonest be in need of new material. The average feature picture takes from three to five weeks to make from the time the material is in the director's hands. And so it will be seen that where twenty separate companies are working simultaneously on the same lot, the editor-in-chief has to look ahead quite a bit, as almost everyone except the extra people is paid by the

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week and idleness is the corporation's actual loss.

So the editor and the star and the star's director get together and have a little talk about what they will begin on as soon as the current picture is finished. The director very likely has something of his own, but he is the least apt of all the long string of would-be authors to protest another man's work. Once the "continuity" is in his hands he is more or less master of the situation—until the titling and cutting begin. So he will say little beyond objecting to everything the editor suggests.

As for the star—it is well known what stars are in the theatrical world; they are emphatically and enormously more so in the movies. For not only is the average of intelligence required among them far lower, but a sort of fetish has been made of them to the point of their being able to veto practically anything which goes on in their company. No matter how fine a story, if the star won't play it—there's an end. And, as a rule, the motion-picture actor is even less of a judge of what he or she can or cannot do than the speaking actor. Of course, where the person in question is a legitimate graduate of the legitimate stage, the difficulties are less.

Almost inevitably the editor will first try to persuade the star to some story of his own—and fully half the time he succeeds. Why? It is a simple matter. First of all, he has the supreme advantage of personal touch. He knows the star, the star's vanities, requirements, moods, the psychological moment to strike, and he can get the personal attention of the director. So if he has a story of his own, or has plagiarized one, as is more frequent, he has ninety-nine chances out of a hundred to sell his own material to the company with the full backing of both star and director.

And in such cases, Mr. or Madam Writer, puff! out flies the garbled synopsis of your story! It hasn't the proverbial chance of a piece of ice in Hades!

But occasionally a different situation arises. Let us say that the editor has no plot for the nonce—this is of course comparatively rare, as he is usually a graduate of the old "staff writing" days when authors were paid to authorize from nine till five and "not to absent themselves for more than twenty-four hours for illness or any other cause without written permission from an officer of said corporation", as their contracts read. Or he has won his position because of having made a successful picture or two, whereupon his employers were seized by a blind enthusiasm which misled them into supposing that he could produce one a week of equal quality at, say, a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars—big money in this particular department, although puny enough beside the actors' salaries.

Well, let us say that there is actually nothing in his mind which he can see his way to asking the corporation a couple of hundred dollars for; that his lady friend has nothing on hand; that there is nothing on the lot which some particular friend would like to have considered; that none of the professional writers who go the rounds of the studios has presented, over the luncheon table or over the nearest bar, a manuscript not *too* impossible, which would leave fifty or a hundred dollars in the editorial office as it passed through: why—in such an event, or in the event of a periodical whirlwind of protest from

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the supreme powers regarding the quality of the more recent stories—there are always the outside submissions to fall back upon.

Yes, gentle reader and horrified, incredulous author! Outside submissions is what they are actually called! Ask any agent if it is not necessary to call up or write to the studios every once in a while to see if they are "open to outside offers". I have had many such a letter in my mail.

At such a crisis a wild scramble among the synopses results. From among them the editor selects something likely. Then he secures the story itself, and sometimes actually reads part of it—rarely all. He really doesn't need to go to so much trouble, for he knows that the continuity writer will do it. All that the editor needs to know is the general outline and the feeling of the thing. And if he likes both, he recommends that it be bought. He seldom, if ever, has actual power to buy.

When his selection has been made, he has a brief special synopsis written—never more than a page long, for the powers are always too busy to read more—and submits it together with his recommendation, which is generally verbal, because while everybody on a lot is always too busy to read, no one is ever too busy to talk. And then, perhaps, the studio manager, who is generally an ex-business man, roughly estimates its production cost; gives his opinion on its story merits; and, if he approves, a wire is sent inquiring its price. It is always a wire or a telephone call, for nobody has any time to write, either.

But if it is a story so striking and vivid or original that its qualities cannot be veiled by the misuse it has undergone even this far, sometimes the whole machinery of the editorial department melts away like an evil miasma. All the usual routine of graft and theft is disregarded, and there is a unanimous clamor from editor, manager, director, and star that it is a "sure bet", a "straight liner", and behold! the author is dazzled at receiving his just dues! a magical shower of gold for magical rights to something he has already received good money and fame for, a glittering windfall for which he does no extra labor, one thousand to ten thousand dollars—sometimes even more, sheer velvet!

It is this rarity that makes him regard the motion-picture field as a gold-mine, and that fills him with the rage of miscomprehension when his next submission (usually his first in reality, since the previous one was sought for) is refused with a slip. By that time the company has material enough on the lot again. *And his name means nothing!* That is something which seems incredible to the average author. His trade-mark, which gives an actual added cash value to his manuscript, is absolutely worthless to a motion-picture. Gradually, very gradually, and very newly, this is being changed. But as yet the author of what is called the photo-play is of far greater significance both to the distributor and to the motion-picture audience, than is the name of the original conceiver of the plot.

And no wonder. For who ever saw a plot which closely or even approximately followed the story as originally written for publication purposes? It is a photo-play and has received new authorship; not at one hand, but at a dozen or more, in actual fact. Not one mind but seven at the minimum have reformed it. And this is inescapable in the making of

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a picture under present conditions; for once the author has pried his way to acceptance or been violently projected there, the working of the system which produces a complete picture has barely been begun, and these processes which he needs to know before he can ever write effective, direct motion-picture material, have not yet been put in motion. The torturing of the plot has, at acceptance, only been begun.

THE ADVERTISER'S ARTFUL AID

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

The incessant expansion of the vocabulary of English is due primarily to the essential energy of the Anglo-Saxon stock, to its persistent voyaging, to its prolific inventiveness, and to its daring imagination. A people always makes its language in its own image; and the English language is as vigorous, as impatient, as unpedantic and as illogical as are the two mighty peoples who hold it in common as a precious heritage. As these two peoples have multiplied more rapidly than any other, so their language has constantly increased its resources, until English has now a vocabulary ampler than that of any of its rivals. As there is not yet apparent any sign of the relaxing of this essential energy in the far-flung British commonwealth or in these United States, there is no likelihood that the English language will surrender its right to make new words for new needs and to take over from foreign tongues any terms which it thinks it can use to advantage.

Exploration and colonization, invention and discovery, the advance of pure science and of applied science, progress in the fine arts and experiment in literature—these are all of them and each of them responsible for their several shares in the unending increase in the vocabulary of our English speech. But there has been at work of late—that is to say, in the past score of years, in the first two decades of the twentieth century—another impetus, the full effects of which are not yet visible. In fact, this new source of new words has never been accorded the recognition it deserves and demands. We have had our attention called to words of warfare with which we have had to store our memories in the past five years—*slacker* and *tank*, *cooty* and *combing out*—vigorous words, born in the trenches and evolved by spontaneous generation; they are none the worse for their lowly origin, and in fact they owe to it their soldierly directness and swiftness.

Yet peace has her verbal victories no less than war; indeed, her linguistic conquests are more varied and of a more permanent utility. These peaceful words are made in the library and in the laboratory, in the workshop and in the street. They are made while you wait, on the spur of the moment, at haphazard; they may be well-made or ill-made; and they must push their way speedily into general use or they will die an early death from inanition. There is, however, one manufactory of new words where the utmost care

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is taken to put together vocables which are reasonably certain to arrest attention and to win approval. A verbal factory of this sort is situated in almost every one of the advertising agencies, which are now so widely scattered throughout the United States. The words these advertisers make are not often taken over from any other language, dead or alive; they are compounded to order, with the utmost caution and with an uncanny skill. They are put together with the hope that they will cling to the memory of those who read them for the first time; and the more completely this hope is justified, the more successful is the new label for a new thing.

We are now so thoroughly accustomed to the exploits of the advertiser that we take them as a matter of course, rarely pausing to appreciate the art, or at least, the artfulness with which he has lured us into acceptance of the new name that he has manufactured for the new article he has been engaged to call to our attention. Nor is his inventive ingenuity confined to the creation of new words only; it extends even to the imaginative incarnation of non-existent persons. With some of these shadowy individuals, dwelling only in reiterated and constantly varied advertisements, we are as friendly as we are with the well-known characters in fiction; they are familiar in our mouths as household words; and we follow their adventures with unfailing and unflagging interest. It would never surprise us to learn that Sunny Jim had long ago made a runaway match with Phoebe Snow; that the offspring of this secret union had won fame on their own account as the Gold Dust Twins, and that the whole family had settled at last in Spotless Town.

So forcibly have these personalities impressed themselves upon our attention that we do not necessarily associate them with the specific wares which they sprang into being to advertise; and in so far as this is the case, we cannot but fear that their creators may have overshot the mark. This is, however, a mishap which the adroit artist in advertising is generally able to avoid. We are in no danger of separating the word *kodak* from the photographic apparatus it designates; indeed, we are more likely to accept this specific word as a generic term large enough in its application to include all the rival cameras of a similar portability. We may almost assert that *kodak* is winning acceptance as a word in good standing in English, even if it also serves as the trademark of the manufacturer whose product it identifies. It has already passed from English into French and into German; and the globe-trotting American is able to purchase a *kodak* and any of its kodakcessories almost anywhere in the world. I can testify from personal experience that these accessories were to be had a score of years ago within sound of the first cataract of the Nile; and this was a direct result of the reiterated advertisement.

II

What should have been prefixed to this rambling disquisition is a copy of verses which I found in the flotsam and jetsam of journalism, credited only to a nameless "exchange". I do not know, therefore, where it originally appeared or to whom the honor of its authorship should be ascribed. It may have been the product of the pen of that ubiquitous Mr. Anon who is perhaps the most constant of contributors to the unnamed "exchange". It was simply and boldly entitled

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"Ode"; and, as will be seen, it has a full Horatian flavor. Read aloud, with due emphasis and with proper respect for its lordly rhythm, it is undeniably possessed of a sonorous dignity. Perhaps there would be excess of praise if the suggestion were ventured that it sounds a little as if Horace himself had composed it, in some lost language of the past, possibly Etruscan, undecipherable until some patient explorer shall discover its Rosetta stone. The fourth line, for example,

Postum nabisco!

has the very cadence of Horace's

Fusce pharetra:

ODE

Chipeco thermos dioxygen, temco sonora tuxedo
Resinol fiat bacardi, camera ansco wheatena:
Antiskid pebeco calox, oleo tyco barometer
Postum nabisco!
Prestolite arco congoleum, karo aluminum kryptok,
Crisco balopticon lysol, jello bellans, carborundum!
Ampico clysmic swoboda, pantasote necco britannica
Encyclopædia?

When we undertake to analyze the vocabulary of this delectable specimen of neo-classic versification, we discover that less than a dozen of its words are recorded in the dictionaries of English: *aluminum, barometer, Britannica, camera, carborundum, dioxygen, encyclopædia* and *tuxedo*. Two of these may be only doubtfully English, since *carborundum*—superbly suggestive of the orotund Latin gerund—is the name given by its American inventor to a product so useful that it is exported to manufacturers throughout the world; and *tuxedo* is the name generally bestowed by Americans on the article of apparel which the British prefer to call a dinner-jacket. With the exception of *fiat*, the name of an Italian motor car, made by the Fabbrica Italiano Automobili, Torino, all the other words are to be credited to the ingenuity of the American advertiser; and at least one-half of them, familiar as they may be to us on this side of the Western Ocean, are not yet known to our kin across the sea.

To identify the majority of these trade-marks would be an excellent test of observation and of memory. First of all, we may single out a group of words artfully compounded to designate novelties of food and drink: *clysmic, crisco, jello, karo, nabisco, necco, postum* and *wheatena*. And it is with surprise that we note the absence of *uneeda*, which we were justified in expecting to find here in company with its fellows, many of them less indelibly imprinted on our memories. Of most of these words the origin is not a little obscure, although we perceive that *postum* perpetuates the name of its maker and that *nabisco* is a foreshortening of *National Biscuit Company*. *Jello* is plainly intended to suggest *jelly*.

Second, we descry a group of words put together to provide names for articles of the toilet and of the household: *ampico, ansco, balopticon, calox, congoleum, lysol, kryptok, oleo, pebeco, resinol, sonora* and *thermos*. Here again we miss *kodak* and *sapolio*, perhaps because they failed to fit into the meter. When we seek the materials out of which these words have been made, we cannot blunder if we decide that *oleo* harks back to the Latin and *thermos* to the Greek; and we can surmise that *ampico* is a summary telescoping of *American Piano Company*.

Third, and less numerous, is the group of names for patented and protected accessories of the automobile:

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antiskid, *pantasote*, and *prestolite*, a group far smaller than we should have expected to find in the prevailing effulgence of automobile advertising.

As for the remainder of these hand-made words, I must confess that I am at a loss to suggest any satisfactory classification. Indeed, I do not identify all of them, although there are none with which I feel myself absolutely unfamiliar. I must admit that either my memory is at fault or my observation. I believe, however, that *swoboda* is a name belonging to or assumed by an exponent of physical culture, and intended to designate the specific exercises which he recommends. One or another of the rest of these more or less felicitous examples of trade nomenclature may have been made up to individualize an edible or a potable, a toilet preparation or an automobile accessory, a camera or a piano-player. Their origin may be abandoned to the researches of linguistic investigators more patient and more persevering than I am.

I have already noted that nearly all the artificial vocables, whose dexterous collocation lends to this Horatian ode its ample sonority, are of domestic manufacture. Only a very few of them would evoke recognition from an Englishman; and what a Frenchman or a German would make out the eight lines, it is beyond human power even to guess. Corresponding words have been devised in France and in Germany but only infrequently; and apparently the invention of trade-mark names is not a customary procedure on the part of foreign advertisers. The British, although less affluent in this respect than we are, seem to be a little more inclined to employ the device than their competitors on the continent. Every American, traveling on the railways which converge upon London, must have experienced a difficulty in discovering whether the station at which his train has paused is Stoke Pogis or Bovril, Chipping Norton or Mazzawattee. None the less is it safe to say that the concoction of a similar ode by the aid of the trade-mark words invented in the British Isles would be a task of great difficulty on account of the paucity of terms sufficiently artificial to bestow the exotic remoteness which is accountable for the fragrant aroma of the American "Ode".

III

Most of the incessant accretions to our constantly expanding speech have been the result of happy accidents and have slipped into general circulation without comment or resistance. They may have been derived from the place where the thing they describe originated, like *currants* (from Corinth) and *cambric* (from Cambrai). They may have kept the name of the originator of the object they designate, like *sandwich* and *gatling*, or they may preserve the name of the first user of the article, like *cardigan* and *sontag*. But the new words devised by the advertising agents are not accidental or fortuitous in their genesis; they are the result of volition; and the maker of each of them knew what he was doing and did it with malice prepense. *Balopticon* and *kryptok*, for instance, do not fall as trippingly upon the ear and therefore do not as readily affix themselves to the memory, as do *kodak* and *crisco*, *uneeda* and *calox*.

As poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, and passionate, so an artistically compounded trade-mark word ought to be simple, euphonious, and emphatic; and perhaps emphasis is the most necessary of these three quali-

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ties. The advertisers have mastered one of the secrets of persuasion; they are unhesitatingly bold in assertion; but they are not too bold. They seek rather to coax or cajole us than to command and compel us to purchase the wares they are vending. More often than not there is a sweet reasonableness in their appeal; their attitude is altruistic rather than selfish; they are advising us for our own good. They intimate that if we are wise, we will heed their monitions and let ourselves be guided by their counsel. Their modest frankness is engaging; and it inclines us to believe in their honesty.

This, indeed, is one of the advantages of the more recent development of the advertising art: it makes for honesty. It pays to advertise—but only when the object advertised is good of its kind and reasonable in its price. It does not pay to push an article with which the purchasers will be disappointed. The buyer must get his money's worth; he must be satisfied with his bargain and more than satisfied, or he will not repeat his purchase. The aim of the advertiser is to create a habit of buying. The plausible advertisement can make only the first sale; and the subsequent sales on which the maker relies for his profit depend on the value of the article itself. You cannot fool all the people all the time; and it is safe to say that anything which has been widely advertised for a succession of years must have merit, even if it may not be all that is claimed for it.

In most cases, however, the advertiser is careful not to overstate his case; rather does he understate it. Not for him are the flamboyant alliterations and the polychrome adjective of a three-ringed circus. He shrinks from excessive self-exhibition; in fact, he seeks to be unobtrusive, strange as this suggestion may seem. He tries to focus the attention of the possible purchasers on his clear and simple statement of the merits of the article he is vaunting, without forcing them to observe the constructive skill with which his statement has been made. He strives to attain the art that conceals art, thus insinuating himself into the confidence of the public. Honesty is not only the best policy but it is the only policy which makes possible the success of a persistent advertising campaign.

The result of this combination of honesty and enterprise is that the American citizen and the American household are now buying an immense variety of things manufactured and distributed by the national advertisers, as they are called, to distinguish them from the local merchants who can appeal only to the dwellers in their own more or less restricted area. Probably very few of us have ever taken the trouble to count up the number of different articles daily delivered at our doors on orders which are the direct or indirect result of advertising. Even in staple articles of food—cereals, for example — we purchase "package goods" (warranted by the advertiser), in preference to the old-fashioned buying in bulk in which we had to rely on the integrity of the retailer. We do not now order a pound of oatmeal or of crackers; we specify the special brand which comes in a special container; and we thus assure ourselves as to quality and as to cleanliness.

IV

A century ago, not long after the end of the long Napoleonic wars, when Great Britain was staggering under a huge burden of debt, Sydney Smith

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wrote an article in which he set forth the unescapable incidence of taxation which every Englishman had to bear at every moment of his life from the cradle to the grave. It would be possible to paraphrase this famous passage and to show the American as subject now to advertisement as the Englishman then was to taxation. The American, after sleeping on an advertised mattress, gets out of an advertised bed and stands on an advertised carpet. In the bathroom he uses an advertised soap and an advertised tooth-paste. He puts on his advertised shoes and his advertised suit of clothes. His breakfast, prepared with the aid of an advertised kitchen-cabinet and an advertised stove, probably includes an advertised fruit, fresh or canned, an advertised cereal, and an advertised coffee. He takes his advertised hat and goes to his office, where he sits at his advertised desk. His letters are preserved in an advertised file; and his answers to them are printed on an advertised typewriter. And there is scarcely a moment of the day, from dawn to darkness, when he is not engaged in work or play made possible or more convenient by the use of advertised devices of one sort or another.

It may be going a little too far to suggest that advertising is one of the evidences of a high degree of civilization. To say this might be an overstatement of the fact; but it would not be a misstatement. Advertising is a very modern art, perhaps the youngest of them; the Greeks knew it not, and the Latins were in little better case—although they did scratch their *graffiti* on the walls of Pompeii. Even now the Chinese have not attained it—added evidence that their millennial culture is sadly backward. Perhaps there is even a hint of boastfulness in the suggestion that advertising may serve as an index of culture, when this suggestion is made by an American, since it is among us that the art flourishes most luxuriantly. But there is no vainglory in our pointing with pride to the fact that only on this side of the Atlantic could a bard find a sufficiency of resonant trademarks wherewith to build his ode, lofty in its aspiration even if it is likely to be less enduring than brass.

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LITERARY HYPNOTISM

BY JUNE E. DOWNEY

The grave-digger in "Hamlet", the little prince in "Pelleas and Melisande", the Ancient Mariner—that grey-beard loon—why is it they impress us as wise with an insupportable wisdom? They are only a clown, a little child, and a madman!

A singing cadence, a rhythmic dance, a reechoed refrain, a magic phrase cast spells upon us. How? They are but sound and lulling movement! Gorgeous palaces are seen beyond dim shadows; phantom ships sail phantom seas; beauty beckons to us from forest aisles; we wake as from a trance. Again, how and why?

"Hypnotized, your Honor", is a plea which when entered by the prisoner at the bar, thrills us with a sense of legal subtlety and psychic mystery; but when it is cited in explanation of our own experiences of fascination, we find ourselves questioning its validity. Does art really practise hypnotic spells? Are poet and dramatist ready adepts in the art of scientific magic so that they can capture our fancies willy-nilly, imprison us in their own worlds of phantasy, and bind us to the strange and halting philosophies of guileless folk? It is indeed an arresting question.

But before we can answer it properly we need to review briefly the main characteristics of that curious state called the hypnotic.

The hypnotic state is characterized, chiefly, by abnormal susceptibility to suggestion. With normal suggestibility each one of us has personal acquaintance. All of us, all the time, are open to influences from without. An idea, a so-called suggestion, penetrates our defenses and suddenly we are tapping a foot in time with a whistled tune, or passing on a yawn that is circulating an audience, or following a circus parade or a political one. We are inflating our sleeves or depleting our pockets. The daily triumphs of fashions and creeds illustrate our dependence upon external influences, our uncritical following of sundry leaders.

But normal suggestibility has very definite limits. We may indeed follow our leader but always with a chance of rebellion if our dormant reason stir. If his antics become too fantastic, our fear of appearing ridiculous awakens; if his egotism becomes too pronounced, our own is put on the defensive. Possibly he violates some deep-seated prejudice or moral premise of ours; hence the parting of the ways. But in a state of excessive suggestibility our reason fails to enter protest even in the face of most ridiculous assertions. A national craze or a violent mob shows the outcome of abnormal suggestibility when our critical faculties are in abeyance; as they are in dreams, for instance, in which we commit murder with never a twinge of conscience, or butter our beautifully written love-letters with lemon jelly—and never a smile on the part of the complacent self.

Now the hypnotist knows how to throw the critical faculty out of gear. He induces a drowsy state of semi-sleep in which one's inhibitions are

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inhibited. He may, for example, lull you into acquiescence by fatiguing the attention by the steady drip-drip of water, or startle you into rigidity by transfixing your attention by a sudden flash of light. In any case he puts you into a condition in which you believe whatever is told you and act cheerfully on information received. You are called a dog and you bark in assent. You are called Napoleon and you strike the attitude of the Little Corporal. You are said to be struck by lightning and your features freeze with horror. In such an uncritical or acquiescent mood, equally vivid, equally real, seem your surroundings and the creations of your imagination. You watch with interest a suggested fight between an imaginary elephant and an imaginary mouse. It's all in your mind's eye, but it takes on the coloring and projection of a real scene.

Extreme susceptibility to suggestion, due perhaps to complete absence of inhibition, is, we may say, the distinguishing mark of hypnosis, but other characteristics deserve mention. Not only is there a heightening of the seeming vividness of images due to failure to compare the image with reality, but actual visual, auditory, and tactual hallucinations may be induced. One's perceptive faculties are also sensitized in most remarkable fashion. The whisper inaudible to the fully awake person may be perfectly distinct to the same person when hypnotized. The veriest dot which the eye cannot perceive in a normal state may be distinctly evident to the hypersensitive eye of the hypnotized. Memory may show astonishing range.

But with this extension of power of imagination, of sense-alertness, of memorial grasp, there may go a narrowing of the field of consciousness comparable to what we find in hysteria or double personality. Negative hallucinations are quite as common as positive ones. The hypnotized person, for example, fails to see or hear what is before him; he may become actually anæsthetic and ignore the prick of a pin. His memory may show gaps. One of the most curious results of such restriction of consciousness is that although the hypnotized person is alive to the words, the movements, the facial expression of the hypnotist, he may afford no point of access for the suggestions of others who are present at the time, even though such suggestions are thundered at him. This constitutes the fact of *rapport* which so puzzles the uninitiated; the blindness and deafness to everyone other than the hypnotist. The person hypnotized follows the suggestions and obeys the commands of the latter, but gives no heed to other persons present during the trance. Many explanations of this fact have been attempted, the most popular but a wholly fallacious one involving reference to the personal magnetism of the hypnotist, the mysterious enslavement of the will of his victim.

In reality there is nothing mysterious about *rapport*. The sleeping mother is *en rapport* with her sick child although heedless of the movements of the healthy urchin in the next cot. A sleeper may be *en rapport* with his clock and heed its strokes although deaf to the roaring of the storm. One falls into the hypnotic sleep with the thought of the hypnotist uppermost, so that one is awake to his actions and words although oblivious to those of other men. Even in the waking state such a narrowing of consciousness occurs. The lover is *en rapport* with his mistress and alive to variations in voice or manner that

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no one else observes. The ecstasy of love would seem to show *rapport* at its highest. The desire for solitude *à deux,* the restlessness under distraction, may finally pass into a restricted consciousness. This involves not merely an amazing sensitiveness to the glances and the tones of the beloved, but also, at its extreme, an insensitiveness to the presence of others, an absorption so complete that it may lead to those revelations of passion that constitute so often the heart of tragedy.

When hypnosis is very profound the subject when awakened has lost memory of that which occurred during the hypnotic sleep; he may even develop a secondary self which emerges only at such times as he is hypnotized. Curious cataleptic phenomena may occur; such complete rigidity that the body will support the most extraordinary weight. But it is obvious that neither the creation nor the enjoyment of art depends upon the induction of profound hypnosis. We do not need to follow the experts in their discussions of the symptoms of deep hypnosis; we are content to follow them in their description of milder forms, such, for example, as the hypnoidal state, which would seem to be a transitional state, between sleep and waking. The hypnoidal state is as normal as sleep and is found in animal as well as in human life. Boris Sidis conjectures that this passive rest-state of subwaking is, indeed, the normal rest-state among animals. It is on the border-land of sleep and hence restful; it is on the border-line of wakefulness and hence profitable if one would relax amid surrounding dangers. Man may go to sleep with security; hence for him the hypnoidal state survives only in rudimentary form and in unstable equilibrium. The hypnoidal state is characterized by symptoms similar to those of the hypnotic. Submerged memories arise; suggestibility is present to a high degree; hallucinations are common.

The hypnoidal state as described by Sidis reminds us of certain normal conditions with which we all have first-hand acquaintance. The drowsy state when we fall asleep or fall awake, the state of abstraction, and that of day-dreaming are characterized by suggestibility, hallucinatory images, general relaxation, facile memory. A similar condition is found in convalescence and in physical or emotional fatigue. The crises of grief are followed by a lassitude whence one passes easily into a trance of reminiscence or into æsthetic contemplation.

We are about ready to turn to our specific question, the hypnotic devices of art, literature in particular. But first we need to examine in some detail the methods by which the hypnotist produces mental dissociation. For one thing, he may suggest sleep; he may dwell upon the idea of drowsiness till drowsiness ensues. Or he may startle his subject into an abstracted condition by a sudden explosion, a dazzling flash of light, an authoritative command. This latter method of producing hypnosis the Freudians liken to a form of the father-child complex; the attitude of submission to authority. As a third method the hypnotist may employ monotonous stimulation, such as will induce fatigue of attention. Falling water, a humming induction coil, gentle strokes may serve his purpose. He thus induces the mother-complex, the acquiescence granted to love, childlike docility.

Of the latter methods of hynotizing, nature makes subtle use. How som-

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nolent her music! The drone of rivers, the purring of brooks, the murmur of the wind in pine-trees, the drowsy hum of summer insects! Very skilfully have nature's hypnotic influences been utilized by poets who have had recourse to woods and streams for inspiration. The oracle of Dodona, where the rustling of wind through groves of oak and beech became articulate, has never been silenced. But at other times, nature spells us in other fashion. She may fascinate us by the glitter of sunlight in a dewdrop or by the scintillation of frosty stars in the velvet black of a winter sky; she may paralyze us by the crash of sudden thunder or the cannonading of tempest.

Let us turn now to literature. One purpose of art is to plant its suggestions in a fertile soil; another purpose, to give its imaginations a local habitation and a name; to so embody its visions that they become realities. It can best accomplish its first purpose if it can throw the critical faculty out of gear and induce a condition of abnormal suggestibility. It can best accomplish the second if it can create images vivid to the point of hallucination. But does art know any way of inducing a state of abnormal suggestibility so that the imaginations of writers, of painters, of sculptors may become real to us?

We succumb to suggestion only in a non-critical mood. The art-critic fails in absorption and may fail in appreciation simply because of the attitude he assumes before a work of art. But geniuses have their own way of disarming the criticisms of the normal reader or spectator. They write a fairy-tale or tell a story of No Man's Land. And who ever heard of criticizing a fairy-plot, the traditions of the world on the other side of the moon, or a romance laid in Ruritania? We appreciate the inspiration that puts wise sayings into the mouths of fools or babes or madmen! We never go to the trouble of proving that a fool or a madman is in the wrong. Why should we? Hence the uncritical way in which we ponder the wisdom of clowns; hence the force of the lesson of "The Ancient Mariner" coming from the lips of the "grey-beard loon"; hence the consummate effect of that incomparable scene in "King Lear", between fool, madman, and senile king.

But there are ways other than flight into realms of phantasy or the employment of defenseless folk, by means of which one may induce the non-critical mood, the mood of acceptance. The poet may actually create a state of drowsiness, one of semi-hypnosis. He may suggest sleep; or fascinate attention; or fatigue attention by means of a prolonged and monotonous stimulation.

Dancing charms us by its rhythmic recurrence of movement seen or movement felt. Prolonged, such stimulation completely hypnotizes the dancer. Thus we may explain the ecstasy of the dancing dervishes of the East; the soothing influence of the rocking cradle; the fascination of the vibrating swing. A nation may dance itself into religion or out of neurosis. Poetry and music make use of rhythmic sound to induce dreamy contentment and acquiescence. They utilize not only the soothing movement of cradle-songs and the obsession of singing verses, but also the beat of martial music and of epic measures. In song, the rippling accompaniment of an instrument, like a brook underground, may enforce the suggestion of the words. African music is said to be absolutely hypnotic in effect. It is

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somnolent, sombre, and voluptuous.

The writer may employ not only auditory rhythm, the rocking of verse, and the crooning of chant for inducing susceptibility to suggestion; he may also have recourse to direct suggestion of drowsiness or of sleep. Consider the twilight mood brought on by the first verse of Browning's "Love Among the Ruins":

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight.

Often the poet conveys his suggestion of quietude, of acquiescence, of drowsiness in the title of the poem or the book of verse. How many of them are elegies, reveries, voices of the night!

We have seen that we pass into the hypnoidal state as we pass into either sleep or waking. The mood of the early morning—the dawn mood—and the twilight or midnight mood are felt to be poetic; they possess each its own magic so marvelously caught in Angelo's representations of night and morning. Of the two the night mood is the more poetic because of the relaxation that comes at the ends of things, because of spent emotions and the weary lag of thought. The morning mood hovers on the brink of the activities of the coming day; it may flame at a chance stimulation into alertness, into self-consciousness.

Sometimes the poet calls up through suggestion the actual organic toning of hypnosis. How accurately this is done in those wonderful opening lines of Keats's "Ode To a Nightingale":

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past and Lethe-wards had sunk.

Poetry and music and the dance lull reason by virtue of prolonged and monotonous stimulation. The visual arts resort to fascination of attention. We may thus explain the charm of the concentrated splendor of stained glass illuminating, starlike, the dusk of dim cathedrals; thus explain the appeal of the bright cross on the pinnacle of the temple. The greater the concentration, the more intense the obsession. A dewdrop shot with sun hypnotizes us more completely than does the large orbed moon.

The centering of the light in a picture, the centering of a portrait in the eye are for purposes of fascination. How refrain, in this connection, from citing the fabled influence of the eyes of the Lady Lisa? Or, indeed, the glitter of the eye of the conventional hypnotist or that of the skilled coquette? Novelist and poet avail themselves of such suggestions of hypnotic power.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding Guest stood still—,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

But the poet who would induce the æsthetic reverie in which the real world opens out into the infinite cannot cast his spell in a moment. The hypnotist repeats his command again and again. "You are tired, very tired; your eyelids are heavy; are heavy. You are drowsy; you are falling asleep—asleep—asleep—" So, too, the poet uses his refrains and the singer his chorus to enforce their suggestions. How effective the recurrence of the Wagnerian motif! How powerful an impression of tragedy is produced by the sombre refrain in Maeterlinck's prose, that monotonous reiteration of simple phrases which gradually become charged with infinite meaning

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Consider, for example, the employment of repetition among other hypnotic devices in "The Blind". Lost in their darkness of spirit—the mysterious deeps and chills of the hoary forest enforcing the inner gloom—the Blind huddle in terror, their guide dead in their midst. Far off, somewhere in the darkness, is the asylum that would offer them shelter; but they dare not move, dare not venture beyond the exploring hand lest they plunge into deeper desolation or into the hungry surf whose hoarse intoning girdles their little island. Immobile in a trance of fear, deaf and blind and imbecilic, they utter again and again the same simple words, the same moaning outcries of helpless terror: "We ought to find out where we are!—We do not know where we are. My God!—My God! Tell us where we are!" till little by little those bare phrases become surcharged with infinite tragedy, the outcry of humanity lost in eternal night.

There must be prolonged contemplation of the picture; hour-long absorption in drama or novel. Fragments of poetry, bits of prose selected with however great skill cannot create the illusions of the imagination. Nor can such illusions occur, except by accident, in the presence of other distractions. How become absorbed in the beauty of a picture when limping wearily through a crowded picture gallery? How yield to the influences of music when following the baton of the conductor or the grimaces of the singer? How submit to the spell of poetry if liable at any moment to be suspended on the teacher's interrogation point?

In fiction, characterization is often made vivid by the continued repetition of a descriptive adjective or by suggestion, subtly repeated, of a characteristic gesture or attitude. Motor imitation on the part of the reader may heighten a suggestion given in this way. Such a method of character realization is a favorite one of Dickens's. In thinking of Micawber, Traddles, or of Uriah Heep we can scarcely resist falling into a determined posture. It is but a step further to the "gag" of the comedy stage. Some trivial exclamation occurring again and again in varied situations finally concentrates within itself the whole force of the plot.

Often, of course, a number of hypnotic devices are utilized in the same production. Thus in "The Raven" we have a midnight scene, the drowsy lover pondering volumes of forgotten lore, the hypnotic tapping on the door, the monotone of the refrain. One further detail we must cite because of Poe's explicit consciousness of its effect. In his analysis of the construction of the poem he gives his reason for placing the scene indoors. He writes in "The Philosophy of Composition": "It has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident:—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention." A curious anticipation of what psychologists might say with reference to the effect of restriction of movement upon concentration of attention and subsequent obsession!

It is this restriction of movement that makes the mob so highly suggestible. As the audience grows in density, the orator grows in power. The more closely packed the spectators in a theatre, the greater the effect of the drama. A contagion of emotional response results which may issue in overt emotional expression.

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It is evident from the examples that have been given that literature makes extensive use of various hypnotic devices. It does so with a twofold motive. It would induce a rest-state, one of relaxation, with a lowered personal threshold, a condition which is often its own excuse for being; and it would use this state of reverie to impress upon the unduly suggestible subject lovely visions and wise reflections. For with the plunge into the æsthetic, as into the hypnotic trance, one becomes hypersensitive. One's imagination becomes hallucinatory. I have glanced up from my perusal of "The Fair God" to behold through a darkened window Montezuma's garden shimmering in the moonlight. In the background, silver palms and a crouching leopard-cat; in the foreground, a shell-strewn fountain-basin and a king standing in an attitude of meditation. Actual experiments have demonstrated the creation of illusions through prolonged contemplation of a picture. Only a painted canvas, and yet you see the leaves flickering in the wind and the waters cascading over flowery cliffs; you breathe the fragrance of the grasses and you feel the touch of the wind upon your brow. If you are very highly privileged the canvas, two by four, may open out for you and disclose long vistas of green woods and sunny skies.

As for the creative reverie which resembles the hypnotic trance, but is self-induced or induced by the witcheries of nature, or love, one knows how its inner visions are embodied and projected into the outer world. Of this æsthetic illusion as experienced by creative workers we have many reports, as when Flaubert tells of the strong taste of arsenic in his mouth accompanying his description of the poisoning of Emma Bovary. And in his "Correspondence" he writes: "Behold one of those rare days of my life that I have passed completely, from one end to the other, in illusion. It is a delicious experience, that of being no longer one's self but of living in the whole creation of which one writes. Today I have been at once man and woman, lover and mistress. On horseback in the forest on an autumn afternoon under the yellow leaves! I am the horses, the leaves, the wind, the words they speak, and the red sun which makes them close their eyes drowned in love."

But, after all, it is the thought element in literature that gives it a range greater than that of any other art. For it embodies philosophies of life, hints at tremendous reforms, indulges in prophecy. And all this it may convey to the entranced reader by way of subtle suggestion with no need to seek the assistance of labored argument.

Rapport, which we found to be one of the pronounced symptoms of hypnosis, enhances the potency of suggestions so given, for it involves a narrowing of consciousness until it transfixes one influence to the exclusion of all others. With certain poets or dramatists or painters we are *en rapport* because of native interests or instincts. Some of us are very much at home in Poe's fantastic world or Dumas's romantic one. Others of us are "Browning-ripe", ready to yield at the first suggestion of the optimist. But in spite of initial differences in temperament, we may voluntarily submit to the guidance of an artist and in time come under the influence of his suggestions. Not all at once may we come into relation with a Meredith or a Rodin; but with our yielding, with our realization of a novel personality, our own personality is enlarged. The

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poet or artist who becomes immediately popular is, likely enough, voicing truths to which the ear of the world is already attuned; he who brings a new message may need to wait patiently the working of the spell.

We have already suggested that the state of relaxation into which we may be plunged in the hypnotic or æsthetic trance has very definite value as a rest-state, and that this state is marked by a high degree of suggestibility which may be utilized by poet or philosopher in implanting in the soul a thought or a prophecy. Thus art is found to possess healing power thoroughly akin to that of certain practices with which the modern physician of the soul has made us familiar. In the treatment of his patient such a specialist emphasizes two points: first, the failure of the patient to respond normally to stimulation from without; and, secondly, as a consequence of this high threshold, the accumulation of energy which finds no natural or wholesome outlet. What the physician seeks is to induce relaxation of personal control and so gain access to this fund of energy which may then be used in various ways beneficial to the individual and to society.

On the whole, of course, the accumulation of reserve energy is profitable, since it makes possible the calling out in the normal individual of the stored-up energy when a crisis makes extra demands upon him. But the inhibitions of the individual may be so great, the limitations of his activity so overwhelming that whole systems of impulses become dissociated from the functioning personality. There may arise extraordinary paralyses of activity; cramps in one's points of view; rigidity in one's outlook. Carried to the extreme we have the psychopathic individual who is a prey to worry, to fear, whose will is paralyzed, whose life is a burden to himself and to others. Through the measures suggested above he may be liberated from bondage; the reserve energy that has become unusable may be tapped and the patient may come to rejoice in a new life, a transformation of personality that seems little short of the miraculous. This is an extreme case.

But we all halt only a little this side of the abnormal. Civilization, education, experience itself, tend to restrict our activities, atrophy our emotions, solidify our ideas. Flexibility and spontaneity of view vanish. We live on a level lower than we might, satisfied by achievements far within our capacity. Our threshold of stimulation is very high. New ideas break forth with difficulty. Sometimes a crisis liberates us in spite of ourselves. We fall in love in defiance of greying hair or we suffer repentance or remorse or are swept outside ourselves by a national calamity (war) or by an appeal to our cosmic sense (religion). But such excessive stimulation cannot be expected to occur often. Unless every-day life furnish stimulation in some measure, we are doomed to die down to the branch, to venture no more leaf-buds out into life.

It is an instinctive recognition of this truth that causes revolt against all-engulfing system, too-comprehensive efficiency, too-sane judgment. Some free play for spontaneity is demanded, some simple way of lowering the threshold of stimulation. Here the advocates of intoxication (emotional or physical) enter a plea. Sanity itself may be guarded by an occasional relaxation of control, by a submergence of reason in a carnival of emotion, in a saturnalia of the senses that release flood-tides

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which may inundate far desert places.

A more wholesome view would delegate to art and religion the function of lowering the threshold of inhibition, of liberating dormant energies, and transmitting subtle suggestions. Doubtless there are great dangers inherent in their powerful sway over the impulses of men; and Tolstoi's strictures as to much that we accept in the name of art and religion must be conceded, even though we take issue with him as to the immorality of all intoxication, whether it proceed from the soft lights and music of the cathedral service or the sparkle of amber in the wine-glass. We must learn in some way to reconcile the dominance of reason with the submergence of self, with its absorption in an oversoul, for thus it approaches the secret reservoir of life.

DISTINGUISHING INSIGNIA FOR DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS

BY WALTER A. DYER

I have been forced to the painful conclusion that, unless the plan which I have concocted is generally adopted, a New York boarding-house is no place for an author of moderate renown. To my landlady and her female lodgers on the second and third floors I believe I am a man of mystery, if not an object of actual suspicion. Because I remain in my room with my typewriter while other men are slamming the door and running for the subway at 8.15, I am outside the radius of their domestic experience. I have no visible means of support and the landlady eyes my check askance. The long, fat envelopes that I frequently receive from inhospitable editors mean nothing to her. If I took the bull by the horns and told her bluntly that I was an author, she would scarce believe me, since I am not one of those fortunate ones who bask in the favor of the editors of "The Cosmopolitan", "Vogue", and "Snappy Stories". Consequently, I have been cudgeling my brain for some method by which I may establish my credit and revive my self-respect.

My feeling of insignificance is further enhanced by the occasional invasion of our dining-room by naval and military officers, for I am keenly alive to the shadow into which the civilian is cast in these days by the glory of the uniform. But it was this very thing that gave me my idea. The other night a fine, upstanding, albeit self-conscious young fellow strode into the room in uniform. Instantly I heard a voice at an adjacent table whisper, "He's a marine—a lieutenant". His uniform, insignia, chevrons, and what not proclaimed him for just what he was—branch of service, rank, and all. There was no question as to his exact place in the scheme of things, for in these days everybody is posted.

How I envied him. Not that I longed for home-grown military honors; but I have never wholly outgrown my youthful thirst for fame, and I thought how glorious it would

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be if one day I might walk into a boarding-house dining-room, the cynosure of all eyes including especially the feminine, and overhear someone whisper, "An author—contributor to 'The Nation' and editor of an Anthology!"

Then the idea flashed upon me. Why not? All that is needed is a system of labels, tags, or insignia, with the key published in "The 'Times' Review of Books" and "The Literary Digest". Why not petition the Authors' League to elaborate such a system on the army and navy plan and allot the insignia to American authors of all ranks and grades from Dr. Frank Crane down to Walter Prichard Eaton and me?

The notion so intrigued me (*intrigued*, used in that sense, is a word of which my fellow-craftsmen have of late become excessively fond) that I dallied over my demi-tasse until the dusky potentate of the dining-room quietly removed it. By that time, however, I had thought of enough details of the scheme to form, I think, a working basis for the system, and I hereby offer them to the Authors' League, the Write-Up Handlers' Union, or any other properly constituted organization of authority, for what they are worth.

Since the majority of working authors—as distinguished from those belonging to the literary fancy—could hardly be expected to afford the expense of a uniform, I would suggest that the distinguishing marks of the profession be confined to simple, tasteful, but not too inconspicuous insignia, to be worn on cap, collar, breast, and sleeve. The universal badge, perhaps, might be two crossed quills, as being less complicated than the typewriter, above which could be worn the special mark indicating the branch of the service, while rank could be indicated by shoulder straps and chevrons. Commissions could be awarded by the governing body on the basis of merit, if it could be induced to undertake so perilous a task, while length of service and volume of production could be shown in other ways based upon publishers' sworn statements. For example, one stripe on the sleeve might serve to indicate that the author had written a book that had sold 10,000 copies, two stripes 20,000, and so on, with gold braid for the six best-sellers. Whether or not it would be wise to try to institute the custom of salute, I am not prepared to say.

As to rank, Winston Churchill, Gertrude Atherton, Booth Tarkington, and Edith Wharton would naturally find a place on the General Staff, while petitions from Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Poole, and others would, I am sure, receive serious consideration. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Dorothy Canfield ought to get commissions of some sort, and the non-coms could easily be recruited from the ranks of the more prolific magazine writers.

All the new authors and most others would serve as privates in the infantry, but there would be many who would naturally be selected for special service. Most of the high-class hacks and so-called journalistic writers would be inducted into the engineers corps. Such writers as Robert W. Chambers, Owen Johnson, Gouverneur Morris, Irvin S. Cobb, and perhaps Kathleen Norris might serve in the machine gun company. Ring W. Lardner, I fancy, could operate a light automatic. Some like Rex Beach would be found among the special shock troops. For the heavy artillery there would be André Chéradame, Woodrow Wilson, Newell Dwight Hillis, James W. Gerard, ex-President Eliot, and others of that ilk.

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Gene Stratton-Porter, Marjorie Benton Cooke, and all the authors of glad books would be sappers and miners, wearing above the crossed quills two hearts pierced by an arrow. In the commissariat department there would be Herbert Hoover, Mary Elizabeth, Fanny Merritt Farmer, and all the host of cook-book compilers. I don't at the moment think of the proper candidates for the flying corps, as we have in this country no such accomplished aviators as Sir Oliver Lodge and H. G. Wells, but doubtless there would be no lack of man power there. I am also at a loss for marines in Conrad's class. Hergesheimer would doubtless qualify.

We have in this country very few authors who would qualify for the intelligence service, I am afraid, but throngs who are adept in the use of more or less poison gas. I should be inclined to place John Taintor Foote and John A. Moroso in the cavalry, while I myself would be proud to serve in charge of the Red Cross dogs in company with Eleanor Atkinson.

That, I know, is but a fragmentary list, but it may suffice by way of suggestion to render my idea concrete. I sincerely hope it will be taken up with enthusiasm by the fraternity, that we authors may at last gain the personal recognition that is our due. Can you think of a nobler picture than that presented by Ellis Parker Butler, wending his stately way down the center aisle at the theatre, with the eyes of all the audience fixed upon the crossed quills of his order, his array of edition stripes, and the little bronze mask of Comedy indicating his connection with the Laughayette Escadrille?

As an afterthought it occurs to me that it may be found a bit difficult to know how to place such writers of books as Private Peat, Arthur Guy Empey, Douglas Fairbanks, Billy Sunday, and Annette Kellermann, but to my way of thinking they are not properly to be considered as authors. They could join the Boy Scouts.

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EDMOND ROSTAND

April 1, 1868—December 2, 1918

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

One advantage comes to us when we have passed that milestone of experience which marks the *mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.* While remaining unaware of any obvious decrease in physical or mental vigor, we grow ready to enjoy some of the delights which by tradition are reserved for age. In particular, we begin by gradual degrees to become conscious of that keenest pleasure of which the maturing mind is capable—the joy of recalling the affluent impressions of adventures long ago and far away. We are eager—after thirty-five—to remember what we used to be; and this new eagerness provides us with a new excitement. We discover with surprise that Thomas Campbell spoke the truth when he told us that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view". It seems, at first, a strange and wondrous gift to be able to look backward over a purple vista of twenty or thirty years. Old age begins, beforehand, to assume a sort of aureole; for how wonderful—a man is moved to think—this life of ours will look when we are able to recall a past experience across a mist of half a century! *Quand vous serez bien vieille* occurs as the most pathetic phrase in all the sonnets that were even written; but the counter-phrase, *quand vous étiez bien jeune,* is possibly more poignant still to the imagination. . . .

When I picked up a paper the other day and read the brief and tragic news that Edmond Rostand had joined "the famous nations of the dead", I thought, first, not about the man himself but about the much that he had meant to me, a score of years ago when I was but a boy. In fairly recent years, I have contributed two or three critical and reasonable essays about the work of this intoxicating poet to the pages of this very magazine; but these essays were written in that reticent and careful manner which imposes on the commentator a punctilious obligation to refer to himself as "the present writer". Such sage pronouncements usually err by tilting all too timidly away from sheer enthusiasm. Several years ago, "the present commentator"—apropos of "Chantecler"—pronounced this sentence on Edmond Rostand: "He is a consummate writer, surely; but he has the air of a spoiled child sporting in an illimitable playroom where all the toys are words". That's the sort of thing that critics write when they are under thirty. It is only after we are old enough to remember the lost days of our youth that we who ply the pen begin to speak out from the heart —to let ourselves go, as the phrase is —and to employ in print the genuinely modest pronoun *I.*

By an accident of dates, I am able to recall the entire career of the laureled poet who now lies dead in France at the early age of fifty. I never saw him in the flesh; but he is one of the very few contemporary writers from whom I have received that unforgetable, exalted tingling of

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the spirit which, otherwise, has been inspired in me only by Italian paintings, or Greek statues, or French cathedrals, or one or two great living people it has been my privilege to know, like Madame Yvette Guilbert. Many critics have already weighed and estimated the "importance" of Edmond Rostand; but now I cannot think of him at all except as one of those who, in my youth, first taught me to love everlastingly the loveliness of words.

I was brought up—by a happy accident—to understand both languages, and in my childhood I read as many masterpieces of French literature as I read of English; but I had never heard of Edmond Rostand until the New Year of 1898, when I was sixteen years of age. I still remember clearly the noise of the first news—heard all around the rolling globe—that "Cyrano de Bergerac" (produced in Paris on the night of December 28, 1897) was the most entrancing play that had ever yet been shown at any time on any stage. This news seemed, at the moment, to be unbelievable; and, for several months, we who waited in America were expecting a categorical denial of its authenticity. Meanwhile, however, many travelers from overseas returned with the assurance that the news was true. An unknown poet had positively written, at the early age of twenty-nine, the most captivating play in history. To me, among innumerable others, this suggestion was stimulative of a feverish excitement. I put in an order at Brentano's for the text and bothered the bookstore for days and days and weeks and weeks until the first copies came to us across the ocean. I remember vaguely that there was a rather long delay, due doubtless to some accident of printing. At any rate, before the text arrived, all of us whose names were registered upon the waiting-list had been made familiar, by international reports, with the project and the plot; and I still can recollect my ecstatic joy at securing one of the first consignment of copies that was landed in this country.

In those days (it was the year of the Spanish-American War) there was a shabby little café in Sixth Avenue—on the east side, just south of Twenty-eighth Street—that was known as the Café de Bordeaux. It has long since been cleaned up and "improved" and "modernized" as the *rez-de-chausée* of the worthy establishment conducted, for the comfort of the present generation of New Yorkers, by the estimable Monsieur Mouquin. But, in the old days of which I speak, the Café de Bordeaux was a dingy place, frequented by impoverished Frenchmen who played backgammon on decaying boards or ancient gambling games with dirty decks of cards. Thither—at a moment now precisely a score of years ago—I made my way; because, at that time, it was one of three places in New York where one might secure a veritable *amer picon* with *grenadine* and *eau de seltz*. My virgin copy of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was sticking out of my pocket; and some French waiter—on vacation—saw it. I was set upon at once and made to open up the book and forced to read aloud——

Je jette avec grâce mon feutre,
Je fais lentement l'abandon
Du grand manteau qui me calfeutre,
Et je tire mon espadon. . . .

In a moment or two, the games of backgammon ceased and the whispering of falling cards was quenched in silence. I was soon enthroned upon a table and reading—in my rhetorical schoolboyish manner—the sonorous

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series of triolets beginning——

Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne,
De Carbon de Castel-Jaloux. . . .

At the end of the first stanza, that helter-skelter company of Frenchmen far from home broke spontaneously into cheers. I enjoyed my first and only triumph as an actor. That day within the place men played no more. . . .

Thereafter, night after night, I squandered the after-midnight gas, reading and rereading the magic text of this entrancing play; and it is pleasant now for me to think that innumerable other boys whom I have never met were rendered sleepless at the same time by the same apparent miracle. Why can't we feel these things so keenly when we are nearly forty as in the brave days when we were under twenty? But to answer that question would be to solve the evermore recurrent riddle: why all the greatest actors are dead actors and all the things most worthy of the seeing were seen always somewhere long ago. . . . Perhaps my little boys will tell me when I am really old. . . .

I recall now that, in recent years, I have written one or two maturely reasoned articles to prove that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was not a great play, after all. I have even asserted, on the lecture platform, that the project of the plot is fundamentally immoral. These intellectual considerations begin to seem important to dramatic critics who have reached the pinnacle of thirty; but they never bothered our appreciative minds when we were young enough to love things lovely without interruptive questionings or *arrière-pensées*. Neither do they bother us when we are old enough to remember with delight the enthusiasms of our youth. Even now, while strolling home o' nights through silent streets—before the milk-carts have begun to clatter—I often hear myself repeating to myself——

Philosophe, physicien,
Rimeur, bretteur, musicien,
Et voyageur aérien. . . .

When the news of the incomparable success of the new piece at the Porte Saint-Martin had been thoroughly authenticated, Richard Mansfield—the foremost American actor of the time—closed his season, slipped quietly across the ocean, and sat night after night watching from the front the performance of Coquelin. Mansfield was the first actor that I saw in the part. Coquelin I did not see until the autumn of 1900, when he opened in New York at the Garden Theatre with Sarah Bernhardt as Roxane. I shall never forget that opening. On Sunday—the day of the dress-rehearsal—Coquelin was afflicted with an acute attack of intestinal indigestion. This ailment was so painful that he could not sleep at all for forty-eight hours. Yet on Monday—the first night of his public appearance—he carried off the whole stupendous undertaking with no indication whatsoever that anything was wrong. I saw him again on Tuesday night, and twice on Wednesday, and so on throughout the week. Eight performances of the same play in six successive days! . . . Would to God that some ingratiating spirit might arise to make me love the theatre now as I must have loved it then!

Being thoroughly familiar with both Cyranos—the others, even Wyndham, do not count—I am able to testify that Mansfield's was not, by any means, an imitation of Coquelin's. It was, indeed, deliberately different;

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and, in many technical respects, it was more obviously meritorious. Mansfield's performance was more clever, more astonishing, more brilliant. For instance, he outranged the scope of Coquelin in the scene in which the hero detains the Comte de Guiche by narrating his pretended adventures during the course of a descent from the moon. Mansfield chanted this entire passage mystically, making use of those 'cello tones of a voice which, for musical efficiency, was utterly unrivaled in the world. But, despite the cleverness of Mansfield, I preferred the performance of Coquelin. I am sure, now, that Coquelin was greater, for the simple reason that I find it more difficult, after twenty years, to remember what Coquelin did at any questionable moment than to remember what Mansfield did. Mansfield *acted* the part admirably; but Coquelin walked on, and *was* Cyrano, and that was the only fact to be regarded. To this feeling, the supreme expression was accorded by the author in his dedication of the play: *"C'est à l'âme de Cyrano que je voulais dédier ce poème. Mais puisqu'elle a passé en vous, Coquelin, c'est à vous que je le dédie"*.

In these hurried days, when so many other matters are demanding to be read about that the death of a great poet appears only as a momentary bubble on the tide of time, space is lacking for a record of impressions garnered from a loving recollection of the earliest performances of the other masterpieces of Edmond Rostand. I call them masterpieces now—without critical exception or reasonable reservation—because, concerning this aristocrat of poets, it must at least be said that, throughout his whole life of half a century, he never wrote a bad line and never touched a subject that he did not manage to adorn.

Any poet who can haunt the ear for twenty years must, manifestly, be immortal. The newspapers tell me that Edmond Rostand died in Paris, of influenza and pneumonia, at one-thirty P. M. on December 2, 1918. I don't believe this news—not really—because, so often and so often, I have walked the streets of countless cities saying over to myself—

C'est chose bien commune
De soupirer pour une
Blonde, châtaine, ou brune
Maîtresse,
Lorsque brune, châtaine,
Ou blonde, on l'a sans peine.
—Moi, j'aime la lointaine
Princesse!

That final phrase has always sounded to my ear like a backward flinging of full fingers over streaming strings. I have never heard anything more *instrumental* in all lyric literature. Edmond Rostand is dead, the papers tell me; but this poet cannot really die, so long as French remains a living language and little boys are taught to listen to it in a loving country overseas.

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THE TEXT-BOOK POISON IN CANADIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

BY W. S. WALLACE

A generation ago Goldwin Smith, that great apostle of better relations between Canada and the United States, wrote: "Too many American histories are hardly more trustworthy than those of the Celestial Empire. The historian is always on the stump, and ministering to national vanity and passion. The school histories among the rest are, or until lately were, without exception, most poisonous food for young minds; and there can be no doubt that they have produced their effect on the character of the nation." In this general indictment he included not only the histories of the United States but also those of Canada. He allowed no opportunity to pass of smiting with impartial hand both the Anglophobia too often found in the one, and the United Empire Loyalist rancor found in the other. He said bluntly of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's "Washington", for instance, that it was filled with the "spirit of Elijah Pogram"; and when Dr. Egerton Ryerson, a venerable figure in Canadian public life, produced a history of "The Loyalists of America", he asked pertinently: "Are we to be dragged again through the history of this old quarrel, with all its heel-taps and afterclaps? Are these smouldering ashes of hatred to be raked anew?"

The testimony thus borne by "the Oxford Professor" has recently obtained signal corroboration, so far as the history text-books of the United States are concerned, in Mr. Altschul's investigations. Mr. Altschul has subjected to a patient analysis no less than ninety-three history text-books that are, or have been, in use in the elementary schools of the United States. Forty of these books were in use over twenty years ago. Of these no less than thirty-two, used in no less than one hundred and nineteen centers, display a more or less pronounced Anglophobia; whereas only eight books, used in fifteen centers, preserve even a moderately fair attitude toward Great Britain. The later group, comprising fifty-three books in use today, shows a slight improvement. Of these, thirty-three books used in one hundred and twenty-three centers display varying degrees of Anglophobia; whereas twenty, used in sixty-eight centers, are more or less impartial. Welcome as this improvement is, it still leaves very much to be desired. In the two groups it is possible to count on the fingers of one hand those books that point out that, in the American Revolution, the claims of Great Britain were, at their worst, only the ordinary claims of mother countries upon their colonies at that time. It is evident, therefore, that a very high percentage of those who have passed through the schools of the United States must have learned to regard the attitude of George III and his ministers as unusual and exceptional; and a very considerable majority must have imbibed a feeling of actual hatred toward Great Britain. One is

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tempted to suspect that the historian of the future, coming across the lines:

> Hate by water and hate by land,
> Hate of the head and hate of the hand.
> * * * * * * *
> We love as one, we hate as one,
> We have one foe, and one alone,
> ENGLAND!

might easily fall into the trap of attributing them to an American author of the nineteenth century.

With regard to Canadian history text-books, figures are unfortunately not available. But no one who is familiar with them will deny that they reveal an equally deplorable state of affairs. The only difference is that the animus displayed in them is directed particularly against the United States, whereas the animus in American schoolbooks is directed primarily against "England", and only secondarily against Canada. Indeed, in many United States histories no animus against Canada appears; instead there is a tendency to ignore the existence of Canada as though it were uninhabited—an attitude more galling to a small and sensitive people than hatred itself. But in Canadian histories there is no doubt about the existence of the United States. The Great Republic overshadows the story of Canada from title-page to colophon. From the American invasion of Canada in 1775, when the American Revolutionists in the spirit of Rousseau sought to compel Canadians to be free, down to the reciprocity negotiations of 1911, when at least one prominent American politician uttered some ill-advised words regarding the political destiny of Canada, the menace of the United States has colored the writing of Canadian history. It has led to a bitter and morbid treatment of many episodes in the relations between the two countries; it has magnified tenfold, for instance, the importance of the War of 1812; and it has encouraged, curiously enough, a foolish depreciation of the qualities of the American people. A confession of this is made by Mr. Macdonald in "The North American Idea", a series of lectures delivered by a Canadian before an American audience. Speaking of the hardships and the injustices suffered by the United Empire Loyalists, Mr. Macdonald frankly admits that "the human elements in the story, as illustrating personal heroism or fidelity or noble sacrifice, have their permanent value, but in the hands of the story-tellers in school text-books their exaggerations and misplaced emphasis have done little but damage in North America's civilization".

The trouble is that both Canada and the United States have at the head of their history two events, the American Revolution and the War of 1812, that are fertile breeding-grounds of international enmity. Family quarrels are notoriously more bitter than other quarrels; and both these events partook of that character. The American Revolution, as John Fiske pointed out, was a phase of English party politics; and it was rather a civil war than a revolution. One of the parties to the civil war founded the United States; the other laid the basis of English-speaking Canada; and thus the two countries were dedicated at the outset to the perpetuation of an ancient feud, in which their true interests have too often been forgotten. Nothing could be more instructive than the traditional attitude adopted in each country toward the Loyalists of the Revolution. In the United States they have long been regarded with the aversion expressed by that poetaster

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of the Revolution who sang:

So vile a crew the world ne'er saw before,
And grant, ye pitying heavens, it may no more!
* * * * * * *
Murder and blood is still their dear delight.

In Canada they have been the objects of an uncritical veneration which has resembled primitive ancestor-worship. With such diverse traditions in each country, it was hardly to be expected that the feud would easily die out; and indeed the War of 1812 was, so far as Canada was concerned, merely a revival of the vendetta.

Surely the time has come when the people of Canada and the United States can come to a consensus of opinion even with regard to these events. The American Revolution was a struggle between two conflicting principles which had in it something of the inevitable character of a Greek tragedy. Each side, from its own point of view, was right. The Tory or Loyalist point of view had much to be said for it; and it is interesting and hopeful that nowhere has this point of view been put more clearly and forcibly than by the modern school of scientific American historians. Just as much may be said for the Whig or Revolutionist standpoint. The people of 1776 did not find it as easy to choose between the two camps as many of their descendants have found it. "I have been struck", wrote Lorenzo Sabine, the Whig historian of the Loyalists, "in the course of my investigations, with the absence of fixed principles, not only among people in the common walks of life, but in many of the prominent personages of the day."

Apart from the extremists on both sides, a great many people wavered long and sadly in their choice; and when they made it, it was frequently dictated by social, financial, or even religious considerations, only partly connected with the political issues at stake. Nor should it be forgotten that, when the rival parties took shape, a very considerable body of public opinion in England disapproved of the course of the British government, and from one-third to one-half of the American people disapproved of the proceedings of the second Continental Congress. Indeed, in the opinion of the distinguished English historian Lecky, the Revolution "was the work of an energetic minority, who succeeded in committing an undecided and fluctuating majority to courses for which they had little love, and leading them step by step to a position from which it was impossible to recede".

Nor need the vexed question of the Loyalists prove a stumbling-block. It must be admitted that the Loyalists were guilty during the war of some unpleasant atrocities. But so were some of the Revolutionists. No one can take pride in tracing descent to the worst of the Green Mountain boys, any more than to Bloody Bill Cunningham and his gang or to the raiders of Cherry Valley. And it is fair to remember that the Loyalists had been driven from their homes, that their property had been confiscated, and that they and their families had been subjected to persecution. They would have been hardly human had they not waged a mimic warfare. At the same time, it is no more surprising that after the war the victorious Revolutionists treated the Loyalists with scant generosity. They too would have been hardly human had they done otherwise. Neither the Loyalists nor the Revolutionists were inhuman fiends: it is significant that the American Revolu-

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tion furnished no September massacres, no Reign of Terror. They were merely men fashioned like unto ourselves, actuated by very human motives. In particular, it is absurd to regard them as a sort of legendary heroes. They were Loyalists or Revolutionists, as a rule, out of self-interest, or because of previous ties, or because they thought they had picked the winning side, like that Loyalist who wrote from the wilds of New Brunswick in 1788: "I have made one great mistake in politics, for which reason I never intend to make so great a blunder again".

As for the War of 1812, it would be well could it be erased forever from the tablets of North American history. No more futile and meaningless war ever broke the Truce of God. It arose from nothing, it decided nothing; and out of nothing nothing comes.

For the last century or more Canada and the United States have been at peace. Much has been made of this hundred years' peace. The fact that Canadians and Americans have lived together for that time on either side of an international boundary line three thousand odd miles long, and destitute of forts or warships, is frequently pointed to as an object-lesson in international amity. Great preparations were made for celebrating the centennial of peace between the two countries in 1915; and only the outbreak of the European war prevented the celebration from being profoundly impressive. It was in connection with this centennial that Mr. Dunning's review of the relations between Great Britain and the United States was issued.

There is perhaps a danger in this fiction of the *pax Americana* that the people of North America may take credit to themselves where credit is not due. If two peoples, sprung from the same stock, speaking the same language, and having similar political ideals, have succeeded in living side by side for a century without coming to blows, their achievements may not necessarily be regarded as bordering on the marvelous. As a matter of fact, peace between Canada and the United States during the last hundred years has never been quite complete or secure. Repeatedly the two countries have been on the verge of war. At the time of the Oregon boundary dispute in 1846, when the American presidential elections had been fought and won on the platform of "fifty-four forty or fight", nothing but an eleventh-hour compromise averted hostilities. At the time of the Trent affair in 1861, the crisis was even more acute. And on several occasions, notably in 1838 and in 1866, the soil of the United States was used as the starting point for filibustering expeditions against Canada on the part of Canadian revolutionaries or Irish-American Fenians. Nor was the preservation of peace on these occasions due, as Lord Bryce suggests in his introduction to Mr. Dunning's book, to the good sense of the common people. At the time of the Trent episode, for instance, the people on both sides clamored for war; and only the wiser counsels of Seward and Lincoln, and of Lyons and the Prince Consort, prevented it. In 1838 and in 1866, too, the invaders of Canada had the sympathy of the American border population; and only the somewhat belated enforcement of the neutrality laws by the authorities put an end to further mischief.

To realize how far short of brotherly kindness the relations between the two countries have fallen, one

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need only review, as Mr. Dunning does, the history of the interminable fishery squabbles between them, the repeated boundary disputes, or the acrimonious trade relations. Even the last few years have furnished an example of the latent antagonism between the two countries. During the first two and a half years of the European war, when Canadian volunteers were fighting and dying in Flanders fields, and the United States was clinging to her neutrality, there sprang up in Canada a feeling against the United States, the depth of which Americans will fortunately never know.

For the bad blood which has thus marred the relations between the two democracies of North America, the writers of history and especially the writers of history schoolbooks must bear a large share of the blame. Too many of them have confused the attitude of the historian with that of the dancing dervish. Until our school histories have been revised, it is idle to expect a permanent improvement in the relations of the two countries. With a public opinion poisoned at the fountain-head, anything is possible. Nor will sanitary measures taken farther down the stream prove wholly efficacious. One is glad to see Mr. Dunning's scholarly and impartial treatise; one is glad to see Mr. Macdonald's "The North American Idea", a series of lectures delivered at Vanderbilt University in 1917, which have as their object the promotion of good feeling between Canada and the United States; and one is especially glad to see the history of North America told from a popular standpoint with such attractiveness and dispassionateness as in the two series known as "The Chronicles of Canada" and "The Chronicles of America". These chronicles, if placed in the school libraries, might well serve to correct the bias of the official text-books.

But at best none of these publications can begin to reach the vast numbers who derive their knowledge of the past mainly from the schoolhouse. Among such as these, nothing but text-book reform will suffice; and this is long overdue. It would be a matter for congratulation if the American Historical Association, which includes in its membership not only the foremost American historians, but also many of the foremost Canadian historians, would institute an Index Expurgatorius of history schoolbooks that promote international discord, and urge on the educational authorities of both countries the appropriateness of revising them or discarding them altogether. It would not be amiss, indeed, if all such books were gathered together and burned in public, as the vanities were burnt in Florence in the time of Savonarola.

The American Revolution in Our School Text Books. By Charles Altschul. George H. Doran Company.

The North American Idea. By James A. Macdonald. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The British Empire and the United States: a Review of their Relations during the Century of Peace following the Treaty of Ghent. By W. A. Dunning. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Chronicles of Canada. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Co.

The Chronicles of America. Yale University Press.

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THE CHILD IN THE WORLD

A Series of Brief National Interpretations of Juvenile Literature

RUSSIA

BY MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

In the year of Christ 1903 the writer of these lines was involved in a formidable conspiracy. Painfully he had to guard every step of his, lest he fall into the hands of the ever-vigilant police. Furtively, under the cloak of night, he had to steal to the place of his dangerous activities. With the keenest attention he had to scrutinize the signs in the windows of that mysterious little house in the suburb before he entered the low door. The sign denoting "danger" made his heart ache for the fate of the whole enterprise.

And when at last he made his way to the spacious back room facing the cherry orchard, what did he find there? A number of boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen whom he, together with two other young students, was teaching to read and write. Between lessons we were also telling the pupils stories from botany, geography, or physics. In short, it was an evening school for boys who had received no school education. The aims of our little undertaking were purely cultural; we wanted to bring a spark of light into the lives of some young artisans' apprentices in the town where we were spending our summer vacation. We conducted no political propaganda. We couldn't have done it if we had wanted to, because the level of understanding among the boys was very low. Yet, had we been discovered by the Argus of the gendarmery, we might have been tried for sedition.

It is easy to imagine that in a country where educational work among the masses was facing obstacles of such gravity, where the teaching in an elementary school in one of the forlorn villages was a series of heroic self-sacrifices, where schools for adults, Sunday schools, public lectures of every description were looked upon as so many nests of "destructive propaganda", where books were scarce, libraries for the villagers utterly rare, and even the sale of books to plain people considered an "illegal act"—it is easy to imagine that in a country of this kind, with a population of whom an overwhelming majority are illiterate, the book must have a totally different value from that in any modern civilized country. One of the ever-recurring sentimental topics of Russian journalism, fiction and painting is that keen-eyed, intelligent-looking schoolboy who reads before the adults of his family some of the wonders contained in a book furnished by the teacher. It is night. The low ceiling of the cabin is covered with soot. The little oil lamp hardly flickers. Shadows are hovering in every corner. Outside, the snowstorm is raging. Close to the stove, in the circle of light, the boy reads his story. Men with shaggy beards and heavy fists, work-worn women in their fantastic shawls, the old, ghastly-looking grandfather on top of the fireplace—all listen attentively, with dreamy eyes, with an expression of bewilderment, delight and appreciation. "Yes, son, the book is a great thing", someone will thoughtfully sum up the impressions.

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This unusually high value attached to the book throughout the vast steppes of the Russian Empire accounts for one characteristic feature of Russian juvenile literature. There is no marked distinction between books for children and books for uneducated adults. In the majority of cases, both classes merge into one. It seems as if the Russian genius found it too extravagant to expend national intellectual energy on the creation of a specific literature suited to the psychology and understanding of children. It favored, rather, a popular literature of a general character, where every person, young or old, may find delight and profit. Opinions of this kind were voiced more than once by the leading thinkers of Russia. "What is the characteristic feature of a story for children?" asks Belinsky, the great critic of the 'forties. "A story of this kind", he says, "is clumsily put together, and is strewn over with moral sentences. The aim of such works is to deceive the children, to distort the face of life." That should not be. If you want to write for children, the critic says, do so, but "create narratives and pictures full of life and motion, permeated with enthusiasm, warm with emotion, written in an easy, free, playful, colorful, yet simple, language; and be sure that your work will form the most solid foundation and the most effective means of education. Write for children, if you wish, but write in a manner that your book may be read by an adult with equal pleasure." A similar thought is expressed in more drastic language by Pisarev, the leading critic and publicist of the 'sixties. "Literature for children", he writes, "is a miserable, adulterated, and utterly artificial branch of general literature. No place should be given to literature for children in school libraries. Such libraries should be open for pupils who are in a position to read with pleasure and understand books written for adults. What books, then, should form a library for pupils? The works of the best fictionists and critics, Russian, French, and German, descriptions of famous travels, historical works, and popular books on all branches of science." In our times, Rubakin, the famous bibliophile, author of numerous popular books, and compiler of the most serious systematic catalogue of Russian literature, expressed the same idea. "A library for children", he writes, "ought to be constructed on the same principle as a library for adults, with the sole difference that the books contained in the children's department should be interesting for children and accessible to their understanding. The word *accessible*, however, allows of no arbitrary interpretation. Accessiblity is a question of form, not of contents. The most abstract thought can be made accessible to the child's understanding if it is illustrated by a series of concrete facts and if the facts are grouped in a way to make the reader proceed from the less difficult to the more difficult item. . . . This is no theoretical assertion; it is derived from all our activities at popularizing science." Rubakin insists on giving the children a maximum of freedom in choosing reading matter.

It was in conformity with this idea that a specific "juvenile literature" was not looked upon with favor by the best elements of the Russian "Intelligentzia". This does not mean that Russia lacked writers who published special magazines for children or compiled sentimental stories to be read in the children's rooms of more or less wealthy families. Some of these writ-

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ers even attained great fame among their little readers. Yet the progressive Russian looked askance at all such writings. Sugar-coated stories stuffed with moral preachings were not to his taste. Producers of such works were outside the pale of literature. In fact, not one "children's author" gained recognition in Russia as equal to the "real" writers.

What, then, is the literature that the thinking Russian deems worthy of circulating among the children and equally among the plain people? There are, first of all, the creations of the primitive popular genius: fairy-tales (skazki), hero songs (byliny), legends, collected and partly put into modern language. Russian folk-lore is an inexhaustible source of poetic creations. Those creations, however, lack the refinements of the Hellenic epics or the exuberant fantasy and color of the Hindu tales. Russian folk-lore is of a more realistic kind. Personified forces of nature do not seem out of place in a country which has retained much of its primitive simplicity. Domestic and wild animals fit well into the scheme of rural life dominating Russia even at present. This makes Russian folk-lore a welcome reading for family and school. Russian fairy-tales in certain ways represent a good picture of the Russian national character. Their humor is genuine and refreshing. Many a great writer, notably the poets Pushkin, Shukovsky, Count Alexey Tolstoi and Koltzov, have created beautiful legends, songs, and ballads on themes borrowed from folk-lore. These are being read, perhaps, with more delight than even the original tales. In recent years many talented artists have devoted much fond attention to illustrations for fairy-tales. The name of Bilibin stands out as the most famous among these artists. His colored plates, subdued but rich in color and variety, breathe the spirit of legend.

The volume of reading matter for the young, and the unsophisticated adults, however, is composed of the works of the best Russian writers, classical as well as modern. In a model catalogue for children between the ages of nine and eleven I find works of Bunin, Gogol, Grigorovitch, Garshin, Gorky, Krylov, Korolenko, Kuprin, Mamin-Sibiryak, Machtet, Nikitin, Nekrasov, Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, Pushkin, Shukovsky, Stanyukovitch, Seroshevsky, Seraphimovitch, Tolstoi, Turgenev, Tchekhov, and others—all writers for adults. It is the contention of pedagogues that what is good for adults is good for the little ones, provided they understand it. Fortunately, almost every great Russian writer created a number of stories of such lucidity, simplicity and humaneness as to make them, sometimes in an abridged form, superb reading for children. Nothing can equal such stories as "The Captain's Daughter", by Pushkin; "The Cloak", by Gogol, "The Diary of a Sportsman", by Turgenev; or those wonderful, popular stories by Leo Tolstoi which are being circulated by the millions all over Russia. Through such works the young reader learns early to appreciate good realistic literature and to love his classics. Excerpts from the writers for adults form also the main body of readers used in the classroom.

A third category of Russian juvenile literature is that of popular works on natural sciences, including geography and travel. A fourth, by far not the least important, is that of translations from foreign languages. In the above-mentioned catalogues we find such names as De Amicis, Auerbach, Baron Muenchhausen, Harriet Beecher

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Stowe, Bret Harte, Braddon, Defoe, Dickens, Daudet, Eliot, Goethe, Greenwood, Hartmann, Jamieson, Kipling, Jack London, Lagerlöf, Livingston, Loti, Malot, Aldrich, Pressensé, Rosegger, Saunders, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde. It may be interesting to know that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Prince and the Pauper" rank among the most popular books in Russia. Not long ago Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid were among the favorites.

It seems that America has not been as eager to translate from Russian authors for her children as has Russia been to translate American authors. The number of translations from Russian we find in such a good collection of juvenile books as the children's department of the Public Library in the city of New York is very limited. In fact, nothing but a few fairy-tale books are available. Of these, Leonard A. Magnus's "Russian Folk Tales" represents the most complete collection of popular fairy-tales, and is very close to the original. It gives a very adequate presentation of the character of Russian folk-lore. The translations are made from the original Afanasyev collection, which is considered one of the best in Russia. Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Tales" is less complete, yet it has the advantage of twelve Bilibin illustrations, which, though very much smaller than the original Russian plates, give the book an artistic touch. Arthur Ransome's "Old Peter's Russian Tales", with illustrations by the Russian artist Mitrokhin, is wholly charming. The book represents Russian fairy-tales retold in a modern manner, and its illustrations are vivid and full of fancy. Richard Wilson's "Russian Story Book", representing a prose translation of some heroic epics originally composed in loose verse, gives the contents of those epics, but hardly conveys their spirit. For very little readers, "Russian Picture Tales", by Valery Carrick, are highly recommended. Carrick's little fairy albums enjoy great recognition in Russia.

In conclusion, may we not suggest a few Russian books which, in our opinion, might be welcome in any library for children the world over? Leo Tolstoi's collection of popular stories is one of such books; Mamin-Sibiryak's tales another. Of the modern writers, Kuprin has written a number of realistic stories for children that are very attractive. A collection of stories from the works of various Russian classics, to form one volume for young America, would be very advisable. Many such stories have already been translated, but they are strewn among the other works of the respective authors. Pushkin's fairy-tales in verse, with illustrations by Bilibin, still await their reincarnation in English. The translator, however, must be a poet by the grace of God, able to put the beauty, ease and musical charm of Pushkin into an English form.

Russian Folk Tales. By Leonard A. Magnus. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Russian Wonder Tales. By Post Wheeler. A. and C. Black, London.
Old Peter's Russian Tales. By Arthur Ransome. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Russian Story Book. By Richard Wilson. The Macmillan Co., London.
Russian Picture Tales. By Valery Carrick. Three vols. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.

JAPAN

BY ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

The juvenile literature of Japan is a product of recent years. As with all customs of the land, rigid conventionality has guided the reading of books. Literature was for ages confined to the upper classes, as it was written in the difficult characters not used by

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the common people. Spoken language, which was entirely different from the written, was never used in print except in the small sheets used by public readers as they traveled through the streets selling "voice news".

Even later, after reading had spread further and had reached all classes, it still retained much of its conventional form. Simple conversational style was considered all right for grandmother or nurse to use in telling stories to children, but it was altogether too undignified a medium to be ranked with the elegant style of writing which for ages had been the accepted standard for first-class literature.

There were certain books published in simple language—books of a cheap, sensational character, called "paper weeds". These were read by the lower classes, but well-bred children were never allowed to see them. Nevertheless, they had their use, for just as our loveliest flowers and most useful vegetables had a humble origin, so the existence of these coarse but easily read books caused thinking minds to see the need of better literature in simple language. This was Japan's first step toward juvenile literature.

During the next few years occasional experiments were made in simply written tales and translations, but the first author to lead the Japanese literary world to take a practical interest in books especially for children was Mr. Iwaya. He was followed by Mr. Kurushima. These two men gradually paved the way for the many feet which have since followed along the path of juvenile writers in Japan's modern literary world.

Mr. Iwaya is best known by his pen name of Sazanami (Ripples which spread and spread without end). His translation of Andersen's "Fairy Tales" from the original into Japanese sprang so suddenly into popularity, and called for so many editions, that it is said to "have raised the price of paper". Then followed Grimm's "Fairy Tales", and later, others of less note from various lands. In 1886, with the help of the Hakubunkan, our largest publishing house, Sazanami made a collection of well-known Japanese fairy stories, and rewrote them in simple child language. These consisted of twenty-four tales, averaging two thousand words each. They were printed in separate small books, costing five sen (two and a half cents in American money). These little stories were gathered from many sources. Some were taken from the lips of the public story-tellers, some were found scattered here and there in novels, dramas and ancient epic poems, and some, deeply buried in the heavy language of legendary records, were unearthed after much time and toil.

In connection with this work the publishing house invited all the popular artists of the country to compete in illustrating the stories. Therefore, when the little books made their appearance in the market their pages held folk-tales first told by the most ancient chroniclers of old Japan, explained by the brush of modern Japan's most skilled artists. This publication struck the heart of the public. Old and young welcomed the familiar friends in their new clothing, but to the children the books brought a wonderful world of independent enjoyment. Now they could see and read as well as listen. Succeeding this publication, Sazanami brought out more legendary stories, also tales of Japan's heroes and mythological characters, well known in history and religion, but never before separated from ceremonious language. Next appeared a

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series of Japanese nursery tales combined with those of almost every nation in the world. Sazanami's stories, whether written or translated, are all in the simple language of the people. Not a single ceremonious passage of classic literature is to be found among them, yet the language is pure and correct, and the style has a wonderful charm of innocence, of enchanting simplicity, of magic power which brings the fairies of the whole world before the mind-eye of the children.

As Sazanami is a well-known literary character, his adopting the use of the easy conversational style in his books attracted universal attention, and at first some serious questioning. But the old-fashioned people who felt that the dignity of literature was thus lowered did not find courage to openly criticize such an acknowledged authority before the success of his experiment was so complete that it swept away all desire to criticize. To Sazanami must be given credit for the introduction of juvenile literature to Japan.

Of course, children read books before this time, but the childish mind had no sympathetic feeling of fellowship for the stiff classics. When the old nursery tales appeared written in the plain, every-day language in which they talked to each other, the little folks welcomed them with an eager enthusiasm which had no rival until a few years later, when the wonderful story-teller, Mr. Kurushima, followed Sazanami's written words with his voice. At once he took a place side by side with his predecessor in the hearts of the children.

Mr. Kurushima's power with an audience is like magic. Wherever he goes he is received with an ovation. Clapping hands and smiling faces greet him, but the moment he steps forward and bows every head bobs in response, and in an instant the entire room is silent with expectation. Frequently the shining black eyes of from two to four thousand listeners follow every movement of the speaker. He seems to magnetize his audience. When he looks grave, every face sobers in sympathy. When he smiles, every face lights up with pleasure. The children unconsciously sway to his every gesture, and when he closes there is always a moment when a soft sigh seems to float over the crowd; then everyone arouses and the air resounds with a "Thank you!" that any man in the world might well be proud to receive. In 1912, under the auspices of the Tokyo Educational Department, Mr. Kurushima traveled through the United States, visiting, watching, examining and studying everything pertaining to children's mental welfare.

Before the time of Mr. Iwaya and Mr. Kurushima, reading matter for boys and girls was rigidly, and, without any exception, entirely different in character. This has been so for ages, and as a matter of course is still encouraged by parents, teachers and public sentiment. From the time babies are cuddled in the grandparent's arms or swung over the nurse's shoulder, songs of brave warriors are crooned to the little master, and proverbs of patient wives are recited in baby talk to wee little maidens. As they grow older the boys have their Festival of Banners and the girls their Festival of Dolls. In games and celebrations there is no similarity. The very decoration of garments and the toys they play with are widely different. Of course, this distinction applies also to reading.

There is, however, one short period of time that is an exception. In the elementary school the text-books for

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boys and girls are the same. This does not include supplementary school reading nor outside reading. It is confined to the schoolroom. These six years in the elementary school represent the only time in Japanese life when the sexes associate freely together. Before and after that short period their lives are separate in work, in pleasures, in ambitions. Even in married life, where naturally there are mutual interests in home and children, the duties and the recreations of husband and wife are marked out rigidly on separate lines. So it is that Japanese boys and girls, from babyhood, live in entirely different worlds of thought.

In this day we occasionally see some individual modification of rigid rules, but such cases are rare. Virtually the old rule still exists. This is shown in the fact that even our most progressive juvenile magazines are published in couples—the brother's number and the sister's number. The boy's number contains stories encouraging manly virtues. The girl's number has stories of gentleness and sacrifice. The interesting thing is that both have the same translated serial running at the same time. "Little Women" was so published, also "The Prince and the Pauper", "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe". The magazines are equal in literary merit, but even the Hakubunkan, the big house that leads all Japan, is careful to select its material in accordance with the old-established rule. Were this not done, it is unquestionably true that neither the brother nor sister magazine could be popular or self-supporting. This is the fault of the parents, of course. Japanese people are so unbending and so universal in their manner of thinking, that progress must take the form of introducing a new thing, not of modifying what we already have.

Here is where foreign books have such power; and no words of praise can be too strong to express the gratitude of the nation for them and their influence. As conventional rules apply only to Japanese literature, it seems to be tacitly understood that it is perfectly good form for both boys and girls to read European books, and they are widely read and openly discussed by both sexes and by all classes. Since the nation's gate was opened to the world Japan has been an earnest, laborious student of foreign literature, gathering material from every nook of the world. Our libraries are overflowing with translations of French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Russian and English books. Well-known names of great literary men of all lands are spoken of familiarly at "sweetmeat time", as afternoon tea is called in Japan, and their works are freely read and discussed in thousands of homes. Their influence is a thousandfold more stupendous than Americans understand. This is not on account of what they teach. Of that I shall speak later. It is because foreign books are twisting a cable which is every day drawing closer together the tastes of the two separate peoples of Japan—the men and the women. It is easy to imagine what an influence this will have on the children of the future.

Another thing which gives strong influence to foreign books is that they are looked upon as friends and comrades. Most Japanese books are treated with formality. We have always reverenced learning. The position of teacher was one of honor. Books were handled with deference. Even scraps of printed or written pages were treated with respect. Pos-

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sibly this feeling came from the old days when priests were our teachers and our only text-books were the sacred writings—even today Japanese children, before beginning their study, sit up very straight and respectfully lift their books to their foreheads.

As there is no known rule to govern the reading of Sazanami's informal fairy stories they are put in a different class. They are comrades. The children carry them about with them, or keep them with their toys. They sit on a cushion or snuggle up in a careless position in a corner to read and laugh without dignity but with joy. Every foreign book is looked upon with this same affectionate informality. It is difficult for a foreigner, brought up untrammeled, to realize what this means. Japanese brains have never been dwarfed, but they have been forced to develop along set lines. American thought has had the freedom of a mighty, spreading river. Japanese thought has been guided gently, but rigidly, between the artificial walls of a canal. The traditions of the past are still too strong for parents to be willing to allow their children the comfort of unconventionality in reading Japanese books (other than fairy books, which are considered toys), but foreign literature is without shackles of any kind, and its influence over the young people of Japan is unbounded.

With the exception of schoolbooks, our children's reading has never been of a character to furnish inspiration for practical every-day living. The men of today, in their boyhood, read the Ethics of Confucius, Chinese classics and historical tales of heroes and their valiant deeds; for lighter reading they had stories of war, of revenge, and of noble sacrifice for the nation and the Emperor. Now, the boys read "Sherlock Holmes" and "Tom Sawyer". But they do not stop with tales of adventure. Japanese boys are great readers, and they are fond of all that appeals to the bright and thinking youth of any land. But of the shelves in the public libraries which hold translations, the ones which are continually nearest empty are those marked "Biography". The tales of real men who have done brave and successful things are devoured by boys of all ages. Surprisingly little fellows have their brains stored with an astonishing amount of knowledge about Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Edison, Carnegie, Harriman, Rockefeller, Grant, and all American military heroes. European men of note are equally well known by the young boys of Japan, but American heroes are the favorites.

The Japanese mothers of today, in their girlhood, read "Woman's Great Learning" (which was really Confucian ethics as applied to women), poems, ancient dramas and stories founded on historic incidents. Many of these tales were morbid and unnatural. The heroine was invariably a girl or woman whose life was full of sadness and tears. She usually accomplished some brave and admirable result by sacrificing herself for parent, husband or child. All of the stories were intended to inculcate the virtues of gentleness, submission and patient sacrifice. In many of these old stories there is much that is heroic and fine, but there is nothing that teaches energetic battling against fate or cheerful, wholesome living. In the stories of today the setting is more modern, but the spirit of sadness and patience floats through all. They are necessarily quiet in action, for it is as mannish for a girl to be interested in tales of travel and adventure as it

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is weak and effeminate for a boy to like girl's stories.

Again, I must say that this does not apply to foreign books. Boys and girls are equally enthusiastic admirers of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe", of "Jean Valjean" and "The Lamplighter", of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Little Women", "The First Violin", "The Wonder-Book", "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pollyanna". "Alice in Wonderland" and "Arabian Nights" were failures, and did not pay for their translation. Few animal stories, taken from the animal's point of view, receive sympathy or understanding. Kipling's "Jungle Books" no one would read, and "Black Beauty" slunk lazily through only one edition, but "Æsop's Fables" are quoted far and near, in magazines and schoolbooks, and by public story-tellers on the streets and to crowds in the temple yards.

Most popular books have been dramatized, and scenes from them are constantly acted in the schools as well as on the stage. One reason why so many young children are familiar with adult translations is that great numbers of popular foreign stories are shown on the screen, and Japanese moving-pictures are always accompanied by a voice telling the story in Japanese as the picture is shown. Many European stories have been shown repeatedly for several years, but they never find a weary audience.

In addition to standard books there are constantly coming out translations of short articles from children's magazines of various lands. Our children are being unconsciously influenced, and almost always for good. Boys are gradually learning that to be manly it is not necessary to repress every display of feeling, and girls are beginning to suspect that it is not unmaidenly to stand upright, to move vigorously, to have ideas and to modestly express them. Japanese books teach our sons to be brave and noble-hearted and our daughters to be gentle and considerate; now European literature is placing in their youthful hands the key to a rich treasury where they will learn how to adapt lofty ideals to practical life. With this added power our children will do what we of this generation are helpless to do—they will swing wide the door of Japan's heart to the understanding of the people of the West.

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THE MAN WHO MADE "LIFE"

A Reminiscent Story of John Ames Mitchell

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

John Ames Mitchell was the editor of "Life" from the time he launched it in 1883 up to the date of his death on the 29th of last June. Outside of the circle of his immediate associates, he was little known to the general public. He was not a public speaker. He rarely traveled. Aside from some dozen books that he wrote during this period as a relaxation, he confined himself strictly to his work. He was modest to a degree, instinctively edging away from any form of self-advertisement. Yet he undoubtedly belongs to that sharply restricted band of really great men who are so fortunate as to contribute a genuine idea to their day and generation.

"Life" was his own original creation. He started it against the advice of friends and experts. He continued it steadily according to his own ideas, and with a remarkable genius for encouragement and stimulation, he drew from those associated with him in his enterprise precisely the kind of things in them that he needed to carry out his idea, and rejected the rest without the slightest friction. He developed a school of artists. He was fearless in the execution of his purposes, broad in his sympathies, fair in all his dealings, and unhampered by tradition or precedent in his control of "Life". If anyone disagreed with him, he was always willing to give him a hearing. But his opinions were his own, and nobody had a ghost of a show to change them.

He abhorred any kind of trickery or sham and detected it intuitively. So far as "Life" was concerned, he scorned a consistent policy, and never hesitated to publish in the same issue diametrically opposite views on any public question, provided each of them was interesting. Nothing disturbed him. He had the unusual gift of exacting from others their utmost without their knowing it. None could move him against anyone to whom he had once given his trust.

His particular hobby was pictures, and he used to go over and select with great care many of the jokes that came into the "Life" office, setting aside those he thought would serve to illustrate. These pictures that were constantly coming into the office were always a subject for Mitchell's concern, and we would spend hours over them, trying to get the right text to go underneath. By a process of elimination, we would frequently reduce the caption to one magic word, which seemed to us at the moment to convey exactly the right meaning to the reader. Rejoicing prematurely over our masterpiece, we would discover the next day that we had refined away the text until, looking at it with a fresh eye, there was no meaning to it at all.

In his control of "Life" and its editorial policy, nothing ever disturbed him except possibly this text under the pictures. Once the printer placed three exclamation points after a cap-

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tion, and I don't think Mitchell ever recovered from the memory of that typographical blasphemy. He had an artist's genuine horror of anything in the nature of unnatural display. In fact the superfluous, no matter where it was, always excited him. He visited the place where "Life" was printed, not more than three times. On the last occasion, some eight years ago, he was shown all the paper that went to make up one edition of his magazine, piled six or seven feet high. It took up almost one floor of the printer's loft and made an indelible impression upon him. For weeks after he would refer to the responsibility of printing so much paper, and how careful we should be not to print anything on it that was superfluous. He never liked to make "Life" larger, and was always for boiling it down, even when the advertising required that we add more pages.

He bought his pictures as he felt like it. He paid according to a system of his own, depending upon individual merit, and would never give the slightest attention to the number of pictures on hand. Sometimes this stock grew to immense proportions. This happened in 1907. During the panic of this year, when all the other magazines were retrenching, he suddenly came to me one day and said: "Now is the time for us to make a better paper", and in spite of the conditions, told me to make "Life" four pages larger and jam it with pictures. This was the only time he ever wanted to enlarge the paper.

Mitchell was born in New York City, January 17, 1845. His artistic tastes were early developed, as he used to draw for his own amusement when a lad. He got his education at Exeter, Lawrence Scientific School, and then at Harvard, where he took a scientific course, after which he went abroad to study architecture. He returned to America in 1870 and practised architecture in Boston for about six years, at the end of which period he again visited Europe and studied painting at the Atelier Julian until 1881. He also studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. During his stay in this country, Mitchell had engaged in artistic and decorative work and had become a professional illustrator of books. On his return to France, he published several etchings in "L'Art" and received honorary mention at the Paris Exposition.

He had always been interested in black and white drawings, and feeling that there was a field for such art in the United States, he returned to this country and started "Life", which he founded as an artistic, humorous, and satirical journal on January 3, 1883. He used to declare that after publishing "Life" for nearly a year, he got more papers back than were printed each week. He had used up his money on an apparently fruitless venture. It became a question as to whether "Life" could continue. One day at luncheon he sat next to a group of men who were talking about the business of making a paper, and someone remarked that the more money that was put into a paper the more would come out of it. Mitchell went back to his office convinced by this chance remark that he would still continue to issue "Life". Afterward he learned that the man who had made the remark was Josh Billings. From that time on the tide turned, and "Life" steadily rose in power and influence.

Up to the day of his death Mitchell never relinquished his hold on his paper and never permitted anything else to distract his attention. Although eminently shrewd in business essentials, he carefully avoided mi-

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nutiæ and the books he wrote were written as an extension of his work as editor.

He began writing in 1880 but up to 1894 his "Romance of the Moon", "The Last American", and "'Life's' Fairy Tales" were short satires. In 1895 "Amos Judd" appeared—by far his best book. Some years later the Scribners reissued it in a popular edition and thirty-five or forty thousand copies were sold in a few months. This book is still being read by a large circle of readers. His next-best book is "The Pines of Lory", a charming love-story published in 1901. Others are "Gloria Victis", "The Villa Claudia", "The Silent War", "Pandora's Box", and "Drowsy". But none of these was so good as "Amos".

I told him once that my daughter was then reading "Amos" for the eleventh time, which brought from him something quietly humorous about my responsibility as a father. Most of his books he illustrated with decorative head and tail pieces. He was delighted with Balfour Ker's illustrations of "The Silent War" because the artist departed from the conventional and did not confine himself to the text.

Mitchell always found writing hard work. He wrote in a large hand on pads of white paper and labored over his sentences, writing and rewriting them. He liked best to write at night or at his country home. When at work on a book he would never discuss it. Indeed, he appeared to have no introspective leanings, none of that half-morbid strain which urges some of us to discuss our feelings with others. He believed that a writer should think out his story before committing it to paper. Grammar in its technical aspects never inspired him and he used to declare that he could not do the simplest sum in arithmetic. But in business affairs he was nobody's fool. He was fascinated by astronomy. The immense distance of the star Arcturus from the earth aroused his imagination and he referred to it often. He was greatly taken with the wonders of electricity and when I announced one day that there were 1,700 electrons in an atom, he said he had just heard that himself and that it was great news.

The Cæsars interested him greatly and he once called my attention to the fact that Julius looked like a Connecticut farmer. But though he was influenced largely by Greek thought, especially in art, Greek literature as a whole did not appeal to him. He took home Roger's translation of Aristophanes to read, but it did not move him to rapture, as he would say. In page proofs his eye would light unerringly on some fault of taste, exciting his instant displeasure. He was finicky about verse and if a line did not scan, he would chuckle with distress. But a piece of obvious doggerel, or a faulty drawing, he would often accept if it proclaimed an original idea, merely remarking of it that the reader would forgive the imperfection and understand that we knew better. He was never thoroughly contented away from his paper and often said that when absent from the office all seemed like a dream. He had a remarkable capacity for work. Only three days before he died he said to me: "The only thing that ever really bothers me is to leave anything undone".

He had the most remarkable forgettery I ever knew. Useless knowledge never touched him. He had an innate and constitutional repugnance for anything obscure. Henry James was anathema, and the philosophers always excited his indignation. I once gave

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him a work of Schopenhauer's, and he returned it to me a few days later with the dry remark that the man was either a fool or an idiot. It appeared impossible for him to read at length, because his mind was inventive and original, and he was always running away from the printed page to his own fancies. But he reveled in Plutarch and Shakespeare, and Napoleon was his favorite in biography. He thought Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" the best novel ever written. He loved France. Paris, the foster-mother of his youth, always held him in its thrall. When the war came on in 1914, his rage at the Germans was beyond any words to express. And as the weeks wore on into years and America failed to respond to the call of France, his sense of justice was unutterably stirred. He never forgave the administration for its neutral policy, and no thought of material interest ever stood between him and his sense of right. And he was generally right on fundamentals.

Having no children of his own, he loved those belonging to others, and "Life's" Fresh Air Farm is an enduring monument to this beautiful trait. Upon one occasion I visited him, coming fresh from my own home where children were running loose with the constant hubbub of young folks. As I opened his door I said unthinkingly: "How silent your house is". This made an indelible impression upon him and for years after he referred to it.

Mitchell's benefactions extended into all sorts of out of the way places, but none ever knew about them. Human and animal distress of any sort always excited his sympathy. His attitude about vivisection was not fully understood even by some of his close friends. It was always tempered by editorial sense which resolutely refused to go into long explanations. He wrote scarcely anything for "Life" except paragraphs showing up the cruelty of vivisection. His method was ridicule and satire, and ridicule and satire must be brief, to the point. It was not necessary, as he often declared to me, to state that he did not believe all doctors cruel. It was sufficient for him to call attention to an abuse which undoubtedly exists, and to do this in his own manner. Besides, he was right. From the broad human standpoint it is much more important to the human race that the average standard of sentiment of beauty, of altruism, of common love for one's fellow creatures shall constantly be developed and raised, than it is that a few individuals in each generation shall apparently by scientific methods be saved a few years of life. Mitchell infuriated the doctors because he scorned their statistics and kept unflinchingly to his own ground. The man who came to him with the constantly recurring question, "What would you do if it were your own child?" was received with unfailing courtesy, but never got anywhere. Mitchell believed in justice, in charity, in honesty, in truth, in integrity, and in form rather than in substance. His artistic sense, pervading his whole personality, made it inevitable that he should care most for how a thing was done rather than for the thing itself. Superficialities never tempted him. He was not led astray by bald statements. His most remarkable characteristic was that, in an age almost purely commercial and quite largely material, he unerringly kept himself pure from these influences. One of his most beautiful traits was his playful courtesy toward those who totally misunderstood him. He would even

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go so far as to defend them, particularly if the method used against him was such as to excite his admiration on its merits.

He developed his own school of artists by a system of encouragement that was unique. He never flattered, but he would invariably select some good quality in those who served him and define it. Thus we all had to live up to the reputations he had fastened upon us, but he never made the mistake of flattering anyone who had not the capacity for improvement in that particular direction. The practical result was that Mitchell, by this apparently simple process, was constantly bringing out latent talent, constantly making others better. He never discharged anyone. He never gave anyone up, no matter how hopeless he might seem. This quality of praise gave him the power to criticize, and this with all the force of just criticism. But above all, Mitchell was reliable. To be on hand at the appointed time with him was not so much a religion as an artistic verity.

One of "Life's" artists told me that he came into Mitchell's office once with a picture. Mitchell studied it for a moment and said: "That is not the best thing you ever did in your life". The artist replied that he really thought it was, if not the best, one of the best. "Well if you feel that way about it", replied Mitchell, "I'll take it."

HAMLET AND THE DEMON

BY MOREBY ACKLOM

The other evening it was my privilege to sit modestly silent while those great literary savants, Professor Emilie Puffer, the most ladylike Shakespeare lecturer on the Chautauqua Circuit, and Doctor Mamie Luella Dimplechin, Dean of the Department of Literary Exegesis in the Woman's Rights University of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, President of the Associated Thursday Afternoon Tea and Talk Clubs of the Middle West, etc., etc. (see "Who's Who in America" for the rest of it), discussed "the riddle" of Hamlet, with especial reference to the question whether the gloomy prince was intended by the author to be insane, or to be merely pretending insanity for his own purposes.

The disputation was of absorbing interest—to the disputers. In fact, so stimulating did each find her own arguments and so pleased were both with the manner and method of their presentation that the dialogue tended to evolve into two fluent monologues, each pioneer wishing to give the other as full an opportunity as possible to admire sound scholarship combined with the highest development of drawing-room oratory.

I must confess to finding myself a little dazzled by my attempt to follow two lines of argument at once, the more so as the high-sounding authorities so glibly quoted in such mellifluous tones were all strangers to me, while in the matter of editions and texts and folios and quartos and scripts and references and so forth and such like, I discovered that I was so hopelessly ignorant as to be merely

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contemptible. However, struggling even while I drowned in this growing flood of facile verbiage, I seemed to grasp two important principles which it appeared were primary requisites for the equipment of the Shakespearean critic and lecturer. One was the exceeding importance of having a theory, into which to fit one's discoveries, and the other, that when the words of the text stood in the way of the theory, it was permissible to make any changes necessary to make them suit—this latter process, it appeared, going by the name of "textual emendation".

I think I must have been unworthy enough to fall asleep while I was feebly turning over this treasure-trove in my exhausted mind, because the next thing I recall was a great and blessed silence and two empty chairs opposite each other in front of the fire.

Enjoying the peace after the storm, and pleased with the recent important addition to my critical equipment, I picked up the open copy of "Hamlet" which was lying face downward on the rug, and after smoothing out the crumpled pages I read the play through from beginning to end with an entirely new interest. I was rewarded. Before I had finished Act i I had a theory—and the critical emendations with which to support it began to beckon to me from every page.

What a difference a sign-post makes on a dark road. For the first time I was able to follow intelligently the great meaning of the master-magician of our language—the obscure became luminous and the meaningless intelligible.

It became as clear as day to me that both the learned critics were wrong. Hamlet is neither mad nor pretending to be mad—he is simply suffering from an overaddiction to the Demon Rum, and the whole play, unlocked with this key, becomes a prophetic Prohibition drama, even greater and more far-reaching than "Ten Nights in a Bar Room".

The character and condition of Hamlet as the inebriate are both drawn with supreme skill and with subtle knowledge of the mental processes of a victim of the Demon. Hamlet is not shown to us as a hopeless sot nor as a merry toper. On the contrary, he is clearly of the type equally encouraging to the bar-keep and the temperance orator: the young man who is conscious of his weakness and continually intends to reform, but who inevitably gravitates with some suddenness from the giddy elevation of a top seat on the water wagon. On such occasions he still retains the apologetic shame of the amateur drinker.

For instance, when the king notices his condition, Hamlet instinctively emits that hoary old excuse that has been doing duty since the days of Noah,—

HAMLET. My lord, I am too much i' the sun!
Act i, Sc. 2.

and at least on one occasion he refuses another round, when offered it,—

HAMLET. I dare not drink yet, Madam,—by and by—
Act v, Sc. 2.

When by himself he bewails his weakness, and calls out on his subjection to the habit,—

HAMLET. What a slave am I—

and again—

HAMLET. What an ass I am—
Act ii, Sc. 2.

He makes the most strenuous efforts to control his stagger,—

HAMLET. Oh fie, my sinews, grow not instant old
But bear me stiffly up. *Act i, Sc. 5.*

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But he has been seen, and his condition understood, by his somewhat overwise lady-love, who has not the decency to refrain from remarking on the subject to the scandal-loving Polonius.

OPHELIA. Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled,
Ungartered . . . his knees knocking each other— *Act ii, Sc. 1.*

Yet Hamlet continually strives to appear perfectly sober even before people who realize exactly what is the matter with him. For instance, when Rosenkrantz asks him, "Will't please you go, my lord?" he answers,—

I'll be with you straight. Go a little before— *Act iv, Sc. 2.*

straight clearly meaning *erect.* But in spite of the efforts which he makes to walk alone, he finds after all that he must have assistance, and calls them back,—

HAMLET. Nay, let's go together. *Act i, Sc. 5.*

On another occasion, when admitting his condition, he uses an expression that is generally supposed to be modern American slang,—

HAMLET. It would cost you a groaning to take off my *edge,* *Act iii, Sc. 2.*

while, in the first act of the play, under similar circumstances he describes himself as:

HAMLET. A little more than kin, a little less than kind,— *Act i, Sc. 2.*

a phrase which has bothered commentators for three centuries, but which is an obvious corruption for,—

A little more than skin (i.e. skin-full), a little less than blind.

In fact the power of the Demon is continually present to his mind. He does not believe that he is its master, for although he seems to make this boast on one occasion, when he says he is,—

HAMLET. . . . very potent with such spirits,— *Act ii, Sc. 2.*

yet the probability is that it should read as a reference to "such very potent spirits", for he says definitely in another place,—

HAMLET. The potent poison quite overcrows my spirit. *Act v, Sc. 2.*

And in another he clearly attributes all his quarrelsome propensities to what he has drunk,—

HAMLET. Though I am not splenitive and rash
Yet I have in me something dangerous,— *Act v, Sc. 1.*

and complains too that it upsets his digestion,—

HAMLET. In my heart there is a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. *Act v, Sc. 2.*

But sometimes the liquor gets the upper hand completely—on one occasion he finds it impossible to speak without the traditional "hic" (Act v, Sc. 1), and even in the presence of Ophelia he has to be reproved for unseemly song,—

OPHELIA. You are as good as a chorus, my lord,— *Act iii, Sc. 2.*

while his stepfather, observing him, says,—

KING. He calls for drink,— *Act iv, Sc. 7.*

and

KING. How dangerous it is that this man goes loose. *Act iv, Sc. 3.*

And again, apparently with the idea of making him quite helpless, and therefore easier to manage, he urges Rosenkrantz and the others to make him yet more drunk,—

KING. Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,— *Act iii, Sc. 1.*

and again of Hamlet,—

Give him the cup. *Act v, Sc. 2.*

In fact, Hamlet gets very near the

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point of delirium tremens, for he sees things,—

HAMLET. How now, a rat!
Act iii, Sc. 4.

It is clearly an hallucination, for his mother, in alarm, asks him,—

QUEEN. How is't with you
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporeal air do hold converse . . . *Act iii, Sc. 4.*

"Do you see nothing there?" he replies; and "Nothing at all", answers the queen in horror.

True to the instincts of an intoxicated man he endeavors to make others drunk too. He says to Horatio,—

HAMLET. We'll teach you to drink deep 'ere you depart. *Act ii, Sc. 2.*

and even to his own mother,—

HAMLET. Come sit you down, you shall not budge,
You go not till I set you up a glass.
Act iii, Sc. 4.

It is his mother, naturally, who gives him the most clear and pathetic reproof for his excesses,—

QUEEN. The drink, the drink, oh my dear Hamlet,
The drink, the drink! *Act v, Sc. 2.*

It seems probable that she spoke from personal experience, for we find that she herself was by no means innocent of this tendency: "The queen carouses" (Act v, Sc. 2), says the king and endeavors to stop her, but she refuses to listen:

KING. Gertrude, do not drink—
QUEEN. I will, my lord!
Act v, Sc. 2.

She is, perhaps, hardly to be blamed, for the king was himself notoriously addicted to his glass, for instance,—

KING. Set me stoups of wine upon the table,— *Act v, Sc. 2.*
KING. Give me the cups.
Act v, Sc. 2.
KING. The King drinks to Hamlet,—
Act v, Sc. 2.
KING. Stay, give me drink.
Act v, Sc. 2.

In fact, so usual is this, with the traditional effects, that Hamlet takes it for granted.

GUILDENSTERN. The King, sir!
HAMLET. What of him?
GUILDENSTERN. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered—
HAMLET. With drink, sir?
Act iii, Sc. 2.

Few people can utterly blame a young man brought up under such influences as Hamlet is seen to have been, the more so as he clearly was possessed—or obsessed—by an abnormal thirst. On one occasion he ejaculates,—

HAMLET. Now I could drink hot blood—
Act iii, Sc. 2.

again,—

HAMLET. Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do it! *Act v, Sc. 1.*

and, a little further on,—

Dost thou come here to w(h)ine?

"Eisel" is known to have been the local name for vinegar, and was probably a term for the wine of the fifty-cent table d'hôte of the period; while "crocodile" must be the mediæval ancestor of our "welsh rabbit".

A very suggestive, and at the same time natural soliloquy, obviously uttered when he had discovered the friendly bottle he carried in his pocket to be empty, has hitherto been obscured by a misprint,—

HAMLET. O that this too, too solid flask would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,—
Act i, Sc. 2.

"dew" of course, since the days of Macbeth having been the synonym for "Scotch".

This drink habit of Hamlet's is not one of sudden appearance. It is clearly a matter of long standing. He says of Yorick, who must have been his boon companion on many a joyous bout, and good-naturedly taken him home afterward,—

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HAMLET. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times— *Act v, Sc. 1.*

and the whole atmosphere of life at the Danish court is reeking with the suggestion of drink and drunkenness,—

Fetch me a stoup of liquor,— *Act v, Sc. 1.*

And again,—

'A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once,— *Act v, Sc. 1.*

says the clown; while even the very proper Ophelia talks of,—

The glass of fashion,— *Act iii, Sc. 1.*

probably a new-fangled cocktail or liqueur; and Hamlet in one place goes so far as to picture Alexander "stopping a beer-barrel"—doubtless with the implication that he would lighten it considerably before letting it go on its way.

At the same time, it is particularly instructive to notice that in his soberer moments Hamlet philosophizes about the drink habit with great acuteness. He does not, for instance, fall into the popular fallacy that a man who is always ready to drink is necessarily a good sort,—

HAMLET. That one may smile and smile, and be a villain,— *Act i, Sc. 5.*

this being probably the earliest known use of the modern term "smile" in this sense; and he certainly is not unaware of the deleterious effect on one's affairs and health that drinking has,—

HAMLET. There's nothing either good or bad but drinking makes it so.
To me it is a poison,— *Act ii, Sc. 2.*

though unfortunately up to the present two misprints have made nonsense of this profound philosophical dictum.

And, perhaps, most pathetic fact of all, we find that Hamlet, slave to the habit as he was, and continually under the dominion of what he picturesquely refers to as "a sea of bubbles", is yet able to advise another of the true way to conquer his fatal weakness,—

HAMLET. Refrain to-night
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence,— *Act iii, Sc. 4.*

a beautiful and practical message of hope for the alcoholized.

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Don't Eat with Editors

There is a grave question as to whether it is better for an author to know editors personally or not. Writers from the Middle West, far from the magazine centers, seem to be of the opinion that if they could know all the great New York editors personally, their work would meet with a more cordial reception. Yet here is Gelett Burgess thinking quite differently!

It seems that the distinguished humorist recently had an article accepted by one of the big New York magazines, and though he telephoned and telephoned and wrote innumerable letters to his friend, the editor, no check was forthcoming. Now, Mr. Burgess was doing a lot of war work free, gratis, and for nothing, and once in a while he needed some money to pay the grocer and the butcher. Therefore, at the end of two sad months of waiting, he wrote in rhyme to his friend, the editor. Need we add that this trick promptly brought a check?

NEVER EAT WITH AN EDITOR

An author in an attic on Madison Avenue
Sat pounding out a story very fast.
'Twas a tale with pep and atmosphere, with art and action too
But the man's creative rapture could not last.
He was tired and hot and dirty, he was ragged and unshaved,
He was longing for a dinner and a drink;
He looked at one green Thrift Stamp that was all that he had saved,
And mournfully these thoughts he then did think:

CHORUS

If I hadn't known no editors I'd been a millionaire,
If I had kept apart I would be wealthy;
It is only for the new mysterious writers that they care,
To be well known is for a scribe not healthy.
So never know an editor, don't eat with them or drink,
That's my advice to scribbling maid or stripling;
For the better that he knows you, the less he's apt to think
That you're that new, long-looked for coming Kipling!

The telephone began to ring, he answered with a frown;
"I'll take your story, Bill", came o'er the wire.
"But we can't pay very much, you know, we're cutting prices down,
"I'll pay you forty bones, we can't go higher."
"But I've waited now two months to hear; you've cut my price in half!"
Said the genius, but the editor replied,
"Oh, that's all right, we're friends, old chap", and he gave a hollow laugh,
And the author wrote these lines before he died:

CHORUS

If I hadn't known no editors I'd been a millionaire,
Etc., etc.

O. Henry didn't mix about, Rex Beach he eats at home,
Booth Tarkington no telephones assail;
George Ade he has a far-off farm, he never cares to roam,
But they all have made their millions through the mail.
And Ida Hoe of Idaho and Minnie Moon of Maine,
They do not get familiar friends to be.
But I know every editor and what gives me a pain
Is the fact that every editor knows me!

CHORUS

If I hadn't known no editors I'd been a millionaire,
Etc., etc.

—H. T. C.

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Detestable Words

I've got a little list—
They'll none of them be missed.

No one who reads today, even though he reads nothing more than the war news and the Washington dispatches, but is aware of the changing fashions of words. "Strenuous" has quite gone out. If we use it at all it is for a bit of comedy or a touch of satire. *Intensive* is the word which is now high style, with *coordinate* and *reaction* running it a close race. There may be some profound underlying cause in all this, or it may be merely the characteristic difference in the Roosevelt and Wilsonian vocabularies. All three seem harmless words enough, with a pleasant high-soundingness to their syllables. They will give a flavor of culture to any conversation. Personally, I do not class them among the detestable words, though they are becoming so hackneyed that soon none save the complete bromide will dare to use them.

But there is a word which of late years has become the fashion, not in political but in literary circles, that I do find a most devilish, detestable word, and that is *sense* used as a verb.

Used sparingly, very sparingly, it may be bearable, but it has fallen into the hands of the writers, professional and amateur, and is in great danger of being worked to death. "Here", they cried, "here is a strong, free, unaffected word—a word made to carry the situation—a word that gives a touch of distinction to any paragraph." And so they seized on poor old *to sense* and clapped him onto the treadmill. And every time they used him they could not help being self-conscious about him. "This is the real lit'ry stuff", they muttered, as the parent sensed his son's abstraction; as the wanton girl sensed the danger about her; as the loving wife sensed her husband's grief; as the puling infant sensed the coming of the succulent milk-bottle; as the . . . but why prolong the catalog?

Why doesn't some editor, more frank than is the editorial wont, have a rejection slip printed that would say:

> We are returning this manuscript chiefly because you have used the word *sense* as a verb. This offense is Number One on our list of reasons for rejecting manuscripts.

Such a bold-souled editor would find that he could use this slip for at least nine-tenths of his rejected manuscripts, and the ruthless lesson would do the writing public—which is almost as large as the reading public—incalculable good.

And then there is the word *poignant*—a word which never appears in conversation, probably because most people are slightly wabbly on its pronunciation. *Poignant* is another leader among literary fashions just now. Even humorous stories have been known to contain it, and no tale that has a serious theme but nails *poignant* to the masthead as an indispensable pennant of distinction. As for poetry! Ye gods! Where would it be without the word? *A bas, poignant*—a stupid, hackneyed word—a word truly to detest and to shun.

Another detestable word is *stipend*, which has a hypocritical Uriah-Heepishness about it that ought to drive it to oblivion. One seems to hear it rolled from the lips of some smug, black-coated, big-jowled clergyman, who covers his greed for a big salary by alluding to it only in stilted formalities, none the less insistent and supremely businesslike for their phrasing. Beware the man who uses the word *stipend*—there is something

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wrong with his brain convolutions. It is a word for indirection, negation, pretense. A man may get his wage, or his salary, or his pay-envelope, but when he "receives a stipend", he is not in an honest, American atmosphere.

Remuneration nearly comes under *stipend's* ban, too. A foolishly long Latinized word, which should be classed with Sentimental Tommy's "words we have no concern with". Havelock Ellis says, in one of his books, that the educated classes speak a Latinized language, while the uneducated masses manage to express themselves well enough in Anglo-Saxon. In this difference of language he thinks lies one of our greatest difficulties in breaking down class distinctions.

I was reminded of this when, not long ago, I heard an old country woman, grey-haired and ruddy and wise, speaking of another old woman, long dead, who had been a neighborhood character in her day.

"Laws, I knowed her well", said my old woman. "She was an up-and-coming piece, even as a gal. I helped her buy her weddin' clothes. I was at the weddin' supper, too, and a grand set-out they did have."

Translated into "educated" speech it would be: "I knew her well. She was highly energetic, even when a girl. I assisted her to purchase her trousseau. I was also a guest at the wedding reception, where elaborate refreshments were served."

While there is no need to say *knowed* instead of *knew*, or *gal* instead of *girl*, the fact remains that the uneducated form has a raciness and an exactness and a picture-forming quality that the other lacks, and that many unwieldy Latin-sprung words lack with it.

And that, by a roundabout road, brings me back to the word *remuneration*, which might very well go into permanent discard with other dull, five-jointed Latinities.

There are words of much less gravity and import than those I have mentioned which are equally detestable. Take *kiddie* for example—what a cheap and horrid word it is. Do you remember the immortal scene when Lady Beach-Mandarin descended on the Harman nursery? "The *dears*!" she cried, "the *little* things!" before the door was fairly opened. And Mr. Wells adds in a feeling parenthesis: "There should have been a line for that at once, on the jamb just below the lintel". But Lady Beach-Mandarin, for all her gush, did not address the four Harman infants as *kiddies* and I set it down to her credit. But perhaps the word has not yet reached England's peerage. At any rate, here in America it is an insidious and maddening omnipresence. It crawls into our best books and magazines, it is tucked coyly into all sorts of advertisements, it has become part of the very trade name of various toys and belongings of children. Yet it is and never can be anything but what I must call a "chewing-gum word"—by which I mean the sort of word which is always in high favor with the confirmed gum-chewing type of human.

Two other chewing-gum words are *dainty* and *refined*, and of the two the latter has fallen so low that it has become almost a word for humor alone. "She's very refined", the wag says—with a knowing lift of the eyebrow—and the person described can be accurately catalogued by all who hear. "Ree-fined", spoken thus on the stage, invariably brings a laugh; in vaudeville it is good for a guffaw. "Dainty" may do as much before so very long. Yet it is not—to be quite fair—so much of a gum-chewing word as it is

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merely simpering and anæmic. It is a word for the blue baby-ribbon, imitation lace ruffles, and suburban boudoirs. The saleswoman may use it, but not the shopper. In the marts of trade it has come to indicate a superficial prettiness which must condone poor materials and workmanship. And when you hear a woman described as "a dainty little creature", do you, or do you not see a vision of one whose mentality ceased growing at the age of sixteen? Needless to answer—I know you do. The blue pencil then for "dainty"—inexorably.

If we Americans would only love and cherish our language as the French do theirs! Try a bit of your French on any native François and if there is no more than the shade of an accent misplaced, he will correct you before he answers the substance of your speech. But when the Frenchman breaks into English, we disregard his *z* which should be *th*, his lost aspirates, his double *e* which should be short *i*. This is not because we are more polite than he. Not at all. Let me suggest that we figure out the reason ourselves. And if we figure it out correctly—and act on it—we shall have no more detestable words.

—SOPHIE KERR

Short Weight in Long Novels

Professors of the dismal science of economics tell us that the shortage of raw materials caused by the war will weigh heavily on most branches of industry long after the war with its destruction has ended. But no such difficulty confronts the manufacturing and merchandising novelist. For him the war has created raw materials without limit; it has furnished a store of incident which a century of writers will not exhaust; it has fertilized and plowed up fallow fields of the human spirit which yield to the character-analyst a harvest that he could never have hoped for before 1914. Yet in the face of this opening of new worlds, we find novelists of undeniable skill displaying growing addiction to the practice of adulterating each new book with something like a fifty per cent admixture of the incidents and characters of those which have gone before. When a textile manufacturer takes the shreds of old cloths and weaves them with unused threads into a new material we call it shoddy, a word which does not wholly deserve its discreditable connotations. Makers of woolens may or may not have reason for putting out more shoddy than all-wool after the war, but the novelist has no such excuse.

And it is a habit which is coming out with disquieting frequency of late. Of course there is classic precedent, of a kind, but hardly of a kind to justify the present practice of some gentlemen who are fully able to dispense with this padding. The three-decker of old, or the novel with sequels, had a definite temporal succession; the things which happened in volume two were subsequent to those which had been related in volume one. But the time relation is absent in these modern novel-groups. An instance is Arnold Bennett's photography of the Clayhanger circle from front, rear, and both sides, after the manner of police headquarters. More flagrant is Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose latest book, "The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett", is an egregious instance. This volume deals with a lady who made incidental appearance in "Sinister Street". It is obviously only the first of a potential five or six vol-

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umes treating of her own adventures, yet it has in itself enough original incident to stock them all. It has too much incident; "Carnival" was a very creditable achievement of unity in multiplicity, but in "Sylvia Scarlett" the multiplicity runs away with itself; the forest is very rarely visible in the profusion of trees.

Why, then, should a writer so amazingly inventive, and as widely traveled as all the progeny of the original Karl Baedeker—he writes of Brussels and Buenos Aires, Tangier, and French Lick, with equal plausibility—why should he see fit to stuff this book with divers of Michael Fane's adventures from "Sinister Street", with the death of Jenny Pearl from "Carnival", and with a further view of Mr. Maurice Avery contemplating himself, a subject surely treated at sufficient length already? Of course, the author will assure you, he is giving you something new. Having shown you the front of the sculptural group, he is now taking you around behind it and pointing out its posterior excellencies. Now there are those who think that an artistic point of view is hardly compatible with showing off your subject from every point of view; a certain selection is usually regarded as requisite to art.

However this may be, the practice is blameworthy on quite another ground. If pushed only a little farther it threatens to become an actual fraud on the reader. The reader has few rights, but for one reason or another he is the objective of most novelists. At any rate, whether primarily or incidentally, he is the customer. A novel may or may not be a work of creative art, but it is a commercial product retailing for a dollar and thirty-five cents or thereabouts. Now if you pay your dollar and thirty-five cents for a novel, and find that perhaps sixty cents' worth is something you have read before, you have what in any other business transaction would be ground for calling in a lawyer.

It is not necessary to suppose that our novelists are consciously actuated by the purpose of selling in the form of five novels the content of two or three. Mr. Mackenzie, for instance, seems to be working toward the ultimate union of Michael Fane and Sylvia Scarlett, after they have been purged by pilgrimages extending over two or three million words more (if he doesn't hurry them up they'll be too old to enjoy it), and feels it necessary to show them on every step of the way as they see themselves and as acquaintances may happen to see them. "Youth's Encounter", "Sinister Street", and "Sylvia Scarlett" belong legitimately to the sequence; "Carnival" was apparently written before the idea occurred to him, so some of its characters must be dragged in by the scruff of the neck in later works. Doubtless even the futilities of "Plasher's Mead" will turn out to have something to do with the central theme. When Mr. Mackenzie's obituary is compiled, they will write him down as the author of the tragical and comical history of Michael Fane and Sylvia Scarlett, in twenty-eight volumes, together with one or two early, irrelevant, and consequently negligible works.

This is very good business for the publishers. They doubtless have in mind the emission of the complete works of Compton Mackenzie, done up in a pasteboard box; you will have to buy the set to understand any of them. But commercial integrity demands that none of them should be published prematurely; wait till the twenty-

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eight volumes of "Michael and Sylvia" are finished and put them on the market all at once, so that he who will may buy the lot and he who will not may stay away. And one of them standing alone is rather too much like a single instalment of a serial; and a magazine which published serials only, and appeared at intervals of a year or two, would hardly have much of a sale.

The novel-group of the Mackenzie-Bennett type differs essentially from the series of novels successive in point of time, and differs exactly in the absence of this succession. When we discover that the Baroness Bernstein, who has been making worldly observations to the Warrington boys, is really the flashing Beatrix Esmond of an earlier book, we get the thrill of recognition that does not come in the novel-group. For the new point of view introduced in each new novel means that you have to unlearn part of what you have gathered from its predecessors. If Mr. Mackenzie had been Thackeray he would no doubt have supplemented "Henry Esmond" by a novel playing over the same general field from Beatrix's standpoint; and again by "The Early Life and Adventures of Thomas Tusher", in which the Esmonds would be viewed from a certain distance. In selling your novel-group, a volume at a time, you are not only giving the purchaser of each package something that he has paid for before; you are giving him besides something new, but something that will not wear well; for just as he has it digested you are going to sell him another book which will make him revise his entire conception of what he has already read.

An even more immoral procedure, though apparently an innocent one, has lately been carried out by Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, who apparently has no intention of writing his novels in sets of twelve, but who writes a great deal, and for economy's sake has developed the habit of using the principals of this novel as walkers-on in the next, and vice versa. Mr. Webster's "The Real Adventure" was a problem story, and he was so honest about it that he offered only a very provisional and individual solution. He didn't say that a career for a woman was or was not incompatible with a happy home and the voluntary production of children; he showed how one couple attained what he assured us was a working and perhaps a permanently workable compromise. "And there", he says in the final chapter, "is just about where they are today."

That is where they were when he finished that book; but he has written another since. In this other, "An American Family", Rose and Rodney of "The Real Adventure" reappear as decidedly minor characters; and in a passing and incidental paragraph Mr. Webster quite calmly destroys the whole achievement of the previous book by tearing up the compromise with which it closed and sending his Rose back home to have another baby while her business, presumably, is sold to its most prosperous competitor.

There is no visible excuse for this; it makes only a momentary and subsidiary point in the career of the hero of "An American Family", and one which could quite as well have been made in some other way. But it throws away half the content of "The Real Adventure", reducing it to the level of an ordinary love-story with rather factitious complications. It was not as that kind of a story that "The Real Adventure" was widely sold and widely praised.

This habit of going back to old

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stories with new material involves something more serious than the doubtless quite unintentional commercial dishonesty. It is a question of what the artist sells to his reader. All well enough, if he is not an artist, or if what he sells is only momentary entertainment, though even then he ought to be careful; Conan Doyle once introduced a brother of Sherlock Holmes who could solve problems beyond Sherlock's power, but he used this personage very sparingly. It will surely not comport with the obligations of a realist. An artist is entitled to growth; entitled to acquire new outlooks on life and new interpretations of what he sees. But he is hardly entitled to reshape earlier products of his art in accordance with his new ideas. Sculptors have experienced artistic development without going to the museums and knocking the noses, say, off their earlier statues, to replace them with noses in the new style. Painters do not spend the last years of their lives retouching their youthful works in accordance with the convictions of old age. The Verdi of "Il Trovatore" was not the Verdi of "Otello", but the Verdi of "Otello" let "Il Trovatore" stand for what it was worth. Sophocles was handicapped by having to follow the myths, but when he found himself haunted by the apparent injustice of the fall of Œdipus the King, he solaced himself by writing a sequel, "Œdipus at Colonus". He did not seek to embellish the earlier theme with a "Life and Loves of Jocasta", or by relating the tragedy of the royal family of Thebes as it appeared to some pious stranger in the marketplace.

Life moves, to be sure, and the individual as he sees himself is not as others see him. But the novelist is not the chronicler of life, nor the wax record of differing views of character. What he gives us is his concept of life. What we think we are getting from Compton Mackenzie, for instance, is not Michael Fane as he sees himself, or Michael Fane as Lily Haden sees him, or Michael Fane as Sylvia Scarlett sees him; but Michael Fane at a given point as Compton Mackenzie sees him. And when you have shown us this Michael once, you should not come back a year or two later and explain that some alterations must be made. The novelist does not give us some objective souvenirs that he has picked up on his way; he gives himself, a piece at a time. And when a piece is given it should be given once for all; there is artistic as well as commercial dishonesty in going back to alter its essence, or even its outward aspect.

—ELMER DAVIS

Simple, Isn't It?

The literature of the grim mechanics of short-story writing is gradually getting to be as voluminous as the short-stories themselves. Professor J. Berg Esenwein, Elias Lieberman, Harry T. Baker, William J. Dawson, Evelyn May Albright, Clayton Hamilton, George Henry Nettleton, and Blanche Colton Williams are running neck and neck with Irvin Cobb, Wallace Irwin, Montague Glass, Donn Byrne, Julian Street, Corra Harris, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Harry Leon Wilson, and will in a few short months pass them on one of the quarter-stretches. All over the country, bevies of aspiring young women, with pencils and pads and typewriters, are marking out plots, filling in dialogues, and burnishing up their respective

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styles, until there is no more rest for weary editors. If you can read and write and are of ordinary human intelligence, you can learn to manufacture short-stories either by the justly celebrated absent treatment of Professor Esenwein, whose portrait now outrivals Mr. Beeman, or you can learn how to assemble the parts under the personally conducted patronage of Miss Williams. Do you doubt this? Listen to Miss Williams:

> . . the primary and fundamental laws of structure as I had evolved them, proved useful to the men and women bent on learning the art of the short-story with a view to publication. Their stories in *The Atlantic, Scribner's, The Century, The Metropolitan, Everybody's* and a number of minor publications prove that they have acquired a degree of expertness.
>
> (A HANDBOOK ON SHORT STORY WRITING)

So far as I have been able to learn from recent historical research, credit is due to Professor Brander Matthews for launching this new industry. He alone appears to be responsible. Professor Matthews, indeed, may be called the father of the country of short-story literature. He started the ball rolling by writing an essay called "The Philosophy of the Short-Story". He was amply aided and abetted by Bliss Perry who, in "A Study of Prose Fiction", pointed the clear way for American enterprise.

The curious and interested reader, who may even now be wondering how he can pay his income tax, will by this time be burning to know how the thing is done. Have patience. As simply as possible I shall endeavor, free of charge, to get you started. My object is purely patriotic. Eventually I hope to see the business of short-story writing under government control, along with the railroads and cables. Being an editor myself, I am anxious to lead the country along the right road, and get the whole affair down to a regular system.

The first thing to do is to read all the short-stories that have been written. To give you an idea of what this means, I quote from Miss Williams:

> Select a number of short stories previously listed, and compare the presentation of plot with the original plot development.
>
> What omission is responsible for the surprise in the early part of Fannie Hurst's "The Character Woman"?
>
> Are you surprised at the ending of O. Henry's "Strictly Business"? Why or why not?
>
> Write out the probably straight order of plot events for several detective stories which you have read.
>
> What is the explanation of the surprise in Dorothy Canfield's "A Sleep and a Forgetting"?

Or from Mr. Clayton Hamilton:

> What reasons account for the importance of the principle of emphasis in art?
>
> Imagine a fictitious event of sufficient complexity; select the one detail that seems to be the most essential; and then write eleven distinct themes, narrating this same incident, and emphasizing this detail successively, 1. By Terminal Position; 2. By Initial Position; 3. By Pause; 4. By Direct Proportion; 5. By Inverse Proportion; 6. By Iteration; 7. By Antithesis; 8. By Climax; 9. By Surprise; 10. By Suspense, and 11. By Imitative Movement.

Or from Miss Albright:

> A large and miscellaneous note book is of inestimable value to the writer of fiction. . . . A methodical person will have his note book neatly classified. . . . A note book is, or should be, essentially a private matter—

We learn also from Professor Esenwein that the short-story—

> . . must differ from the novel in scope and structure.
>
> It is not a biography.
>
> Write several paragraphs reporting accurately what you are now thinking. Continuously press in upon yourself the question, *What am I now thinking?*
>
> Construct a short story plot from a newspaper account, adhering closely to facts.

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This last admonition implies a child-like faith in the newspapers which may appear to many to be too extensive, but then, we must remember that Professor Esenwein hails from Philadelphia, where all the papers tell the truth. A residence in Philadelphia, however, is not strictly essential, as the Philadelphia papers can all be subscribed for, even if you live at a distance.

In my limited space I can give but a random idea of the extent of this great industry. I am aware that it seems complicated, but this is an illusion. The steps are quite orderly.

First think of a theme. For example, to quote Miss Williams once more:

An old lady desires to be a church sexton.

A bridegroom fails to appear.

A man transfers his clothing to another (tragic purpose, comic purpose).

A dog is killed in a fight (sympathy with victor, sympathy with defeated).

A wife fails to recognize the essential greatness of her husband.

You will readily see from the foregoing that it is small trouble to select a theme. The next thing is the plan. This consists of five features: namely, the inciting impulse, the steps in action, the climax, the *dénouement*, and the conclusion. If you wish to use the alphabet, that is your privilege. Miss Williams gives the formula of Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" as A B C D E F . . . to X Y Z. She says that the general method of presenting detective plots is Z Y X W V U . . . A.

After you have spent a few days in reading all the short-stories and learning the formula for constructing the plot, you should then take up the characterization, dialogue, emotional element, local color, and atmosphere and style. Then, arming yourself with your trusty typewriter, you can face your income tax without a preliminary shudder.

At the beginning of this article it was my sneaking intention to give, as modestly as possible, my own idea of how a short-story should be written. I intended to hint that the best way to write a short-story was first to be impelled by a fatal desire to write it and then to keep on practising at it for years until you had learned how yourself. But I shall have to abandon my idea. The fact is, I am thoroughly exhausted.

—THOMAS L. MASSON

The Great English Story Writers. By William J. Dawson and Coningsby Dawson. Harper and Bros.

The Short Story. By Evelyn May Albright. The Macmillan Co.

The Philosophy of the Short-Story. By Brander Matthews. *Longmans*, Green and Co.

Writing the Short Story. By J. Berg Esenwein. Hinds, Noble and Eldredge.

A Handbook on Short Story Writing. By Blanche Colton Williams. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A Manual of the Art of Fiction. By Clayton Hamilton. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Short Story in English. By Henry Seidel Canby. Henry Holt and Co.

The Contemporary Short Story. By Harry T. Baker. D. C. Heath and Co.

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A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

AN ENGLISHMAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE PRESIDENT

By Maurice Francis Egan

"Woodrow Wilson, An Interpretation", a book by an Englishman who has been for many years a very scrupulous student of our people and institutions, could not come at a more propitious moment. The world is avid for information as to the personality of President Wilson, who today is the one figure in the world to whom all eyes are turned. This interpretation comes closely after Dr. James Brown Scott's "A Survey of International Relations between the United States and Germany". These volumes should be read together, if one would get a definite idea of the thoughts of the President, and, what is more, of his process of thinking.

Mr. Low's previous work, "The American People: A Study in National Psychology", has already found its place in the line of de Tocqueville and Lord Bryce; it showed not only Mr. Low's powers of close observation, but his knowledge of those principles of evolution which are making the American people—that is, the thinking majority of the American people—more reasonably democratic than they ever have been since the days of George Washington; and to the principles of the founders of this republic, as well as to their practices, we must go back, in order to find a solid basis for the new orientation which we are facing. Mr. Low's analysis of the events that preceded the election of Mr. Wilson in 1913 is clear and so well written that one follows it with ease, if not always with entire approval. In tracing the course of that reform in politics which saved us from the autocracy of what is loosely called capitalism and the corruption occasioned by the use of wealth in hands which had begun to use it irresponsibly, Mr. Low, while he gives Ex-President Cleveland due credit, seems to forget that Mr. Roosevelt carried on that formation of the public conscience which—I make this statement seriously—made the selection of a college president as a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people possible. It is not, however, to the charmingly written and carefully considered analysis of Mr. Low that we turn at first. Most of us have already decided opinions of what occurred previous to our entering the war; and the injustice of quoting, as final, those opinions which were expressed during that time when we were ostensibly neutral and the full significance of the struggle had not yet dawned upon us, ought to be patent to everybody not infected with the hysteria of denunciation. It was natural enough that Mr. Roosevelt should be impressed with German military efficiency, against which it was required to unite the power of the rest of the world to crush; but let that pass.

We turn with avidity to those chapters of Mr. Low's book which give us some knowledge of the personality and temperament of President Wilson. The prevalence of this desire to know more about the President personally is evidenced by the thronging of the

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Parisian journalists about Admiral Grayson in order to discover those details of the President's daily life which become so important, even in history, when they serve to show the character or temperament of a celebrated man. But before we get to the chapters on "The Man" and "The Evangelist", let us quote Mr. Low's distinction between the points of view of Mr. Wilson and his Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, in the chapter "Too Proud to Fight", which is one of the most interesting in the book:

> Mr. Bryan was no greater lover of peace than Mr. Wilson; both men were pacifists as the term had been used in the days when statesmen loudly denied their love of militarism and asked support because of their attachment to peace; both men detested war and to them hate among nations was criminal and an offense against the Christ they served; but there was a marked difference between the statesmanship of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan and his duty as each conceived it. On the common platform of peace they could meet, but Mr. Bryan would stick to his platform and expose himself to bullets, refusing to fire a shot in his own protection, while Mr. Wilson knew when the time had come to leave the platform and pick up the weapon at hand that even the most zealous pacifist may not despise if he is not to permit his principles to become folly. Under no circumstances could Mr. Bryan be made to fight; Mr. Wilson was trying to avoid being forced to fight, but he would not run from it. Mr. Bryan's position in the Cabinet of Mr. Wilson became impossible and he resigned to be succeeded by Mr. Robert Lansing.

When Mr. Low comes to consider the temperamental characteristics of the President, we discover that he gets as near to him as any man, not in the immediate circle of the President's intimates, can. It is an axiom in Europe that a sovereign can have no friends outside of his own family; and in Rome, in the days of Leo XIII, the Pope's barber was very much sought after as the only person in the Eternal City who could draw near enough to that great pontiff to discover, not what he thought—that was plain enough—but what he felt; the President has not even a barber who will tell tales, and Admiral Grayson is the most discreet of men.

It is remarkable how well Mr. Low, who knows the value of Washington gossip, has sifted the realities of the President's personality from its illusions. Though Washington is famous for its attitude of criticism toward every President that has lived within its limits, it may be said with truth that President Wilson has been less calumniated in the Capital than any other of our Presidents; and therefore Mr. Low has not to concern himself with the muckraking of the idle, the vain, or the envious. That the President is modest, not disregardful of advice—though he seldom asks it, and most anxious to fulfil the will of the whole people, is corroborated by Mr. Low. As an example of Mr. Low's penetration and of his means of getting at information hitherto considered inaccessible, I will merely quote this passage:

> Mr. Wilson, it was said in a previous chapter, once remarked to a friend, "I always try to keep my vision ahead of the facts", and the man to whom he said it offers this comment and explanation: "By a process of elimination Mr. Wilson sees the bearing certain facts will have on a given situation and the effect they will produce, and when the facts have produced their results he is prepared to meet them. This is ascribing to him genius, at least an encompassing vision. It explains his aversion to seeing people and conferring with them, which has been accepted as an indication of both strength and weakness in a complex character—strength because of his self-reliance, weakness because he is intolerant of opposition and wants everyone to agree with him and does not like to be convinced that he is wrong; but the truth is he does not want to have his vision clouded or his confidence in his own conclusions shaken. He knows that most men reach their conclusions on superficial judgment and without giving due weight to the facts; he knows, moreover, that men are unconsciously influenced by what we call pub-

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lic opinion, and public opinion is usually valueless when exact knowledge is required; and facts it too frequently scorns. Mr. Wilson keeps himself cloistered pondering the facts. There is something almost uncanny in the man, in his seclusion, his ear deliberately closed to suggestion, sifting and sorting his facts, working on them as a mathematician would the factors of an equation; balancing, rejecting, eliminating; building up combinations and destroying them; until at last the answer works out, he proves it by his own applied rule, and is certain it is correct. It is one of the mysteries of the man, and I frankly confess that to me the man is a mystery."

It would be unfair to spoil the reader's pleasure in this book, which has all the qualities that can make it interesting. It is informing, it is the revelation of the principles and prejudices of a writer who knows the world, and it supplies that occasional irritation which tempts one irresistibly to a stimulating opposition. And this occasional irritation is not the result of that "certain condescension in foreigners"—for Mr. Low cannot be looked on as a foreigner—but of opinions on political issues that are as fixed as they are deftly expressed. In his sympathies, Mr. Low attracts one; but his antipathies are maddening.

Woodrow Wilson, an Interpretation. By A. Maurice Low. Little, Brown and Co.

MR. OVERTON AS A LITTERATEUR

By Martha Plaisted

There are several surprises in waiting for the person who picks up Mr. Overton's dictionary of national biography which wears the title: "The Women Who Make Our Novels". The first is the rather pleasant discovery that it is not the least like a dictionary. It has, so to speak, no stock definitions, no tags, labels or sewn-in-the-collar markings. "Here are ladies", it seems to say. "They are the best we have in stock and (if you ask our private opinion) they are quite worth looking over." In pursuance of which sentiment Mr. Overton proceeds to set forth with considerable gusto the not by any means familiar items of interest about thirty-two American women writers.

This figure in itself is a good deal of a surprise. Not that it is surprising to find that there are thirty-two women writers, but that there are thirty-two women of such conspicuous achievement in the field of books irrespective of one's personal likes or dislikes.

To anyone fresh from academic corridors and the sweet poison of "Major English", Mr. Overton will come as a heresiarch bearing twin cups of pain and confusion. As when he says:

> There is but one opinion about Edith Wharton's work; it is excellent but lifeless; it is Greek marble with no Pygmalion near. . . . . Henry James had a greater gift than Mrs. Wharton and ruined it more completely.

Nor will Mr. Overton entirely get by, even with a more worldly audience, in respect to his attitude toward "Literature". His contention, which extends in a mildly controversial form throughout all the sketches in the book, is that the writer who has delighted vast throngs is more entitled to wear a star in his crown than is the writer who produces a literary masterpiece. Inspired by the glories of the author of "Pollyanna" he writes:

> Stand aside, you who are sophisticated, cynical, world-worn or merely flippant! If you could see assembled before you in one vast throng this hundred thousand and tens of thousands more (readers of Pollyanna); if you could see them gathered about you with eager, upturned faces, what would you say? What *could* you say? Do you think your sophistication would be proof against

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the expression on those faces? Do you think that *you* could give them what they need? Would your subtleties help them? Would they listen to you and go away a little braver, a little more comforted, a little readier to face life?

Mr. Overton should forbear to use these Ciceronian appeals. The thought is insupportable. The upturned faces of the followers of "Freckles", "Pollyanna", or the latest Workmen and Soldiers' Council would be more than anyone could front with confidence. But what conclusion is to be drawn from that? Suffice it that Mr. Overton has done a most interesting and provocative book—and a useful one. How useful will appear from the following incident:

A clever woman who teaches English in a fashionable city school had been suffering from the parental custom of "lunches to Mary's teacher". At all such ceremonies the opening formality was a discussion of current literature between mother and teacher, daughter listening silently over her soup. The first time it occurred she was taken off her guard.

"Don't you think 'The Heart of Rachel' is the best thing Mrs. Norris has ever done?"

She had not read "The Heart of Rachel".

Another mother banished her daughter from the room. "I do so want to talk to you about books", she said, "but there's nothing printed nowadays that is fit for a pure young girl to read or to hear discussed. I don't even let Kathleen look at the newspapers. Now *what* do you think of 'A Woman of Genius'?"

"I could not solve the problem of these literary ordeals", she said. "If I continued to say 'I have not read it' about every book that was suggested to me, the mother thought me stupid, probably, and unworthy of my profession. And I was too vain and too fond of the children to suffer myself to be so misjudged. Sometimes, before an imminent occasion, I would subject my spirit to the torture of 'cramming up' on some of the 'latest books'. If only I had had Mr. Overton's book then, I should have risen up and called him blessed."

As far as the writer's knowledge goes, Mr. Overton's book is the first adequate thing of its kind in this country. His friendly, chatty comments on everyone, from Frances Hodgson Burnett to Edith Wharton; his knack of picking out the core of human interest from the life of each; the clever, easy way in which he weaves character and craftsmanship in equal strands to form his fabric—all this makes very enjoyable reading. To use a much abused phrase, but a good one for all that, the human interest of Mr. Overton's book is quite engaging. It is not without significance that there are thirty-two prominent women novelists in the United States. Mr. Overton has made it possible to hold them all in one's hand like royalty in a pack of cards. He places them for us geographically, gives us their traditions and environment, shows how many owe their success to early training in journalism, how many to the fact that they came from well-to-do homes, how many to early struggles with poverty, how many to the tasks of motherhood and home-making.

For all of which one is to be grateful. Mr. Overton is to be read and enjoyed and then controverted, if you please. The enjoyment is certain. For such as dissent from his point of view there remains the perfect answer: "Man liveth not by bread alone". This was uttered of the staff of life itself and not even the works and pomp of

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Herbert Hoover have subtracted from its truth.

In any case, read Mr. Overton; in divers instances he is better, as "Literature", than his women novelists.

The Women Who Make Our Novels. By Grant M. Overton. Moffat, Yard and Co.

RECENT BOOKS ON NATURE AND THE RED MAN

By Ernest Thompson Seton

It is difficult to discuss "The Human Side of Animals" seriously or patiently, after reading the main plan and a few of the chapters. Where *did* the writer accumulate such a mass of misinformation?

For instance, in the foreword, he mentions as well-established facts: that skunks lay up stores of paralyzed frogs to feed their young; that bears bury their dead and guard the grave against desecration; that squirrels can foresee hard winters; that apes beat their fellows with sticks; that wolverines drop moss-baits from the trees to lure the deer; that rats lead their blind brothers with sticks.

After this preliminary strain on our credulity, he proceeds to say that "evidently, the zebra is well aware that the black-and-white stripes of his coat take away the sense of solid body", etc. (page 4); that the sable is a native of the "polar regions" (page 5); that the woodchuck "lives in burrows near streams where he can catch fish and small animals" (page 6); that the bison and the buffalo of America are two different animals; that "cows are responsive to certain kinds of music: a funeral march makes them sad, and rag-time so disturbs them that they give but little milk" (page 21); that horns of mountain sheep break from the sheep's heads very easily and furnish dens for foxes (page 70); that the beaver has a mud-plastering tail (page 153); that beavers are black, white, and brown: "black beavers are best known" (page 153); that the ornithorhynchus is a native of Madagascar (page 164).

The kinship of man and the animals is a well-established. scientific fact. No one seeks more keenly than I do for evidence of the relationship, but a work based on such fables as the foregoing is nothing but a mischief-maker. If the publishers had submitted the manuscript to some reliable naturalist, they certainly would never have published the book.

"Sunset Canada, British Columbia and Beyond" is a copious history and guide-book of British Columbia, by one who is a historian rather than a naturalist.

It is full of good information on the past, present, and future of the west-course province of Canada, all made readable by clever presentation, and finally blessed with a good index, the evidence of an expert recorder.

"Over Indian and Animal Trails" is an interesting evidence of the growing interest in wild life and in the woodcraft of the red man. It is a collection of folk-tales that the scientists may criticize in detail, for there are frequent lapses in natural history that the red man would not have made; such as describing September as the Moon of Falling Leaves. That name belongs to October in all tribes and altitudes of North America. Or, calling the bob-cat "Peekompf"; I do not recollect that name for the bob-cat in any Indian language, though it certainly is the Melecite name for the pekan or fisher. A curious lapse of this kind is making Wabasso, the rabbit, brown, while the snow is on the ground and the ermine is white.

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At that time Wabasso is as white as the ermine.

But these are details. The stories in the main are full of interest, human and woodsy. They are well told and so amply reinforced by the superb illustrations from the brush of Paul Bransom that we forecast a warm reception from the young people generally and the grown-up world that is interested in wood-lore.

"Our Debt to the Red Man" is a copious compilation of records that show, first, that the Indian, or especially the half-breed French Indian, was purely the benefactor of the white invaders, helping them whenever they were in need of help—and that was very often in the early pioneer days.

But it omits to add that the Indians who did so were renegades to their own people, and that we who benefited have responded not merely with base ingratitude but with outrageous massacres closely paralleling the German treatment of the Belgians.

"Lost Indian Magic" is a charming tale by two who are intimately acquainted with life in the deserts of the Southwest. There are, it seems to me, occasional discrepancies of fact, such as describing the girl of another tribe as retaining her own language and customs though brought up from childhood among the hero's people; or reference to an unwritten law forbidding a man to marry a woman of an enemy tribe—as a matter of fact such marriages were not only common, they were almost the rule. These things seem to jar on one's sense of realism; but they are few and there is enough of mystery and romance in the story to chain the attention of the general reader, while the expert will be pleased with its amplitude of Indian lore. This is one of the few Indian tales that do not introduce any white man as an essential of effect. It affords a fine picture of the prehistoric red man at home, and especially has value in putting before us the American Indian as a human being.

The Human Side of Animals. By Royal Dixon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sunset Canada, British Columbia and Beyond. By Archie Bell. The Page Co.

Over Indian and Animal Trails. By Jean M. Thompson. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Our Debt to the Red Man. By L. S. Houghton. The Stratford Co.

Lost Indian Magic. By Grace and Carl Moon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A NEWSPAPER

By Edward W. Townsend

If Frank M. O'Brien had lived in early Victorian days and undertaken a work comparable to his "The Story of the 'Sun'", the literary fashion of the time might have induced him to write some such subtitle as, "Being an Account of the Beginning and Growth of a Famous Journal, with Narratives of Many Persons of Great Prominence in Journalism, Literature, Politics, the Theatre, and Prize Ring". But we are reminded by Edward Page Mitchell, editor of today's "Sun", that no such book as this brightened the early days of Victoria's or any other reign, for, writes Mr. Mitchell in his introduction, "Probably for the first time in literature of this sort, we have a real biography of a newspaper itself, exhibiting every function of its organism, illustrating every quality which has been conspicuous in the successive stages of its growth". That is a property of the story which will, of course, make it of great and permanent value to journalists throughout the world, but the author has succeeded in including, also, a vital stream of anecdotes illustrating many phases of New York life which will delight others than journalists.

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We find in one suggestive paragraph hints of the accomplishments of men whose names fill an important page in any roll of American literary chiefs. We learn what had been and was being written in the "Sun's" birth year by Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, N. P. Willis, G. P. Morris, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Longfellow, and Whittier. You finish the paragraph to ask yourself if as many poets, historians, novelists have risen far above the horizon since the "Sun" first began to shine.

"Sun" readers of today will chuckle to learn that in the very first month of its life, when Barney Williams was its only newsboy, the removal of the Secretary of the Treasury got but two lines in the news, where the story of the feeding of the anaconda in the American Museum was told in a quarter of a column; the arrival in the city of Henry Clay was not so featured as was the newsy performance of a Miss Susan Allen who "bought a cigar on Broadway and was arrested when she smoked it while she danced in the street". Yet the youthful journal's contemporaries wondered why Barney Williams was selling so many "Suns"! One more example of the kind of feature story which gave the "Sun" its early popularity: "Arrest of the Siamese twins for beating a man". It would be worth while to provide another set of Siamese twins and induce them to beat a man so that one of the present-day "Sun" young men might tell us the story.

There was a lamentable lack of personal cordiality observed among editors in the first half of the last century; horsewhip and even pistol encounters were not infrequent; but the "Sun's" first editor, Benjamin H. Day, although not seeming to lack in the prevalent truculency, was never engaged in these extra-editorial activities, which permits our author to comment, "Persons gunning for editors seemed to neglect Mr. Day for Mr. Bennett".

New York is old-fashioned in these days, not only in respect to these whip and pistol diversions, but in more conventional entertainments. Theatre audiences were never too bored, too reserved, to signify their preferences or animosities by sprightly uses of their hands for purposes more demonstrative than polite applause. If your admiration for Mrs. Kemble's art surpassed that of your esteem for the art of Mrs. Woods, a knockout blow was delivered as more convincing than any mere vocal deliverance. And we've nothing new! Vaudeville? To your liking at Niblo's Garden. Circus? At Vauxhall Garden. Dancing? Barney Williams had begun to dance into national fame at the Franklin. The legitimate? Edwin Forrest, Hackett, Charles Keane, the Kembles, the Woodses were appearing before delighted and sometimes riotous crowds in the city's numerous playhouses.

Mr. O'Brien writes so fast of the fascinating things he learned from the rising "Sun's" news pages that the reader is like to lose breath keeping pace with him. He has so much to tell! "The hotels were temples of plenty. English travelers going to the new Astor, the American, Niblo's, the New York House, recoiled in horror at the appetite of the Yankees. At breakfast they saw the untutored American break two or three boiled eggs into a tumbler and eat therefrom —and then wrote letters to the London 'Times' about it." And were well scorched by the "Sun" for doing so. "There was gambling on Park Row, games in the Elysian Fields of Hoboken, and duels there on week-days,

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picnicking in the woods about where the Ritz Carlton stands today and horse-racing on upper Broadway." And of a later period, 1852: "Lola Montez, the champion heart-breaker of her century, danced hither and yon. The volunteer firemen ran with their engines and broke one another's heads. The Young Men's Christian Association, designed to direct youth to gentler practices, was organized. Messrs. Heenan, Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan furnished at frequent intervals inspiration to American youth. Literature was still advancing in New England. Persons of refinement were reading Hawthorne's 'The Scarlet Letter'. But brows both high and low were bent over the installments in 'The National Era' of the most fascinating story of the period, Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'." How easy it must have been to turn out an interesting paper in those happy and tumultuous days!

Mr. O'Brien, of course, gives an extended biography of Charles A. Dana, but more than the longer biography some readers will dote upon this jewel of condensation: "But who was this Dana who was taking up at forty-eight the burden (conduct of the 'Sun') that a younger man was laying down almost wearily? It is very likely that he was not well known to readers of the 'Sun'. The newspaper world knew him as one who had been the backbone of Greeley's 'Tribune' in the turbulent period before the Civil War. The army knew him as a man who had been chosen by Lincoln and Stanton for important and confidential missions. Students knew him as one of the authors of 'The American Cyclopædia'. By many firesides his name was familiar as the compiler of 'The Household Book of Poetry'. Highbrows remembered him as one of the geniuses of Brook Farm Colony."

A truly fascinating history from which one may gather that from Ben Day to Frank Munsey the conductors of the "Sun" have had a mission to which its not many editors have devoted their talents with peculiar energy and unanimity—to make an interesting newspaper.

So, what do you lack, my masters? What do you lack? Mr. O'Brien's story tells a thousand and one tales which include all the elements the best-sellers work with, not omitting one piece of scandal—to which I refuse credence—that "Miss Fannie" Van Cortlandt was a slangy young person.

The Story of the "Sun". By Frank M. O'Brien. George H. Doran Company.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AT HOME

By Maria Moravsky

The descriptions of every-day Russian country life in "The Village" are vivid, full, and truthful. I cannot say the same thing about the ideas which we find in this book. The author seems to be as impartial as possible; he avoids telling his plans of "how to save Russia": but his peasants talk sometimes as if they read too many editorials from New York newspapers.

Take for example that phrase about "the iron discipline" in the army, which alone can save Russia. The meaning and the combination of these words are entirely foreign! And an old Russian peasant was supposed to say them! I doubt if Mr. Poole had a good interpreter. . . .

And then, that talk about the death penalty, which "all the officers and a good many soldiers, too, would be glad to see back": this is certainly not the spirit of our people, who were always strongly opposed to capital punish-

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ment, and believed that only God has the right to take life from anybody. The death penalty for non-political crimes was abolished in Russia in the seventeenth century, and no normal, typical Russian ever wanted it to be reestablished. Leo Tolstoi expressed the opinion of the whole nation when he protested passionately against this barbaric punishment, which our autocratic government lawlessly revived.

The author met in Russia mostly the small, peasant bourgeoisie. His host and interpreter, Juvenale Ivanovich, is a small land-owner. He has two farms, and does not spend all his time working on the soil, like millions and millions of Russians. He can afford to go to Petrograd for a few years and occupy himself with politics, romantic love, and science, while the others work for him at his model farms. It was he from whom Mr. Poole got most of his information about the village.

The owner of the mill where about forty workingmen toil, the owner of the tea-house, the owner of the bee-hives—it is always these "thrifty and prosperous" small owners who talk from the pages of the book. And their points of view are alike: they all hate, fear, and condemn the communistic ownership of the land.

But everybody knows that the common ownership of land existed in Russia for centuries and was considered by the peasants to be the best form of ownership. "Land belongs to God", repeated whole generations of our moujiks, and they believed that every piece of it was given to the people for their common, brotherly use. This belief is quite natural for our country, with its vast areas, where people always felt helpless and lost when they tried to live by themselves. The cooperative work and common property helped them to struggle against the severe climate, and taught them solidarity and brotherhood.

Every village was a little commune, where all the important matters were decided by "mir"—a gathering of all the grown-up men. During the war women took part in the mir too. Mr. Poole scarcely mentions this thoroughly and typically Russian economic organization; he seems to know very little about it. But it is very important to know, because the People's Councils or Soviets, who now rule Russia, sprang from this ancient institution.

Mr. Poole's book is animating, it reads like a novel, and is worth reading because of many first-hand observations of Russian character and environment. But the reader must remember that the author shows us only a little part of the truth about Russia.

The Village. Russian Impressions. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.

AN AUTHORITATIVE STORY OF THE "LOST PROVINCES"

By A. G. H. Spiers

In the armistice terms handed by Foch to the Germans, he seems to have settled, with a stroke of the pen, one of the issues of the war. Alsace and Lorraine are referred to as "invaded territory"; the Germans being beaten, these provinces will, as a matter of course, be returned to their former owners. Should the members of the Peace Conference think it necessary to reconsider this question, they will find pertinent information in "Les Anciennes Républiques Alsaciennes". The author of this book, Louis Batiffol, is the librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale and has made a name as a scholarly historian by such works as his studies on the Renaissance,

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Marie de Medici, Louis XIII, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse. His recent book is a history of Alsace, studied with a view to bringing out its traditional political temper and its racial affinities. The Alsatians are of Celtic origin; they have never suffered an influx of foreigners such as to modify their race; and they have, from the beginning, showed a strong leaning toward democratic forms of government. Subjugated by Germanic rulers in the ninth century, their cities shook off this domination at the end of the Middle Ages, becoming gradually during the Renaissance the independent republics which sought the protection of France in the seventeenth century. When France, under Louis XIV, sought to hold them too closely, their spirit of independence took umbrage for a time; but during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries these suspicions proved unfounded, and they then joined freely in the life of France until 1870.

M. Batiffol's book is pleasant in style and should be read by all. His conclusions are summed up in the last paragraph, which I quote as especially worthy of our attention. "I shall consider that I have attained my objective, if I have succeeded in making my readers love this little people. The events of its troubled history prove it to be one of the best branches of the French family; but it possesses a soul that is reserved, reflective, proud, and obstinately devoted to liberty, a soul which we must take into account if we would win this people over and keep it with us."

Les Anciennes Républiques Alsaciennes. By Louis Batiffol. Paris: E. Flammarion.

IBÁÑEZ AGAIN

By Georgiana Goddard King

"Sonnica" was a *tour de force*, of the kind that all young men of parts or promise in the 'nineties aspired to. The ultimate source was the "Salâmmbo" of Flaubert; the immediate, such books as the "Thaïs" of Anatole France and the "Aphrodite" of Pierre Loüys. It gave opportunity for studied and brilliant description in set pieces, for fantastical scraps of erudition not too hard to come by, for a flavor of corruption that the 'nineties found irresistible. In two things the Valencian Blasco Ibáñez differed from the rest: the first, that he found his theme at home—in that terrible resistance of Iberians to an invading enemy that has supplied ever since to Spanish history its greatest glories—and laid his scene in his own region, at Sagunto, whence on a fine day from the ruined hilltop acropolis, Valencia is seen far and white against a blue sea. The second is that whereas Flaubert left you dazzled but cold, and Loüys left you scandalized and a little disgusted, this young man has known how to catch you up into the feeling of his personages and evokes regret at what they must endure.

The familiar figures are all marshaled: the cultured Greek, the beautiful courtesan, the parasite out of classical comedy, the young lovers out of Theocritus; and the familiar scenes are set: the antique city, the tavern, the toilet, the banquet, the dance. A novel episode is the diverting view of republican Rome, coarse, laborious, "on the make", her citizens—except for their preoccupation with agriculture, not with trade—precisely the commercial sort of brute we hear denounced on all hands today. To a fair number of passages current history lends piquancy: the issues between Rome and Carthage are defined as though written yesterday, and the reasons why certain Saguntines would

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have preferred to maintain neutrality, and the Roman motives for concluding peace when Carthaginian mercenaries were in revolt. It is not due simply to the fact that the translator was a lady—for the author has something in his temper both cool and dry—that the tale, while dealing with immoral people and even improper conduct, contains nothing to offend. It has more documentary value, however, in respect of the author than of the subject.

Another story which has lately been translated is as pure as an intaglio but less aloof. "The Cabin" was written in the last year of the last century: it deals with a tiny farm in the fertile region of truck-farms that lie about Valencia. One family was ruined by the landlord's tyranny and a curse fell upon the place: when a man came from outside, unaware of the history, the curse fell on him and his. It is as inevitable as Greek tragedy; and indeed the little tale, so direct, so certain in development, so brief in climax, is a piece of flawless art. With rare and subtle skill the author begins by presenting the big bully who is to be the villain, in a light not wholly unpleasant, as a comely, strong, and pampered animal, wholesome and natural; and secures for his hard-working wife a sympathy not to be shaken off. Then the sad story of the first family's ruin is revealed in a way to rouse the same horror and indignation that all the neighbors feel; this being not only accounted for but justified, the innocent, hard-pressed strangers who are to suffer under it are introduced. They are lightly touched but surely, so that you know one child from another; you watch the rebuilding, replanting, the slow saving, the false appearance of peace—bought dearly by grief—the tragic error, the cruel close in which the very animals suffer and the reader shrinks. The work has nothing photographic, but it has utter fidelity to life: to the types and temper of the Valencian peasantry, to customs and ways of speech, to the sounds and smells of the lush, warm, watered land.

The author faces life as it is, without blinking but without condoning. Comparing this with "Pelle the Conqueror", two great differences appear: the moral issues are not obscured, the unjust is called unjust, the filthy is called filthy still; but on the other hand there is no rearrangement or solution in the interest of what is called poetic justice, there is no epilogue in which everyone shall be made comfortable. As after reading Shakespeare, you are left with the clear perception of moral values, content therewith—purged by pity and terror.

Sonnica. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. Duffield and Co.

The Cabin (La Barraca). By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, translated from the Spanish by Dr. Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Metoka. Alfred A. Knopf.

A BOOK OF PRESENT IMPORTANCE

By Stephen P. Duggan

"The Eastern Question, An Historical Study in European Diplomacy", is an admirable and much-needed book. The reader of French in search of a good account of the Eastern question had it in M. Driault's "La Question d'Orient", but though large numbers of books and monographs have been written in English on various aspects of the Eastern question, there has been no good general account. Such an account is now supplied by Mr. Marriott.

The mechanics of the book is excellent. It is well-printed on excellent paper—an unusual thing in these days.

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It is provided with ten maps, one of which is geographical, another ethnological, and the remainder historical, covering the period from the Roman Empire to the present time. They are all good. At the close of each chapter is quite a full bibliography which shows the author to be familiar with the material bearing upon the subject in French and German as well as in English and having to do with other aspects of the problem than the political and diplomatic. The appendices at the close of the book will be helpful to the close student of the subject. And there is an excellent index.

After an introductory chapter designed to enable the student to get his orientation in the difficult problem by explaining the different factors involved and their relative importance, Mr. Marriott proceeds to a second chapter entitled "Physics and Politics". This is an admirable description of the geography of the Balkans and impresses the reader with the physical difficulties of the Eastern question. It convinces him that centralization is an impossible and confederation a probable solution of the political problems of the peninsula. The history of the Eastern question then follows, beginning with the advent of the Ottomans and brought down to date.

Probably no political question in European history is so difficult to understand as the one treated in this book. That is due to the number of factors involved; the place of the Ottoman Empire in the European system; the relations of the small Balkan States to their former master, to each other, and to the Great Powers; the problem of the Straits and Constantinople; the competition between Russia and Austria-Hungary for hegemony in the Balkans; and England's interest in the safety of her communications with her Eastern possessions. The reader of the book will obtain a clear and fair statement upon every one of these factors in the problems. He will learn how small a part the welfare of the unhappy Balkan peoples played in the diplomacy of the question; how intent the Powers were upon securing special privileges from the Turk for themselves at the expense of their coreligionists; how the policy of intrigue and deceit inevitably engendered the hatreds which brought about the present catastrophe. Mr. Marriott in his epilogue wisely refrains from suggesting what the solution of the Eastern question may be at the coming Peace Conference, but he indicates the principle of justice upon which a durable solution must be based. The intelligent American seeking to understand such a solution will find its historical background excellently portrayed in this volume.

The Eastern Question, An Historical Study in European Diplomacy. By J. A. R. Marriott, M.A. Oxford University Press.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH PLAYS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

The mass of printed plays is so great, even in English, that few can, or would care to, own them all, still less, perhaps, to read them all. Yet only by reading certain of them—since we have no theatre that keeps them alive—can we form any just idea of the changes and progress in dramatic technique and substance during the past century. Accordingly, Mr. Moses has gathered in one book the complete texts of twenty-one representative English plays, each with a short biographical and critical intro-

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duction, beginning with the "Virginius" of Sheridan Knowles, and ending with plays by Barker, Masefield, and the modern Irishmen. None is included which was not actually in the theatre repertoire, and from "Virginius" (1820) to "The Gay Lord Quex" (1899) these plays admirably illustrate the progress of the English drama. Copyright restrictions have, unfortunately, compelled the omission from the latter portion of any work by Shaw or Barrie, weakening considerably the representative character of the twentieth century list. But, as the works of these writers are familiar, and easily available elsewhere, the harm is not great. The book remains a useful compilation, containing, if read carefully, a considerable dramatic education.

Representative British Dramas—Victorian and Modern. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown and Co.

ADVENTURE

BY W. BRYHER

I am amorous, Adventure,
Of your winds,
Salt water,
The pointed stars.

I would burn my loneliness to love of you.
Take my truant wildness,
Crush it for your dream.

I am stung to madness
By the fishing masts,
The lights not to be reached
Between these boughs.

The fragile wind
Brings to me its softness,
The gathered softness of blue pansies;—
Promises, passes,
Is gone to sea.

I have crept from life to dream of you,
With only the loveliness of night to hurt me,
Sleep,
The cool stars.

I am alien
Because I come.

Adventure,
Do not pass me like the wind.

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JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER VI
The Sea Captain
§ 1

Very few matter-of-fact citizens of the present-day world will understand the part that the sea used to play in our young lives thirty years ago in Polchester.

It is very easy to look at the map and say that the sea is a considerable distance from Polchester, and that even if you stood on the highest ridge of the highest corn-field above the town, you would not be able to catch the faintest glimpse of it. That may be true, although I myself can never be completely assured, possessing as vividly as I do a memory of a day when I stood with my nurse at the edge of Merazion Woods and, gazing out to the horizon, saw a fleet of ships full-sail upon the bluest of seas and would not be persuaded that it was merely a wrack of clouds. That may be or no; the fact remains that Polchester sniffed the sea from afar, was caught with sea breezes and bathed in reflected sea-lights: again and again of an evening the cathedral sailed on dust and shadow toward the horizon, a great white ghost of a galleon, and the young citizens of the town with wondering eyes watched it go. But there were more positive influences than mere cloud and light. We had, in the lower part of our town, sailors, quite a number of them. There were the old white-bearded ones who would sit upon tubs and tell smuggling tales; these haunted the river Pol, fished in it, ferried people across it, and let out boats for hire. There were younger sailors who, tired of the still life of their little villages and dreading the real, hard work of a life at sea, lurched and slouched by the Pol's river bed, fishing a little, sleeping, eating and drinking a great deal.

And there were the true sailors, passing through perhaps on their way to Drymouth to join their ships, staying in the town for a day or two to visit their relatives, or simply stopping for an hour or so to gaze open-mouthed at the cathedral and the market-place and the canons and the old women. These men sometimes had gold rings in their ears and their faces were often colored a dark, rich brown, and they carried bundles across their backs, all in the traditional style.

Then there were influences more subtle than either clouds or men. There were the influences of the places that we had ourselves seen in our summer holidays—Rafiel and St. Lowe, Marion Bay or Borhaze—and, on the other coast, Newlock with its vast stretch of yellow sand, St. Borse with its wild seas and giant Borse Head, or St. Nails in Cove with its colored rocks and sparkling shells. Every child had his own place; my place was, like Jeremy's, Rafiel—and a better, more beautiful place in the whole world you will not find. And each place has its own legend: at Rafiel the gold-laced pirates and the turnip-field.

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at Polwint the giant excise man, at Borhaze the smugglers of Trezent Rock, at St. Borse the wreck of "The Golden Galleon" in the year 1563 with its wonderful treasure, and at St. Maitsin Cove the famous Witch of St. Maitsin Church Town who turned men's bones into water and filled St. Maitsin's Church with snakes. Back from our summer holidays, treasuring these stories together with our collections of shells and seaweed and dried flowers, we came; and so the tales settled in Polchester streets and crept into the heart of the Polchester cobbles and haunted the Polchester corners by the fire, and even invaded with their romantic, peering, mischievous faces the solemn aisles of the cathedral itself.

The sea was at the heart of all of them, and whenever a sea breeze blew down the street, carrying with it whispers of straw from the field or dandelion seeds or smell of sea-pinks, we children lifted our noses and sniffed and sniffed; and saw the waves curl in across the shore, or breakers burst upon the rocks, and whispered to one another of the smugglers of Trezent or the gold-laced pirates of Rafiel.

But I think that none of us adored the sea as Jeremy did. From that first moment when as a small baby he had been held up in Rafiel Cave to see the tops of the waves catch the morning light as they rolled over to shore, he had adored it. He had never felt any fear of it; he had been able to swim since he could remember, and he simply lived for those days at the end of July when they would all, in a frantic hurry and confusion, take the train for Rafiel and arrive at Cow Farm in the evening, with the roar of the sea coming across the quiet fields to mingle with the lowing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep. He had in his bedroom a wonderful collection of dusty and sticky sea-shells, and these he would turn over and over, letting them run through his fingers as a miser counts his gold.

Let him catch the faintest glimpse of a shadow of a sailor in the street and he was after it; and he had once, when he was only four or five, been caught by the terrified Jampot only just in time walking away confidently down the market-place, his hand in the huge grasp of a villainous-looking mariner. He was exceedingly happy in his home, but he did often wonder whether he would not run away to sea; of course he was going to be a sailor, but it seemed so long to wait until he was thirteen or fourteen, and there was the sea all the time rolling in and out and inviting him to come.

Mrs. Cole warned Miss Jones of this taste of Jeremy's: "Never let him speak to a sailor, Miss Jones. There are some horrible men in the town and Jeremy simply is not to be trusted when sailors are concerned."

Miss Jones, however, could not be always on her guard and fate is stronger than any governess. . .

§ 2

Early in February there came one of those hints of spring that in Glebeshire, more than in any other place in the world, thrill and stir the heart. Generally they give very little in actual reward and are followed by weeks of hail and sleet and wind, but for that reason alone their burning promise is beyond all other promises beguiling. Jeremy got up one morning to feel that somewhere behind the thick wet mists of the early hours there was a blazing sun. After breakfast, opening the window and leaning out, he could see the leaves of the garden still

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shining with the early glitter and the earth channeled into fissures and breaks; dark and hard under the silver-threaded frost, beneath the rind of the soil, he could feel the pushing, heaving life struggling to answer the call of the sun above it. Far down the road toward the orchards a dim veil of gold was spreading behind the walls of the mist; the sparrows on the almond-tree near his window chattered like the girls of the high school, and blue shadows stole into the dim, grey sky just as light breaks upon an early morning sea; the air was warm behind the outer wall of the frosty morning, and the faint gold of the first crocus beneath the garden-wall near the pantry door where always the first crocuses came, caught his eye. Even as he watched the sun burst the mist, the trees changed from dim grey to sharp black, the blue flooded the sky, and the cathedral beyond the trees shone like a house of crystal.

All this meant spring and spring meant hunting for snowdrops in the meads. Jeremy informed Miss Jones and Miss Jones was, of course, agreeable. They would walk that way after luncheon.

The meads fall in a broad green slope from the old cathedral battlement down to the river Pol. Their long stretches of meadow are scattered with trees, some of the oldest oaks in Glebeshire, and they are finally bounded by the winding path of the Rope Walk that skirts the river bank. Along the Rope Walk in March and April the daffodils first and the primroses afterward are so thick that from the cathedral walls the Rope Walk looks as though it wandered between pools and lakes of gold. In the orchards on the hill, also, they run like rivers.

Upon this afternoon there were only the trees, faintly pink along the river, and the wide unbroken carpet of green. Miss Jones walked up and down the Rope Walk while Mary told her an endless and exceedingly confused story that had begun more than a week ago and had reached by now such a state of "to be continued in our next" that Miss Jones had only the vaguest idea of what it was all about. Her mind therefore wandered, as indeed did always the minds of Mary's audiences, and Mary never noticed but stared with the rapt gaze of the creator through her enormous glasses, out into an enchanted world of golden princesses, white elephants, and ropes and ropes of rubies. Miss Jones, meanwhile, thought of her young days, her illnesses, and a certain hat that she had seen in Thornley's windows in Market Street. Jeremy, attended by the dog Hamlet, hunted among the trees for snowdrops.

Hamlet had been worried ever since he could remember by a theory about rabbits. He had been told, of course, about rabbits by his parents and it had even been suggested to him that he would be a mighty hunter of the same when he grew to a certain age. He had now reached that age, but never a rabbit as yet had he encountered. He might even have concluded that the whole rabbit story was a myth and a legend, were it not that certain scents and odors were forever tantalizing his nose that could, his instinct told him, mean rabbit and only rabbit. These scents met him at the most tantalizing times, pulling him this way and that, exciting the wildest hopes in him afterward condemned to sterility; as ghosts haunt the convinced and trusting spiritualist, so did rabbits haunt Hamlet. He dreamed of rabbits at night, he tasted rabbits in his food, he saw them scale the air

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and swim the stream—now he was close on their trail, now he had them round that tree, up that hill, down that hole, . . . sitting tranquilly in front of the schoolroom fire he would scent them; always they eluded him, laughed at him, mocked him with their stumpy tails. They were rapidly becoming the obsession of his nights and days.

Upon this afternoon the air was full of rabbit. The meads seemed to breathe rabbit. He left his master, rushed hither and thither, barked and whined, scratched the soil, ran round trees, lay cautiously motionless waiting for his foes and, now and then, sat and laughed at himself for a ludicrous rabbit-bemused idiot. He had a delightful afternoon . . .

Jeremy was then left entirely to himself and wandered about, looking for snowdrops under the trees, talking to himself, lost in a chain of ideas that included food, and the sea, and catapults, and a sore finger, and what school would be like, and whether he could knock down the dean's youngest Ernest, whom he hated without knowing why.

He was lost in these thoughts and had, indeed, wandered almost into the little wood that lies at the foot of the orchards, when he heard a deep, rich voice say:

"I suppose you 'aven't such a thing as a match upon you anywhere, young gentleman?"

He liked to be asked for a match, a manly thing to be supposed to possess, but of course he hadn't one, owing to the stupidity of elderly relatives, so he looked up and said politely: "No, I'm afraid I haven't". Then how his heart whacked beneath his waistcoat! There, standing in front of him, was the very figure of his dreams . . . in every detail!

Looking down upon Jeremy was a gentleman of middle age whom experienced men of the world would have most certainly described as "seedy". Jeremy did not see his "seediness". He saw first his face, which was of a deep brown copper color, turning here and there to a handsome purple; ill-shaved, perhaps, but with a fine round nose and a large smiling mouth. He saw black curling hair and a yachting cap, faded this last and the white of it a dirty grey, but set on jauntily at a magnificent angle. He saw a suit of dark navy blue, this again faded, spotted, too, with many stains, ragged at the trouser-ends and even torn in one place above the elbow, fitting also so closely to the figure that it must have been at bursting point. He saw round the neck a dark navy handkerchief and down the front of the coat brass buttons that shook and trembled as their owner's chest heaved.

And what a chest! Jeremy had never conceived that any human being could be so thick and so broad. The back, spreading to the farthest limits of the shiny seams of the coat, was like a wall. The thighs were pillows, the arms bolsters and yet not fat, mind you—simply muscle, all of it. One could see in a minute that it was all muscle, the chest thrust forward, the legs spread wide, the bull-neck bursting the handkerchief, everything that Jeremy himself most wished to be. A sailor, a monument of strength, with the scent of his "shag" strong enough to smell a mile away and—yes, most marvelous of all, gold rings in his ears! His chest would be tattooed probably, and perhaps his legs also.

There, on the back of his hand, was a blue anchor. . . Jeremy looked

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up and trembled lest the vision should fade, then flung a hurried look around him to see whether Miss Jones was near. No one was about. He was alone with the desire of his life.

"I'm so sorry I haven't a match", he said. "I'm not allowed to have them, you know."

"No, I suppose not", said the vision. "Just my blamed luck. There I am with 'undreds of pounds lying around my room at 'ome careless as you please, and then held up for a blooming match. What's gold to a man like me? But a match . . . there you are . . . that's life."

He looked at Jeremy with great interest; he took in, as Jeremy realized, every detail of his personal appearance.

"I like boys", he said. "'ad two myself—'ealthy little nippers they was. Both dead, 'ere today and gone tomorrer, as you might say. Got your nurse 'anging around anywhere?"

"Nurse!" said Jeremy indignantly, "I don't have a nurse. I'm much too old! There is a governess, but she's over there talking to Mary—she's my sister. But they won't bother yet—not till the cathedral bell begins."

"No intention of 'urting your feelings, young fellow, my lad. Didn't think you'd want a nurse, of course—big chap like you. Thought you might 'ave a baby brother or such. No offense—I suppose you 'aven't begun to smoke yet. Can't offer you some tobacco?"

Jeremy colored. The man was laughing at him.

"I'm eight if you want to know", he said, "and I'm going to school in September."

"School!" said the mariner, sniffing contemptuously. "I don' think much of school, if you ask me. Now I never went to school and I can't see that I'm much the worse for not 'aving been there. Contrariwise—I've seen many a fine, promising lad spoiled by too much schooling. Be a man of the world, I say, that's the direction you want to sail in."

"Did you really never go to school?" asked Jeremy.

"Not I!" replied the sailor. "Flung out at the age of six I was, turned into a boat sailing to the West Indies and left to shift for myself—and 'ere I am today a captain of as fine a craft as you're ever likely to see with gold in 'er lockers and peacocks in the 'old—all in a manner of speaking, you know."

Jeremy's eyes glittered; his face was flushed a brilliant red. Hamlet had returned from his rabbit hunting and sat with his tongue out and a wild, adventurous eye glittering up at his master from behind his hair, yet he was not noticed.

"You were very lucky", he said devoutly, then he went on hurriedly:

"Would you mind—you see Miss Jones may come at any moment—would you mind—" he choked.

"Would I mind what?" asked the captain.

"Would you mind telling me? Are you tattooed on your body, snakes and ships and things like a gardener once we had? He had a sea-serpent all down his back. He showed me one day—"

The captain smiled proudly.

"Tattooed! Talk of tattooing! I'll show yer—and it isn't everybody I'd do it for neither. But I've taken a fancy to you, like my own young nipper what died."

With an air of vast ceremony as though he were throwing open the door to all the universe, he slowly unwound from about his neck the dark blue handkerchief, unbuttoned his

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coat, then a grimy shirt, and displayed a wall of deep brown chest. This fine expanse had no hair upon it but was illuminated with a superb picture of a ship in full sail against a setting sun, all worked in the most handsome of blue tattoo. Jeremy gasped. He had never dreamed that such things could be. He ventured to touch the ship with his finger and he could feel the captain's manly heart thumping like a muffled hammer beneath the skin.

"There's Queen Victoria on my right thigh and Nelson on my left and the battle of Trafalgar on the middle of my back. P'raps I'll show 'em you one day. It wouldn't be decent exactly 'ere—too public. But one day you come to my little place and I'll show 'em you."

"Will you really?" said Jeremy. "Didn't it hurt terribly?"

"Hurt!" said the captain. "I should just think it did. I 'ad to put cotton wool behind my teeth to prevent myself from screaming. But that's nothing—what do you say to being tortured by the Carriboo natives every day after breakfast for three 'ole months? A tooth out a day—"

"But your teeth are all there", said Jeremy.

"False", said the captain. "Every one of 'em. And the thing they'll do to your toe-nails—it 'ud make your 'air creep on your 'ead to listen to the things I could tell you—"

"Oh! it's awful!" said Jeremy. "And where is your ship now?"

"Ah! my ship!" the captain replied, winking in the most mysterious fashion; "it would be telling to say where that is. I can trust you, I know. I'm a great judge o' character, I am, but not even my own mother, gone to glory now twenty years and as holy a soul as ever breathed, I wouldn't trust even 'er with the secret."

"Why is it a secret?" asked Jeremy breathlessly.

"Treasure", said the captain, dropping his voice. "Treasure, nothing less nor more. Between you and me there's enough gold on that there ship to satisfy the prime minister 'imself, to say nothing of the jewels—rubies, pearls, diamonds. My word, if you could see them diamonds. I'm looking about me now for an extra man or two and then I'm off again—silent come, silent go's my motto—"

"I suppose you don't happen to want a cabin-boy?" gasped Jeremy, his voice choked in his throat.

"Well, now that's a funny thing", said the captain. "It's one of the very things. But I'm afraid you're a bit young. Yet I don't know. We might—"

He broke off suddenly, lifted his finger to his lip, whispered: "Keep yer eyes open. I'll be round again" —and had vanished.

Directly after, Jeremy heard Miss Jones's unwelcome voice: "Why, Jeremy, we couldn't find you anywhere. It's turning cold — tea-time . . ."

With a thump and a thud and a bang he fell back into the homely world.

§ 3

Jeremy was a perfectly normal little boy and I defy anyone to have discovered in him, at this stage in his progress, those strange morbidities and irregular instincts that were to be found in such unhappy human beings as Dostoyevsky's young hero in "Podrostok" or the unpleasant son and heir of Jude and Sue. Nevertheless eight years old is not too early for stranger impulses and wilder dreams than most parents ever conceive of; and the fortnight that followed Jeremy's meeting with the sea-captain was as peculiar and fantastic a fort-

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night as he was ever, in all his later life, to know.

For he was haunted—really haunted in the good old solid, practical meaning of the term, haunted with the haunting that pursued Tintram and many other famous heroes. And he was haunted not only by the sea-captain but by a thousand things that attended in that hero's company. He was haunted by a picture—whence it had come to him he did not know—of a dead-white highroad, dropping over the hill into shadow, the light fading around it, black heavy hedges on every side of it. From below the hill came the pounding of the sea, exactly as he had heard it so many times on the hill above Rafiel, and he knew, although his eyes could not catch it, that in the valley round the head of the road was the fishing-village with the lights just coming in the windows, and beyond the village the sloping, shingly cove. But he could see only the dead-white road and upon this his eyes were always fixed as though he were expecting someone. And he could smell the sea-pinks and the grass damp with evening dew and the cold dust of the road and the sea-smell in the wind. And he waited, knowing that the time would come when he would be told to descend the hill, pass through the village and step out, under the heavy grey clouds, upon the little shingly beach. He was aware, then, that out at sea a black ship was riding, slipping a little with the tide, one light gleaming and swinging against the pale glow of the dusky horizon. The church clock struck four below the hill, he was still on the high-road waiting, his eyes straining for figures. . . He was prepared for some journey, because he had at his feet a bundle. And he knew that he ought not to have been there. He knew that something awful was about to happen and that, when it had occurred, he would be committed always to something or someone. . . A little cold breeze then would rise in the hedges, and against the silence that followed the chiming of the clock he could hear first the bleating of a sheep, then a sudden pounding of the sea as though the breakers responded to the sudden rising of the wind, then the hoofs of a horse, clear and hard, upon the road. . . At that moment the picture clouded and was dim.

Had this been a dream? Was it simply a confusion of summer visits to Rafiel, stories told him by Mary, pictures in books (a fine illustrated edition of "Redgauntlet" had been a treasure to him since he was a baby), the exciting figure of the captain, and the beginning of the spring? And yet the vision was so vividly detailed that it was precisely like a remembered event. He had always seen things in pictures, punishment meant standing in the corner counting the ships on the wall-paper, summer holidays meant the deep green meadows of Cow Farm or a purple pool under an afternoon sun, religion meant walking up the great wide aisle of the cathedral in creaking boots and clean underclothes, and so on. It was nothing new for him to make a picture and to let that picture stand for a whole complex phase of life. But this? What had it to do with the sea-captain, and why was it—as he knew in his heart that it was—wicked, and wrong, and furtive? For it had begun as a high romance. There had been nothing wrong in that first talk in the meads when the captain had shown him his tattoos. The wickedness of it had developed partly with his aching longing to see the captain again, partly with the meetings that actually

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followed, and partly with the sense that grew and grew as the days passed that the captain was always watching him.

The captain, during these weeks, seemed to be everywhere. Never was there an afternoon that Jeremy walked out with Miss Jones and his sisters that he did not appear. It was not very difficult to snatch a conversation with him. Because the beautiful spring weather continued, the children went every day for a walk to the meads, and on at least three separate occasions Jeremy and the captain enjoyed quite long conversations together. These were, none of them, so good as that first one had been. The captain was not so genial, nor so lighthearted; it seemed that he had something on his mind. Sometimes he put his hand on Jeremy's shoulder, and the heavy pressure of his great fingers made Jeremy tremble partly with terror, partly with pleasure. His face also was scarcely as agreeable as it had seemed at first sight. His tremendous nose seemed to burn down upon Jeremy like a malignant fire. His eyes were so small that sometimes they disappeared under his fat cheeks altogether or only gleamed like little sharp points of light from under his heavy, shaggy eyebrows. Then, although he tried to make his voice pleasant, Jeremy felt that that complaisant friendliness was not its natural tone. Sometimes there would be a sharp, barking note that made Jeremy jump and his cheek pale. The captain told him no more fascinating stories and when Jeremy wanted to know about the ship with the diamonds and rubies, and the little sea village where she lay hid, and the Carriboo natives, and the chances of becoming a cabin-boy, and the further exploitation of the tattoos —all these things the captain brushed aside as though they no longer interested him in the least.

He on the other hand wanted to know exactly where Jeremy lived, what the house was like, where the back doors were, how the windows opened, where Jeremy slept, and so on. Jeremy, pleased at this interest in his daily life, told him as many things as he could, hoping to pass on afterward to more exciting topics: how, for instance, the kitchen windows were fastened always the last thing at night, but you could undo them from the garden if you liked with your knife—and Jeremy knew this because Uncle Samuel had done it once on a Sunday afternoon when the maids were all out and he'd forgotten his door-key. He would have told the captain all about the schoolroom and the toy farm and the Jampot and the fun they had had teasing Miss Jones had not the captain fiercely told him that these things did not interest him and that he had better just answer the questions that were put to him. It was indeed strange to see how with every interview the captain grew fiercer and fiercer and sharper and sharper. He made no allusions now to "'is little nipper", said nothing about that holy soul, his mother, and never mentioned his liking for Jeremy. There was evidently something on his mind and, if he had seemed mysterious at their first meeting, it was nothing to the secrecy that he practised now.

And yet, in spite of all this, his hold over Jeremy grew and grew. That dream of the bending white road was always with Jeremy. He could think of nothing but the captain and while he was certainly afraid, and would jump at the slightest sound, he was also certainly excited beyond all earlier experience. He longed, as he lay awake at night, to see the captain.

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He seemed to have always in front of his eyes the great wall of a chest with the blue ship on it and the bolster legs and the gigantic hands. Strangest of all was the sense of evil that came with the attraction.

He longed to be in the man's company as he longed to do something that he had always been told not to do, and when he caught sight of him a sudden hot, choking hand was pressed upon his heart and he was terrified, delighted, frightened, ashamed, all in one. The captain always alluded to the things that he would tell him, would show him one day—"when you come to my little place I'll teach yer a thing or two"—and Jeremy would wonder for hours what this little place would be like and what the captain would teach him. Meanwhile he saw him everywhere even when he was not there—behind lamp-posts, at street corners, behind the old woman's umbrella in the market-place, peering round the statues in the cathedral, jerking up his head from behind chimney-pots, looking through the nursery windows just when dusk was coming on, in the passages, under stairs, out in the dark garden—and always behind him that horrid dream of the dead-white road and the shingly cove . . . yes, poor Jeremy was truly haunted.

§ 4

That Miss Jones suspected nothing of these meetings must be attributed partly to that lady's habit of wrapping herself in her own thoughts on her walks abroad, and partly to her natural short-sightedness. Once Mary said that she had noticed "a horrid man with a red face" staring at them, but Miss Jones, although she was not a vain woman, thought it nevertheless quite natural that men should stare, and fancied more frequently that they did so than was strictly the truth.

Jeremy, meanwhile, was occupied now with the thought as to what he would do, did the captain really want him to go away with him. He discussed it with himself, but he did not doubt what he would do—he would go. And he would go, he knew, with fear and dread and with a longing to stay and be warm in the schoolroom and have jam for tea and half-an-hour before bedtime downstairs and Yorkshire pudding on Sundays. But the captain could make him do anything. . . . Yes, the captain could make him do anything. . . .

His afternoon walks were now prolonged agonies. He would turn his head at every moment, would stare into dark corners, would start at the sound of steps. His sleep now was broken with horrid dreams and he would jump up and cry out—and one night he actually dreamed of his dead-white road and the sounds that came up from below the hill, the bell, and the sea and the distant rattle of little carts.

Then the captain drew near to the very house itself. He haunted Orange Street, could be seen lounging against a lamp-post opposite the high school, looked once into the very garden of the Coles, Jeremy watching him with beating heart from the schoolroom window. It was incredible to Jeremy that no one else of the house perceived him, but no one ever mentioned him, and this made it appear all the more a dream, as though the captain were invisible to everyone save himself. He began to hate him even more than he feared him, and yet with that hatred the pleasure and excitement remained. I remember how years ago in Polchester, when I could not have been more than six years old, I myself was

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haunted with exactly that same mixture of pleasure and horror by the figure of a hunch-backed pedler who used to come to our town. Many years after I heard that he had been hanged for the murder of some wretched woman who had accompanied him on some of his journeys. I was not surprised, but when I heard the story I felt then again the old thrill of mingled pleasure and fear.

One windy afternoon, near dusk, when they were returning from their walk, Jeremy suddenly heard the voice in his ear:

"I may be coming to visit yer one o' these nights. Keep yer eyes open and yer tongue quiet if I do."

Jeremy saw the figures of Miss Jones and his sisters pass round the corner of the road.

"What for?" he gasped.

The captain's figure seemed to swell gigantic against the white light of the fading sky. The wind whistled about their ears.

"Just to visit yer, that's all, 'cause I've taken a fancy to yer"—the captain chuckled and had vanished. . . .

Jeremy flung one glance at the grey, desolate road behind him, then ran for his life to join the others.

What, after that, did he expect? He did not know. Only the captain was day by day drawing closer and closer and closer. . . .

He could feel now always his hot breath upon his ear.

Two days after the whispered dialogue in the road, that first promise of spring broke down into a tempest of wind and rain. The Coles' house in Orange Street, although it looked with its stout white stone strong enough, was old and shaky. Now in the storm it shook and wheezed and rattled in every one of its joints. Jeremy at ordinary times loved the sound of the wind about the house when he himself was safe and warm and cosy, but this was now another affair. Lying in his bed, he could hear the screams down the chimney, then the tug at his window-pane, the rattling clutch upon the wood, then the sweep under the bed and the rush up the wall-paper, until at last from behind some badly defended spot where the paper was thin there would come a wailing, whistling screech, as though someone were being murdered in the next room. On other days Jeremy, when he heard this screech, shivered with a cosy, creeping thrill, but now he put his head under the bedclothes, shut his eyes very tight, and tried not to see the captain with his ugly nose and tiny, gimlet eyes.

He would be half asleep.

"Come", said the captain from the window. "The boat is waiting! You promised, you know. Come just as you are—no time to dress"—and poor Jeremy would feel the great, heavy hand upon his shoulder and would wake shivering and shaking from head to foot.

On the third day following his last interview with the captain he went to bed a little reassured and comforted. Perhaps the captain had gone away. For three days he had seen and heard nothing of him at all.

That was a night of rain, rain that slashed and whipped the house as though it would batter it to the ground. The rain would come with a wild fury upon the panes, trembling with its excited anger, would crash against the glass, then fall back and hang waiting for a further attack; next the results of the first attack would slip and slide like the crawling of a thousand snakes, then fall and drop slowly and heavily as though every drop were foretelling some

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awful peril. Jeremy lay and listened, but he resolved that tonight he would not be frightened, would not think of the captain.

He said the Lord's Prayer five times, then counted sheep jumping over the gate, a safe solution for sleepless hours. He saw the sheep, first one a very fat one, then one a very thin one, but the gate stood at the bottom of a little hill so that it was very difficult for the poor creatures, who jumped and slipped back on the incline. Then a lot of sheep insisted on jumping together and he could hardly count them —forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight. . . He was asleep.

After a long, long time of soundlessness, of lying upon a sea that was like a bed of down, and looking up happily into clear blue light, he was once more conscious of the rain. Yes, there it was with its sweeping rush, its smash upon the pane, its withdrawal, its trickling patter and heavy drops, as though it were striking time. Yes, that was the rain and that—what was that?

He was wide awake, lying back against his pillow, but his eyes staring in front of them till they burnt. The house was absolutely dark, absolutely silent, but between the attacks of the rain there was a sound, something that had not to do with the house nor with the weather. He strained with his ears, sitting up in bed, his hands clutching the bedclothes. He heard it quite clearly now; someone was moving in the nursery.

With that the whole of his brain was awake and he knew quite clearly, beyond a shadow of any doubt, what had happened: the captain had come to fetch him. With that knowledge an icy despair gripped him. He did not want to go. Oh! he did not want to go! He was trembling from head to foot so that the bed shook beneath him, his breath came in little hot, gasping pants and his eyes were wide with terror. He was helpless. The captain would only say "come" and go he must, leave his warm house and his parents whom he loved and Mary and Helen and Hamlet, yes, even Miss Jones. He would be dragged down the long white road, through the lighted village, out onto the shingly beach, in a boat out to the dark ship—and then he would be alone with the captain, alone in the dark ship, with the captain's heavy hand upon his shoulder, his mouth smiling, his great legs drawing him in as a spider draws a fly into its web, and everyone asleep, only the stars and the dark water. He tried to say the Lord's Prayer again, but the words would not come. The sweat began to trickle down his nose. . . .

Then he heard in the next room some movement against a piece of furniture and a voice muttering. That decided him: better to go and face it than to wait there, so, as though moving in his sleep, he got out of bed, crossed the floor, and entered the schoolroom.

The first sound that he heard was the ticking of the old nursery clock, a strange familiar voice in this awful world—then suddenly, although the room was in black darkness, he himself was staring into blazing light.

He started back and uttered a little cry, but even as he did so that well-remembered hand was upon his shoulder and the well-known voice in his ear.

"Move an inch, utter a sound, and I blow yer brains out, yer"—The voice, very low, faded into the dark. He was staring into a lantern and above the lantern was the dark body of the captain. Then as he looked up he was

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indeed near his last moment, for had he not been a boy brave, old for his years, and determined, he would have cried out with a scream that would have raised the house.

The captain had no face. . . . The captain had no face . . . only out of a deep darkness those little eyes glittered like candlepoints. Jeremy uttered no sound.

Then, catching the captain's coat because he trembled so, he said: "I'm coming at once—but don't wake Mary and Helen. They'd be frightened. May I get a coat, because it's raining?"

"Coming!" whispered the captain (his voice coming from that space in the air where were his eyes), "you move an inch from 'ere or utter one sound, and I do yer in, yer—. I'm watchin' yer, mind!"

The lantern light suddenly vanished. The room was black. There was no sound but the ticking of the clock, and now the rain, which had seemed to stop during this terrible dialogue, beat with friendly comfort once more upon the pane. Jeremy stood there, his body held together as though in an iron case, scarcely breathing. There was no more sound at all. Quite clearly now Mary's snores could be heard coming from her room.

Jeremy had only one thought—only one thought in all the world. The captain did not want him. The captain had gone and not taken him with him. He was safe; he was freed; the terror was over and he was at liberty.

At last he moved back to his room. He got into bed again. He was terribly cold and little spasms of shivers seized him, but he did not care. The captain was gone and he had not taken him with him. . . .

§ 5

He was not aware whether he slept or no, but suddenly sunlight was in the room, the bath water was running, the canary was singing, and Hamlet was scratching upon his door. He jumped out of bed and let the dog in. Then he heard Rose's voice from the next room:

". . . and 'e's taken everything, 'e 'as. All the silver candlesticks and the plate what was given to master by the Temp'rance Society and Master Jeremy's mug what he 'ad at 'is christening, and all the knives and forks—'e 'as—and the gold clock out o' the drorin' room—and the mess! Why, I says to cook, 'e couldn't 'ave made more mess, I say, not if 'e'd come to do nothin' else. Grease everywhere, you never see nothin' like it, and all the drawers open and the papers scattered about. Thank 'eaven 'e never found cook's earrings. Real gold they was, ever so many caret, and give to cook ever so many years ago by 'er John. Poor woman! She'd 'ave been in a terrible takin' if she'd lost 'em. . . . And so quiet, too—not a sound and everyone sleepin' all round 'im. Wonderful 'ow they does it! I thank the Lord I didn't 'ear 'im; I'd 'ave died of fright—shouldn't like! Why cook says she knew a 'ouse once . . ."

But Jeremy did not listen, he did not care. As Hamlet sprang about him and licked his hand he thought of one thing alone.

The captain was gone! The captain was gone! He was free! The captain had not taken him and he was free at last!

(To be continued)

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THE STORY-TELLING ART IN SOME CURRENT NOVELS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

The other day I was commenting on the fact that American frontier fiction has been reduced to formula, and that the people on the buying side of the counter seem to be pretty well satisfied with a periodically refilled prescription. But this isn't the whole story. If you look for it, you will find, now and then, among the pied jackets of the stock cowboy and mining yarns, a real book of the West—a book that goes quietly about its business of interpreting the spirit of frontier life as if bad men and cattle rustlers and large, conquering, boy heroes had little or nothing to do with it! Such a book, after all, stands out among the mere yarns like a ray of sunlight falling beside the jigging, misty day-illusion of a movie-screen. Very recently we have had "A Son of the Middle Border", and "The Manse at Barren Rocks", and "My Antonia"; and now we have "Out of the Silences". The reader who has a notion that there is nothing much in our literature and therefore never looks into it, might well awake to his absurdity in the presence of books like this. Safe and sane, no doubt, the advice of the old standpat—Carlyle, was it?—who said not to read any book that hadn't stood the test of ten years; but why let the other fellows do all the work of choosing, and have all the fun of discovery? There has never yet been a literary market without its popular "dope" to be taken or left at will, or without its real stuff to be had for the seeking. The negative or absorbent readers are eager enough for their kind of thing; how can the positive and exacting customers expect to get what they deserve if they don't keep looking for it?

While we are classifying readers as negative and positive, we might go ahead and arrange our novelists to match. We might call them the exploiters and the interpreters, the story-tellers who are interested in the thing itself, its human place and meaning, and those who are simply interested in it for the use they can make of it. This wouldn't mean the everlasting business of romanticism and realism. It would distinguish between the writer whose romance or realism emerges from a sympathetic vision, whether of fact or fancy, and the writer who deliberately or lazily turns out a kind of thing there happens to be a call for. Negative readers reward the latter, the exploiter, very cheerfully and liberally. But it's the other fellow, the interpreter, that the positive reader is yearning for, even if he hasn't courage or faith enough to look for him. And whatever may have been true of our American fiction a few years ago, nobody who has studied its recent course can fail to recognize its increasing richness in books which deal spontaneously and imaginatively with the materials of life as we know it and live it. This is largely owing to the fact that our later American story-tellers have shaken off the self-consciousness that cursed us in the nineteenth century. They have ceased to be consciously and pridefully American in the sense of un-English. They no longer feel it necessary to step up

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to the mark, in turn, and have a shot at the Great American Novel. They are writing at last from the inside, of what they have experienced, and know, and feel—for what it may be worth.

"Out of the Silences" is a book of interpretation, in this sense. It finds something still to be done in the way of rendering the spirit of the frontier, so often a mere playground for the sedentary fancy. It ignores rather than disdains the current fashions in fiction—rapid plot, chatty style, snap and punch, and all the rest of it. It is *written*, Heaven help us, and does not pretend to be talked. In short, it is an unblushing example of that "pencraft" for which a year or two ago William Watson made so eloquent a plea. That notable artist's little book ("Pencraft" was its title) made no great stir, over here at least. Yet it deserved reading by every writer who thinks of his job as something better, or other, than "getting across" to the man in the street. We may not have gone all the way with the poet in his argument, which represented, perhaps, too conscious and violent a reaction from the vernacular-worship of the day. But his main distinction between the functions of the literary or "scriptive" and the vernacular or "loquative" styles is a pregnant one. It might well make us think again as to whether the slap-dash, talky, "natural" manner is in itself always either more honest or more worshipful than the well-pondered craft of that distrusted person, the literary artist.

All this on the way to saying that Miss Waller's style has dignity and personality. On the whole, its quality is of the sort we incline to dispose of, rather tolerantly than admiringly, as "quaint" or of the "old school". It doesn't hurry, or dazzle, or titillate, or punch us, but flows steadily along, carrying us with it to a predestined end. It is the story of an orphaned boy of Dakota, reared by a frontiersman in the Turtle Mountain region that lies to northward, just over the border. The time is nearly our own, but the little wilderness into which the story leads us is a sort of fragment rescued intact from the past, a place in which neither Deerslayer nor Chingachgook need have found himself at a loss. Little Bob's fosterfather, the saddle-maker, is as good a woodsman and philosopher as any of Cooper's dry-mellow worthies; and the old medicine man of the Crees who had so much to do with the boy's spiritual education, reasserts the romance of the red man, so long a dingy or absurd figure in our literature. Bill Plunkett and Carmastic linger in the mind as complementary types of the best human product of that wilderness with which our forefathers strove. And the boy, making so steadily toward, not the god of this hour, "success", but the path of his own right, self-fulfilment, is a hero of the higher romance, a seeker for the grail, whatever form it may chance to take in his mind's eye.

Miss Gale's "Birth" is a book of like intention. It means to do something more than entertain the reader with a pleasant love-story or a piece of rural comedy, as this writer has sometimes been content to do in the past. Like Miss Waller, she has a strong feeling for the hidden mystical relation of things. Her chosen motto for this book is, "The world's greatest need is a sense of the intangible". The old, old mysteries of source and cause—the acorn, the horseshoe nail—haunt her consciousness. If this apparently trivial thing hadn't happened, how different the whole history of the world

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might have been. If this grain of sand had shifted the other way, or that random foot chanced the other turning, where would you and I have come into the picture? Yet all this is not really a matter of luck or accident. For everywhere are the invisible rules, though human consciousness, everywhere revolving about its own tiny center, remains blind for the most part to what is beyond itself.

Here, for example, is the provincialism of Burage, Wisconsin, differing in degree, not in time, from that of New York or London: "Outside the earth stretched twelve thousand miles each way from Batten's office, and no one was thinking about it." The quaint little village types and narrow village ways of Burage are presented with Miss Gale's usual skill and humor: but we are to see them in perspective, as part of the whole. Burage at dawn, Burage at night, is a microcosm: "Six o'clock. Over the golden aisles of the streets, mysterious with maple boughs, once more the Angelus, the bass of the round-house whistle, the treble of the brick-yard whistle. Burage breathes deep, all the tension of the day dissolves. A new air permeates the village. It relaxes, expects. It is as if some great, brooding, wistful face, so close to all, changes expression; and every one replies. A creative moment, spiritual, tender, human. All Burage either goes home or welcomes home. Meetings, supper, complaints, tenderness, irritations, control. An impressive and spectacular and glorious moment, and a terrible moment. The expansion of human beings in centers is carefully contrived. Or the crushing of human beings into centers benumbed, crippling. Beings seldom thrilling from creative work, but leaden from toil of rote. The cry of all the world in the throat of the people of Burage at six o'clock."

There is great danger of overworking a sententious vein like this. Miss Gale just escapes it, by way of her unfeigned interest in the people of the story. These people seem to fall into three groups. First there are Burage's village "characters", the good, absurd, homely Americans whom Miss Gale has interpreted with sympathetic humor in so much of her earlier fiction. Second, there is a higher social element that has, to be honest, far less reality. And third and by all odds most important, there is the little family unit, so strangely assembled, so easily broken, out of which miraculously emerges, in the child, a human soul, a personality, of no mean worth. The apparent chances that lead to the physical birth of Jeffrey Pitt are odd enough. The portent of his spiritual emergence, at the behest of what invisible and incalculable forces, is our real theme. What a queer thing that a real *self* can happen in this way. Out of his dreaming childhood—Heaven knows why the child of Marshall Pitt and Barbara Ellsworth should be a dreamer—and his stumbling, inarticulate youth, somehow comes a man. He is a higher type than his father; and yet the figure we carry away from the book as the one to be remembered is poor, bungling, tail-wagging Marshall Pitt, whom nobody can like because the Lord made him an ass, and whose epitaph in Burage, after his quixotic death, is "Pitt never was much good". I don't recall any other novel of any period that presents, as this does, the full tragedy of the big-hearted congenital nincompoop consciously cut off from his kind by the hopeless barrier of his own presence and habits.

I wonder how many readers of THE

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BOOKMAN are readers also of that best of farm journals, "The Rural New Yorker", and therefore of the department of mellow every-day philosophy which may be found in the back pages under the modest title, "Hope Farm Notes". They may have noticed there a recent enthusiastic comment on William Allen White's latest novel, "In the Heart of a Fool". "I hear people say this story is long-winded, prosy, disconnected, and a very poor specimen of art", says the Hope Farmer. "That may all be true. A long wind is a good thing when it blows in the direction of home, and surely most of the human life we observe has little poetry or symmetry or art." Our rural commentator (who is by no means rustic in the diminishing city sense of the word) goes on with just praise of the story-teller's vivid detail and the excellent moral or idea behind his chronicle. Mr. White speaks from his favorite non-Teutonic and (in civil life at least) none too American text: not personal ambition or success, money-grabbing or place-finding, power or public dignity, are what make either happiness for the individual or progress for the world, but love and honesty and the will to serve. And he illustrates this by an action derived from his own first-hand acquaintance with the Middle West since Civil War times.

It is an extraordinary field for such an action, since the speed of its development compressed, within two generations, processes that in the East, say, have taken a couple of centuries. The frontier, the rude village, the small town with its budding aristocracy of "old families", the self-conscious little city with its sharpening social castes and commercial standards, the bigger city with its new social and industrial problems—these phases, in our middle region, melted into each other with amazing rapidity. Mr. White's book conveys much of this process. Nevertheless, our Hope Farmer has begged the real question. When he intimates that it is unfair to point out the clumsiness of a book because "life" is clumsy, he is merely practising the favorite popular pastime of kicking the dummy marked "Criticism" off the ferry-boat labeled "Common Sense". Every decent story-teller is an artist, whatever his definition of art may be. He is after an effect, and he has to select and arrange and condense and modify and, if you like, seem to ramble and babble, in order to get his particular effect. Mr. Dreiser picks and chooses just as carefully as Mr. Tarkington, and as skilfully for his purpose, which is to give the illusion of "truth", that is, fidelity to fact. Mr. White erects on his familiar site, out of his recognizable materials, his incidents and types and "average" motives, a structure as romantic and artificial as if he did not deliberately eschew the conventional form of "happy ending" for every one of his principal characters. And the confidential Thackerayan manner which, oddly enough, has been effectively adapted and employed by several interpreters of his own scene and time (notably Mrs. Watts and Mr. Tarkington) becomes in his hands an excuse for mental and emotional incontinence. . . .

The point is that if your method and impulse lead irresistibly to artifice, you may as well try for art. Mr. White does try for it, and fails, to my mind, not on account of his prolixity or his digression as such, but because they are unjustified by his effect. When all is done, we think of them as in large part mere repetition and superfluity. More would have been

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gained than lost for the very thing the writer is striving for, if he had kept himself in hand, kept his eye on the ball, instead of giving way to this interminable chatting and chortling with the bystanders. As for his people, they are remarkably vivid—as types, slightly exaggerated and overcolored (and midland flavored) presentments of the people every city knows: the corrupt and kindly political boss, the corrupt and unkindly lawyer, the corrupt and openly predatory financier or employer of labor, the young beauty unhappily married to the villain and hopelessly loved by the hero—who happens here to be a new industrial Messiah. . . . There is no doubting or missing the genuine and generous emotion for his kind that underlies this fabulist's love of love and scorn of scorn, his frank appeal to what is commonly called sentimentalism. I wish his villain had been less of a bogy-man and his hero less of an elocutionist. Dr. James Nesbit, "Old Linen Pants", the political ruler of Harvey, is the one person in the book who doesn't vaguely remind us of other people in other books —an oldster as delightful as the late David Harum or the later Old Judge Priest of pleasant memory. We view his conversion not without regret.

"The Prestons" conveys us to yet another town of the Middle West, habitat of the Jimmie Preston some of whose amusing adventures have already been recorded by this chronicler. Here he is at the "trying age" of twelve, with all his family about him and more or less at his mercy, a youth whom there are few to praise but a very respectable number to love. This is a book merry and unaffected and wise, the running commentary, one may say, of an "old-fashioned" though not elderly mother, on an episodic year or so of the family experience. The publishers think well of it and ought to, but I don't think their jacket-man (if that is his title) does it justice. "See yourselves and your children", he directs, "and the life they and you live reproduced in print." Very likely much of the charm of the book lies in the fact that it does give some such illusion. But this natural and, if you choose, typical family is rendered in black and white by an artful hand and not merely reproduced by a sort of literary camera. You can't convey or "reproduce" people in print. The human eye and ear that record and transmit like a photographic plate or a dictaphone, are fabulous and impossible. Any real story-teller, whatever special label he may stick on his door, is in some rudimentary sense at least a creator; and he is bound to create in his own image. What he is, he sees; what *he* knows, he tells. If he sees men as trees walking, or as reptiles coldly turning in the slime, or as spirits a little lower than the angels, or as hogs honestly wallowing in their element, or as friends and fellow citizens, or as lovable though fallible companions on the hard road upward—why, there are the people we ought to find moving about freely and intelligibly (as very likely their prototypes in the flesh cannot) in the little world of his fancy. And always their freedom will range within the limits of his own nature and his own vision.

Friends and fellow citizens and likable neighbors are these Prestons of anywhere in America. When our women writers strike the note of domestic life, most of them, of late, seem to make a pretty hard and fast choice between pessimism and voluptuous sentiment or overt humor, not

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to say facetiousness. Not so Mrs. O'Brien (Mary Heaton Vorse), who is able to accept life, even domestic life, with an affectionate and whimsical smile. Her mother of the Prestons is, if you like, an old-fashioned woman. She is satisfied with her place in the sun, not conceivably interested in the economic or other independence of that normal, fairly prosperous, sufficiently intelligent and sympathetic breadwinner and paterfamilias, her husband. They are both too easy-going to be good disciplinarians, and the household rubs along, after the fashion of American households, with a good deal of surface squeaking but no real "trouble" in the working parts. A violent maiden aunt, and a college boy, and a flapper who is trying to wiggle out of her clumsy chrysalis, and a twelve-year-old Jimmie who sees the world, and an old family servant who runs the whole machine, make up the tolerably representative *ménage*. How they rub along, and somehow draw closer to us and to each other in the process, is the substance of this delightful book, a little treasury of feminine humor and insight.

"Real life is so much less artistic than stage or fiction", says the prestidigitator of "Fortune", making a brisk pass with his left hand to distract us from what he is doing with his right. He wishes his readers to feel that they are getting a "realistic" picture of certain aspects of New York life, while regaling them once again with the deathless yarn of the poor youth who wins the princess against all odds. The scene being laid in the land of the free, the princess is naturally an heiress and the poor youth a reporter on "The Evening Planet". As, according to "Who's Who in America", the prestidigitator has been on the staff of the New York "Evening World" for the past quarter-century, we should have no doubt that we are getting the real detail in the newspaper scenes. He has also (see dedication) had his considerable experience of that "half-way" New York we here see at its deadly task of getting along presentably on fifty dollars a week. But he doesn't embody either the newspaper life or the "half-way" life in his book: they are hardly more than handy accessories to this fairy-tale of the young unequal pair who meet, love, marry, are disowned, practise love in a flat, fall out, fall in, and are presently happy ever after. What troubles me personally about stories of this kind—and there is a distinguishable group of metropolitan story-tellers turning them out—is their scrappy and indeterminate character. Because romance and reality are often hard to distinguish, it isn't necessary to make a deliberate hash of them in the name of art—or, (not to take too high ground) in the name of the novel. I sometimes suspect that it isn't deliberate, and that these clever writers, masters of local detail and the local speech, simply don't bother to find out what they intend to do before they begin their lively improvisations. There is no reason why a romance should not be laid in New York City: the "Miss Ingalis" of Gertrude Hall was a recent successful performance of the kind. But why overlay and obscure our work of fancy with patches of realism and stripes of fact?

The author of "A Chance to Live" knew very well what she was trying for: to tell a true story, true to truth and not merely to fact, of that far more than "average" New Yorker, if

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numbers mean anything, whose problem is not (like that of the "half-way" people) how to live presentably, but how to live at all. Little Annie Hargan is the child of decent people who never quite keep up with the game. Her father is a good man and an optimist, always seeing better things ahead, but lacking force or resolution to get on in the world. His wife is a dear and devoted little woman whose courage is gradually crushed by the steady pressure of drudgery and worry about making even the poorest ends meet. Then the father is killed—dies of an injury received in the course of his day's ungrateful work, and, at fourteen, Annie must undertake the rôle of provider. From two dollars a week as a cash-girl she makes her way painfully to the eminence of ten dollars as factory worker—"white goods". A ghastly fire, of which she is one of the few survivors, ends factory work for her. She gets a foothold (six dollars) in an office where at first she feels herself "reborn", a being of another world. She stays there long enough to oust her own devoted aunt from the post of head stenographer (twelve dollars), and to meet the youth who is to be her mate. A decent fellow he is, luckily. Annie nearly loses him because she cannot leave her mother and the children till her nearest sister is able to shoulder them. And after her marriage, when the decent fellow has to learn that market flyers with their easy money not only fail to take the place of hard work but disqualify for it, and Annie has to leave him so that he may learn it once for all, there are narrow moments in the history of the young pair. All this is chronicled with extraordinary fidelity and sympathy.

Toward the very end of the book, I confess, the story-teller seems to me to become a bit confused. She knows how people live, but is not quite sure how things for her particular people should "turn out" in a piece of fiction. There is the road of social theory. Mr. White's young Messiah of industry follows it and, when he finds it crossed by the dead wall of conditions, batters out his life against that wall—the service of protest. Annie and her husband, discovering themselves to be after many years still among the submerged, are tempted to cast in their lot with the protestants and "smash things" at all costs: "If enough people would rebel and make trouble", cries Bernie, "something'd be done, I bet you! Out of 5,700,000 people in New York City, 4,000,000 of them live in tenements like us. If they'd get up and smash things, instead of just standing it, we'd get somewhere." But Annie has another guess. You can't change things by smashing them or yourself: "The way to beat them is to *go with them* till you get somewhere. Then, when you have got somewhere, you can do something to change things." Cheering doctrine: only, experience hints that when the under dog has "got somewhere", he discovers himself to be an upper dog, and isn't so anxious to change things. However, Annie proceeds in the most modern fashion to show her Bernie how he can make himself necessary to his employer and rise from the sad ranks of the four million—by climbing on their shoulders. Whose shoulders are they to climb on, we wonder, in their turn?

Out of the Silences. By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown and Co.

Birth. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Co.

In the Heart of a Fool. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Co.

The Prestons. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni and Liveright.

Fortune. By Albert Payson Terhune. Doubleday Page and Co.

A Chance to Live. By Zoe Beckley. The Macmillan Co.

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MEMOIRS OF THE "FATHER OF PRUSSIAN SPIES"

BY MAX J. HERZBERG

I

A little while ago a Washington dispatch gave a new explanation by the German newspapers of the defeat administered to the Teutons by the Allies. This explanation was to the effect that "Germany had never known how to organize her system of espionage, and that it was to the mistakes made by her secret service that she owed her unpleasant experiences on the western front".

That this admission should have been made by the public organs of what has been called "a nation of spies" is in itself an astounding fact. According to the scathing indictment of one of their own philosophers, Schopenhauer, the Germans are "remarkable for the absolute lack of that feeling which the Latins call 'verecundia'—sense of shame". Herein perhaps lies the explanation of the notorious fact that Germany employed more spies and depended more completely on the information they secured than any other modern nation. In a world more and more anxious to live in peace and harmony, the Teuton systematically planted the seed of suspicion. The secret of German intrigue might have been summed up in a phrase: the fomentation of discontent. The discontent might be political, social, economic—in every instance German agents made it fester, made it malignant. Incidentally, information was conveyed copiously and by innumerable channels to the center of the spider's web—the German military headquarters.

The first German who seems to have conceived the possibilities of espionage on a large scale was Frederick the Great—the tendency among historians lately has been to add "thief" to the latter adjective. He is reported to have said, "I have one cook and a hundred spies". Most of Frederick's spies were employed at the other German courts and in Austria. During the Napoleonic wars Baron von Stein carried out Frederick's ideas in more organized fashion. It is not, however, until we come to the 'forties of the nineteenth century that we reach the true father of the modern German secret service—the person called Wilhelm Johann Carl Eduard Stieber, his monarchical copiousness of cognomens probably being in anticipation of the time when Bismarck was to call him his "king of sleuth-hounds".

Two little-known German works throw considerable light on the character and works of Stieber. The first is called "Die Communisten-Verschwörungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts", and was written in collaboration with another police official, Wermuth of Hanover. It gives an elaborate description of the socialist and communist agitations of the middle of the last century, together with a very full list of members of radical organizations. The purpose is obvious, and no doubt police officials all over Germany blessed Stieber and his colleague for their thoughtfulness in thus providing an exact catalogue of persons on whom it were well—for the

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police of Teuton tyrants—to keep an eye.

The other book, issued in Berlin in 1884, is called "Denkwürdigkeiten des Geheimen Regierungsrathes Dr. Stieber, aus seinen hinterlassenen Papieren bearbeitet", the compiler being Dr. Leopold Auerbach. According to Auerbach, these memoirs were compiled after absolutely free access to the official and private papers of Stieber, and on the condition that he be allowed complete discretion in handling them. As a matter of fact, Auerbach does not go out of his way to eulogize the subject of his memoirs, and incidents are related scarcely to the credit of his "hero". Numerous letters of Stieber are included, various speeches that he made in the course of his career are quoted, and much light is cast on the strange career of the man.

An examination of this career is particularly useful today. No institution can be properly understood except in the light of its origin, and the system of German espionage is significantly illuminated as one goes back to its beginnings in Stieber's day. Here may be found all the elements that dishonored the name of Germany in the lurid illumination of the great war. Stieber first prepared elaborately for the invasion of armies by planting agents years beforehand on the lines of march. He first bought up newspapers in France to sow pacifism, and organized press information in his own land to serve militarism. He first made espionage an integral service, and secured for it in the Reichstag huge budgets. He even had a great part in organizing the Russian secret service, and is hence in a way responsible for the growth of the cancer which the Russian Revolution is today eradicating with such expense of blood and treasure to all the world.

II

Stieber was born May 3, 1818, in the town of Merseburg in Prussia. His father was a minor government official, who later removed to Berlin. He intended that his son should follow the ministry, but the latter chose the law. He became interested in police work, proved his capability, and his first important task took him to Silesia. In 1845 that province of Prussia was the scene of terrible conditions as a result of economic changes and political misrule—how bad the conditions were may be gauged from Hauptmann's oppressive and gloomy drama, "The Weavers", laid in this period. Socialistic agitators consequently found the province receptive to their fulminations against the ruling classes. Stieber was assigned the task of securing sufficient legal proof to convict these agitators.

Under the alias of Wilhelm Schmidt, landscape painter, Stieber went down to Silesia. His investigations led him speedily to one Wurm, a cabinetmaker, and to Schloeffel, a factory owner. Here all accounts grow obscure. Schloeffel was, it seems, his wife's uncle. According to one version Stieber induced Schloeffel to affiliate himself with the conspirators and then denounced him. It is clear, at any rate, that in some way Stieber obtained access to the immediate family circle of Schloeffel, and then used the information he secured in the most treacherous way. When the conspirators were brought to trial, five persons were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment and Wurm to death—the latter sentence, however, was never carried out. Schloeffel was acquitted for lack of evidence. In the later uprisings of 1848 and 1849 he played a

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prominent part, and when the revolution in Germany proved a tragic fiasco, he was obliged—like Hecker, Jacobi, Schurz, and Sigel—to flee to the United States, where he lived for the remainder of his life.

On his return to Berlin Stieber resumed his practice in the criminal courts, and this practice became extraordinarily large. In the five years from 1845 to 1850 he delivered no less than 3,000 court addresses. It might seem a little strange, in a country where age and experience count for so much as in Germany, that so young a lawyer should so suddenly have become a favorite among persons seeking relief in criminal cases. The solution of the mystery is simple. As a result of his earlier connection with the police, Stieber had been given the editorship of the police periodical, with consequent access to all records. He was able, therefore, to look over all the evidence and clues which the police had gathered against his savory clients, and the prosecution, it may be suspected, never sprang a surprise on him in the court-room. The affair finally became so scandalous that Stieber's privileges were abruptly withdrawn, and he was asked to resign his editorship.

Meanwhile, he had obtained thoroughly congenial employment of another kind. He became an *agent provocateur* among the revolutionary clubs of the metropolis. Secretly in the pay of the police and well known to King Frederick William himself, he was one of the most zealous leaders of the Berlin mob. Once in a riot he penetrated close to the king, and assured him in a whisper that he and his agents were taking good care of him. To ingratiate himself with the revolutionists and soothe all suspicion, he even employed his talents as an advocate and defended many of them gratis before the bar of justice. He likewise had the audacity to stand for election to the Prussian Landtag as a liberal candidate, but was defeated.

For some reason Stieber's services to the Prussian government failed of immediate recognition. In 1850, however, as a result of the personal intervention of the king in his behalf, he was appointed *Polizeirath*, with immediate direction of what was called the "Sicherheitspolizei" or "police of safety".

His first important task was a characteristic one. On May 1, 1851, Stieber was made a representative of Prussia at the World's Fair just opened in London. He wasted no time with the wonders of the exposition. His chief concern was with the socialist organization, which at that time made London its center under the leadership of Karl Marx. Stieber complained that the police of London refused to assist him in his "researches", and that such results as he obtained had to be secured through cunning and trickery. He managed, among other things, to get hold of a list of members of the organization, and in this way to discover what Germans at home were affiliated with the movement. With portentous solemnity Stieber records, in his own book on the subject and in the "Memoirs", what the objects of the socialists were. A list is given of places in which organizations had been established, including New York and Philadelphia. After the completion of his investigations in London, Stieber went to Paris for further material. With a large stock of evidence Stieber returned to Germany, and managed to send a considerable number of persons to prison and to cause others to flee the country, many of them to America.

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It is curious to note, in this connection, the constant testimony Stieber pays to the part played by the United States in the endeavors being made at this time to free Germany from tyranny. Thus Stieber and his colleague of Hanover record that "for a long time there has existed in North America, and especially in New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities, a so-called League of Freedom, of purely communistic tendency, the purpose of which is to stir up revolution in all European states, but especially in Germany". This league had an organ, "The Republic of Workmen", and printed books for distribution in Germany. The complaint is made by Stieber, that as more and more Germans emigrated to the United States, persons of "the lower classes made the most erroneous comparisons between the United States and Germany, naturally always unfavorable to the latter". He complains particularly of the invidious comparisons as to the ease with which land might be procured in the United States, the higher wages paid workmen there, etc. German-Americans, he says, were always wanting to alter things in Germany so as to make them more like those in the United States. As for political refugees Stieber maintains:

"For these people there can scarcely be a better land than the United States, since not only is there no obstacle to their activity in that country, but they are able easily to deceive other German immigrants as to conditions in Germany and win their interest for those who are still at home. At the same time it is easy for them to collect money, which in North America is an easy sacrifice, but with which much can be done in Germany." He holds these refugees in America responsible, therefore, for the revolution of March, 1848.

III

At this point occurs a hiatus in Stieber's career. As a result of his efficiency in protecting Frederick William during the riots of 1848, Stieber had acquired a great ascendancy over the emperor. When this obstinate and reactionary monarch began to sink into imbecility and insanity, Stieber began to lose his influence. The regent, later William I, apparently did not relish the Stieberian personality, and it would seem that the spy was never very popular with his immediate superiors in the Prussian bureaus. With the loss of his influence at court, many whose goings to and fro had been reported in minute detail to Frederick, seized the opportunity for revenge. A long series of charges was brought against Stieber, he was attacked bitterly in newspaper articles. The chief defense which Stieber offers for his admitted wrong-doing as a police official is this: "There have been instances where the Minister of Justice himself has caused persons suspected of political offenses to be kept for weeks, even months in jail, without any attempt at obtaining the proper papers and orders from the courts. These persons have thereafter been freed, without any endeavor to institute a complaint or an investigation against them. If the Ministry of Justice has shown that it is not especially strict in observing the laws, can one expect anything more strict from the police?" Stieber was acquitted, but deprived—at least temporarily or so far as the public was aware—of all office.

For five years he lived in obscurity. But he employed this obscurity fittingly enough in deeds of darkness,

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which took the form of the organization of the Russian secret service—in some respects an even more iniquitous institution than the German branch. It should come as no surprise, however, that the same brain conceived both. Stieber first came in contact with the Russian officials in Berlin when they employed him to suppress a scandal that had arisen in connection with the wife of one of the Slav attachés. He proved so useful that his services were further requisitioned. He had a sweeping letter of commission, it would seem. He was not only to search out Russian counterfeiters and law-breakers of the usual sort who had taken refuge in Germany, but he was directed to seek out all "demagogues" and political offenders. For this purpose he organized a large number of agents in Berlin and other cities, and police officials everywhere in Germany were ordered to place themselves at the disposition of Stieber in all that concerned Russian affairs. At least as early as this time, then, must have begun that intimate connection between the Russian secret service and the Prussian government. One can well imagine that little of interest which Stieber discovered as a Russian agent failed to reach the ears of that other person—Stieber, the Prussian agent. In the 'sixties of the last century the Hohenzollerns were already laying the foundations of that system by which Soukhomlinoff and Lenine have betrayed civilization to their German masters in our days.

IV

In 1863 came the turning point in Stieber's career and a new phase in his activities. Hitherto he had been engaged in the first of the two great tasks of the Prussian regime—the suppression of democratic tendencies. Hereafter he was to be chiefly occupied with the other task—the further extension of Prussian territory. In the autumn of 1863 a friend of Stieber's who was the founder of the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung"—appropriately named Brass—introduced him to Bismarck. The latter gave him no open official position for a while, but occupied him in various ways. As 1866 approached and brought nearer the war with Austria, Stieber was assigned the duty of preparing for the invasion of Bohemia by supplying Bismarck with complete topographical information. Accordingly, Stieber himself made a tour of the country, disguised as a pedler, his wares, it is said, being cheap religious statuary and indecent pictures. It is said further that the data he collected were so accurate as to have astounded Moltke himself. During the war itself Stieber accompanied the Prussian armies as head of a new type of police. Stieber called his force "political police", and distinguished them carefully from the ordinary military guards.

At first the object of this special police was merely to guard the person of the king and the higher state officials, against whom attempts at assassination were constantly being made. But with the approval of Bismarck, Stieber widely extended his field of operations. He undertook to thwart enemy spies in the neighborhood of the Great Headquarters—what is today called counter-espionage. He established, furthermore, control over letters and telegrams. He deemed it his function, morever, to control the printing-press and newspaper correspondence from the front. Finally, one of his duties was to support the morale of the fighting forces by pro-

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viding information concerning the enemy and conditions in Austria. In these functions of Stieber during 1866 one has a picture in little of what the German government has undertaken since his time.

It is a sign of the diabolic intelligence of Stieber that he was among the earliest to recognize the immense importance of the periodical press. He had himself in his youth contributed to newspapers, and he seems in general to have been rather friendly with the publishers and editors of what Bismarck called "the reptile press". While the peace negotiations with Austria were still proceeding in the late summer of 1866, Stieber laid before Bismarck a plan for the further extension of police functions. This plan involved the foundation of a Central Information Bureau, and when created it was placed under the direction of Stieber—now, incidentally, a Privy Councilor. As the "Memoirs" state, "Under this unobtrusive title worked for many years an institute which undertook innumerable political tasks, the effect of which extended far beyond the bounds of a mere press bureau". Stieber watched carefully newspapers in all lands, with the object of discovering those that were hostile to Prussia. Such newspapers were minutely investigated, and the endeavor was made to find the "motives" that animated the writers of anti-Prussian articles. For the latter purpose Stieber placed a great number of agents in foreign countries, especially France and England.

In 1867 Stieber likewise interfered with the attempt of the Reuter Press Bureau to found branches in Germany. Even before Stieber's time the Prussian government had recognized the significance of telegraphic news, and in order to be sure that the German people had the journalistic pabulum that their official guardians deemed suitable for them, the Wolff Bureau had been founded under the direction of Dr. B. Wolff. Consequently, when the Reuter Bureau sought to establish telegraph offices at Berlin and Frankfort, permission was withheld. In the first place, the Reuter Bureau refused to give any guarantee that they would handle news in a way friendly to the Prussian government; and in the second place, fear was entertained that the Wolff Bureau would not be able to sustain a contest with so powerful a competitor.

The Reuters sought to evade the Prussian government by founding an ostensibly independent agency called the "Telegraphic Bureau for North Germany". But Stieber discovered the deceit, and the bureau shortly was obliged to cease its activities.

Among the states that gave Stieber particular trouble at this time was Hanover, recently annexed but not completely digested even at this day. Among documents confiscated by him was an historical sketch of exceedingly great interest just now. This sketch took a survey of the past and present of Germany. Throughout the survey this principle was emphasized: the separation of the German races into numerous political states was the healthiest state for Germany and the most natural. The sketch maintained: "Prussia is the common enemy of all. An alliance of all small nations with France for the common purpose of breaking the power of Prussia, to throw it back over the Elbe as Napoleon did, is an essential duty if we wish to continue to exist. It is still possible to fulfill this duty as long as the newly acquired territories of Prussia are yet unassimilated, as long as there exists in them, especially in

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Hanover, an energetic opposition. But when a number of years have passed, this opposition will grow constantly weaker, just as has happened in the other lands that this state of the Hohenzollerns has acquired." The memorial closes with these words: "There is only one cure for this frightful evil. That cure is the restoration of the equilibrium of Europe by the destruction of the Hohenzollern state. That is the task not only of France, but of all the smaller powers that see a protector in France, and that watch with anxiety and fear the increasing might of Prussian militarism. They all have a common interest." Surely these are prophetic words. For the suppression of this and similar literature Stieber received a special reward, he tells us —a gratification from the Foreign Ministry of two hundred thalers.

V

Germany, too, realized that France was the state toward which many of the smaller nations were looking, even France under the Empire. So preparations for war on France went forward rapidly, and in them Stieber bore an increasing part. At this time Prussia was already spending over a quarter of a million dollars on its secret service. With this sum at his command, Stieber appointed a great number of spies within the proposed invasion zones, using Brussels, Geneva, and Lausanne as directing centers. His spies consisted of several classes. There were, first, German farmers, whose immigration into France was "assisted", and who were made to locate along the probable route of advance of the German armies. Then German women of the lower and not too fastidious classes were placed as barmaids and cashiers in public places, or as servants in soldiers' canteens. Many hundreds of domestics were told to find employment in the homes of members of the official and professional classes. Finally, numerous retired non-commissioned officers were found commercial positions at important points in the country. It is said that Stieber boasted that he had placed 40,000 spies in France, and that it was due to him at least as much as to Moltke that the war had been won.

In November, 1869, Stieber went to Paris, to secure details as to the chassepot and the mitrailleuse. His information being "satisfactory", he proceeded to Switzerland, to confer with other agents. Thence he returned to Berlin and assumed his position as director of the field police, which was mobilized at the end of July, 1870. His immediate personnel consisted of thirty-one officials and 157 subordinates.

As the victorious Prussian army moved farther and farther into France, the intimacy between Bismarck and Stieber increased apace. In a letter to his wife, Stieber chronicles an evening they spent together. There were five of them in a miserable peasant's hut, he says; and Bismarck made coffee himself. After a while the others left, and Bismarck and Stieber held confidential chat. "We went over our whole past together", writes the sleuth proudly, "and I was very candid, as he was too. He closed with the words, 'Just see what a country junker can become, who once had all the world as his foe'. I believe we shall never give Alsace and Lorraine back again. I must confess that was the most interesting evening of my whole life. Our conversation is, perhaps, a matter of world history." Truly the spirit of history, hovering over this drama of candor, might well have recorded in greater detail this dialogue between

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Bismarck, who boasted that he had once told the truth just because no one had expected it, and Stieber, the spy that skulked before kings.

Perhaps if the story of the Franco-Prussian War had been a little better known, there might have been less surprise at the conduct of the Prussian soldiery in the World War. Writing from Pont-à-Mousson, the scene of the great American offensive of September 12, 1918, Stieber remarks, "I have received orders to act here with the greatest severity and disregard of consequences. Yesterday in the village of Gorze a French peasant fired upon a wagon conveying some wounded Prussian soldiers. As it happened, two of the wounded men were able to walk; they jumped into the house and seized the fellow. He was hanged to the house by a cord around his arm, and then killed slowly with 34 bullets." In other letters from the same town Stieber tells how the land has been desolated, adding as comment, "We Germans are such good-humored fellows, it is frightfully difficult for us to act severely".

The final act came when Faure arrived to beg peace. Bismarck had Stieber act as his host—Faure, of course, did not know that his every act was under observation, and that his papers were systematically examined. Stieber began to think of home. He was not long delayed, receiving the coveted Iron Cross meanwhile for his services.

After the war Stieber continued to suppress all democratic movements and to guard William I and Bismarck against assassination. He suppressed so many attempts that a suspicion arose that he had stopped with one hand what he had started with the other. He died in 1882 at Berlin of arthritis.

Leopold Auerbach. Denkwürdigkeiten des Geheimen Regierungsrathes Dr. Stieber. Berlin, 1884. Verlag von Julius Engelmann.

Wermuth Und Wilhelm Stieber: Die Communisten-Verschwörungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Berlin, 1853. Druck von A. W. Hayn.

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REALISTS AND ORATORS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

William Butler Yeats has drawn an interesting distinction between the artist and his fellows. With fine simplicity he declares:

> The rhetorician would deceive his neighbors,
> The sentimentalist himself; while art
> Is but a vision of reality.

So when Amy Lowell prefaces her latest volume of polyphonic prose by the statement that she has based her form "upon the long, flowing cadence of oratorical prose", it is no matter for wonder that she achieves the exaltation of oratory rather than the intensity of poetry. For all the enormity of her ambition (she brushes in an epoch on a page, unveils a giant in a phrase), for all the splendor of her imagery and the richness of her tonal color, her work retains this rhetorical quality. Both oratory and music are based on a more exact science than is poetry. And it is the relation of poetry to these arts that engages Miss Lowell. In the sense that all art is experiment, she is supremely an artist. But she seems always the scholar in the laboratory, rather than the poet in the grip of his emotion.

Truly, her experiments in this book are magnificent. "Sea-blue and Blood-red" is almost as brilliant as its title. "Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings" is a fascinating juxtaposition of "the delicacy and artistic clarity of Japan and the artistic ignorance and gallant self-confidence of America". But "The Bronze Horses" is the author's herculean *tour de force,* with its colored chiaroscuro of Cæsarian Rome, the Venice of Campo Formio, the Italia Irredenta clamor of 1915. "Can Grande's Castle" is a place for communion with historic ghosts; it holds open doors to age-long vistas. But one is often able to step quietly out of the picture, to lose the intimate excitement; in one's pleasure in the orator's gorgeous periods to forego the "vision of reality" which is the essence of poetry.

Distinguished by its utter divorce from academic and foreign influences is the work of Carl Sandburg. "Cornhuskers" is a wonderfully stronger achievement than "Chicago Poems". Here Sandburg says the things he only strove for in his earlier volume. The same emotions stir him, the same brooding vision of the laborious human struggle and of nature's large, silent indifference. The same slow, resurgent rhythms, with their sudden sharp pauses, prevail. Rhyme, and the sense of color which seems to accompany it, are equally absent. But his perceptions are sharper, his expressiveness is at once larger and less verbose. One reiterated note is struck, but how differently, in "Prairie", the fine opening poem, and in "Grass". Sings the Prairie:

> I am here when the cities are gone.
> I am here before the cities come.
> I nourished the lonely men on horses.
> I will keep the laughing men who ride iron.
> I am dust of men.

Says Grass:

> Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
> Shovel them under and let me work—
> I am the grass; I cover all.

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And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.

Sandburg is a Verhaeren of contemporary America. This does not mean that he has the same mastery of his art as the Belgian poet: but that as Verhaeren saw the raw stuff of which the life of Belgium is made, and with the passion of his vision made it ours, so Sandburg contemplates the American people, the simplicities and crudities of their common life; so he sees the waving cornfields, the black smokestacks of America, and the thronged mobs, moving and passing ever, ever renewed; and this vision compels him also to sympathetic and powerful utterance.

Sandburg's strength owes much to his commanding interest in the homely and familiar (even though that may include battle and death and famine). Tagore's work largely lacks, for us, this pleasure of recognition. Yet in "Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering", recently reprinted in one volume, with illustrations by Hindu artists, one finds, as it were, the reverse of Sandburg's medallion:

Have you not heard his silent steps?
He comes, comes, ever comes.

But for Tagore it is not the generations of men or the grass that are renewed. Rather is it the spiritual Lover who returns eternally in endless manifestations.

This aspect of Hindu thought has been so frequently presented to us that there is a kind of shock in the discovery of Hindu poems whose derivation is frankly from Whitman and Browning, whose gospel is not surrender but conquest, whose God is not love but energy. Professor Sarkar is known as the author of various books on Hindu politics and science, and on comparative culture. It is curious that his verse should have an accent of propaganda lacking in his prose, and always disavowed by the author. It is again this oratorical effect that saps the power of his mood. He, too, celebrates the conquering grass, because therein Whitman saw "the vital impulse of the universe". He proclaims Browning's "Paracelsian word". But poetry is to him an alien and difficult tongue.

However differently directed, a similarly moralistic strain is sounded by Walter Prichard Eaton. His are sane hatreds. One cannot fail to be stirred by the memory of the German soldiers' betrayal of the Russian Revolution. There is hot blood in the poet's cry against making "a virtue of intolerance". And "The True Tragedy" has a memorable bitterness. But the difficulty of writing ethical poetry has not been overcome since Milton made a hero of Lucifer. Eaton's best work is put into his amoral verses; his fine etchings of New England landscapes, "echoes", some of them, of Robert Frost, his passionate gesture toward a moment's fugitive beauty.

Perhaps because his subjectivity is not confined to personal experience, Stephen Vincent Benét captures more than "a tremulous murmur from great days long dead". His is authentically a book of young adventure. He dreams with Keats in the drug-shop at Edmonton, he dines in a quick-lunch room, or paints a gorgeous, fatal, papal feast with equal ardor. There is more than a murmur of Browning in this latter poem, but it is yet a consummate thing, and full of unexpected lyrism. The courage and challenging

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irony of youth are the chief features of his verse. As a psychological study, no less than as vivid poetry, "The Breaking Point" is remarkable. So, too, is the shocking realism of "Young Blood". The poet has, moreover, a pungent vocabulary and a nice sense of form. "The Hemp" is a splendidly dramatic ballad, and in his "Elegy for an Enemy" he has used the metrical scheme of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" with fine effectiveness. An example of exquisite humor is the charming "Portrait of a Baby".

Whimsicality is one of the earmarks of Robert Graves. His "Fairies and Fusiliers" has not infrequently the eeriness of de la Mare and the grace of Hodgson. But Graves has his own quality, vigorous and fine. Seeing this book, one wonders why he did not choose to print more representative things in the Oxford anthology of a year or two ago. The vigor of "An Old Twenty-Third Man" is matchless, from its opening,—

> From the sad magic of his fragrant cup
> The red-faced old centurion started up,

to the startling close,—

> The Legion is the Legion while Rome stands,
> And these same men before the autumn's fall
> Shall bang old Vercingetorix out of Gaul.

Utterly different, but full of delicious realism is "Careers". Graves has a piquant sympathy for the pangs and thrills of children. "A Child's Nightmare" is terrifying. So after another fashion is, "I Wonder What It Feels Like to Be Drowned". There are quite as many fairies as fusiliers in this book, and both are uncommon and enchanting.

Mary Carolyn Davies's book of war verse is usual and sentimental. Nowhere does she strike the rousing note which one was wont to find in her brief lyrics. She makes an appeal to easy popularity, and nowhere fulfils the promise of her earlier work. She is the sentimentalist, deceiving herself.

Indeed, Yeats's definition of the artist's function is borne out by all these books of verse. The most significant are those which envision reality, be it the reality of the American prairies, of pristine marble Rome, or of youth's undaunted romantic curiosity. "Reality", says McClure, "is a choice of values." It is one thing for the scientist, engaged with elements which disrupt the universe of the practical man. It is another thing for the poet. But for each it is something intensely seen, profoundly realized, something so expressed as to hint at new values, perhaps not yet fully apprehended.

Can Grande's Castle. By Amy Lowell. The Macmillan Co.
Cornhuskers. By Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt and Co.
Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co.
The Bliss of a Moment. By Benoy Kumar Sarkar. The Gorham Press.
Echoes and Realities. By Walter Prichard Eaton. George H. Doran Co.
Young Adventure. By Stephen Vincent Benêt. Yale University Press.
Fairies and Fusiliers. By Robert Graves. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Drums in Our Street. By Mary Carolyn Davies. The Macmillan Co.

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RUSSIA THROUGH WOMEN'S EYES

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

Now that the immediate question of allied success need no longer be uppermost in our minds, we have leisure for more than a troubled and hasty glance at conditions prevailing in Topsy-turvydom: that is to say, in Russia. There are books at hand, written by courageous souls who have dashed into the midst of the Russian confusion, jotted down a few notes, and dashed out again, lighter in avoirdupois and less complacent in spirit. These books make fascinating reading, even though they do not always set our puzzled minds at rest. After a session with them, we hold our heads and murmur, "Can such things be?" They seem like wild revelings of the imagination, which out-Vathek "Vathek" and out-nightmare "Nightmare Abbey". We find within them an amazing picture of artlessness and intrigue; of pitiful trust and greed the cruelest; of innocence, vice, and idealism; and of brutality unendurable.

It is a noteworthy fact that a large number of those who have written of the present situation in Russia are women. The modern woman does not shrink from physical hardships, and her imagination overleaps hunger and cold and danger when she sees an issue at stake. Moreover, this is pre-eminently the age of woman in revolt; and whoever has the courage to rebel against oppression, in actuality or only in spirit, is an object of intense interest to women in general. Any attempt, however bungling, to right a social wrong wins from them a throb of sympathy, even when their better judgment disapproves both method and result. At least they want to see what is being done, and what it portends. They want to have a close view of it, and discover what it bears of hope for those in bondage. This strongly developed social sense in the best type of modern women explains the way in which they have responded to the appeal of Russia in revolution.

Four books of recent printing which afford more or less clear views of Russia in and after the revolutions of March and November (1917) are: "The Red Heart of Russia", by Bessie Beatty; "Six Red Months in Russia", by Louise Bryant; "Behind the Battle Line", by Madeleine Z. Doty; and "The City of Trouble", by Meriel Buchanan. The first two of these women authors are reporters; Miss Doty is a well-known investigator and writer on social problems; and Miss Buchanan is the daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador to Russia.

Miss Beatty entered Russia in June, when the glory of the revolt against absolutism was still unfaded, and before treachery and rapacity had sullied the brightness of freedom. "Revolution", she says, "was to every man the sum of his desires. The heavy heart of Russia lifted in a mighty shout of joy: 'Svoboda (Freedom)! We are free!'" All good was predicted. A Slav millennium seemed at hand. But soon the mutterings of the disgruntled began to disturb the air; already the insidious whisper of German propaganda was suggesting a separate peace. Kerensky, it is true, was still

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in power, and the Provisional Government was urging the honor of Russia to stand by the Allies, and to fight on to a glorious end. But Teutonism was stronger than the honor of Russia. The Bolshevik rising came in July, when the cries of "Down with the capitalists!" "Immediate peace!" and "Land to the peasants!" echoed through the streets of Petrograd, and machine guns strewed an indiscriminate hail of death upon all those who ventured forth. Miss Beatty tells with great vividness the story of the rise of the proletariat and their dictatorship, in which the mighty were brought down and the low exalted to power. She shows how the established order collapsed, with the red flag waving above it—the red flag which was supposed to stand for brotherhood but which was becoming more and more a symbol of mere bloodshed and ruin. The author recounts her tale with dignity and skill, and with a strong sense of the dramatic as well as the historic value of the events which she chronicles. She lays bare the sad futility of the best Russian idealism, and the vileness of the Brest-Litovsk betrayal. We could wish that she had put a stronger emphasis on the sinister implications of Bolshevism; but on the whole her book is illuminating and instructive.

Miss Bryant's book, though of the same nature as Miss Beatty's, is written with something less of literary art, but with more of an attempt at explaining the various forces at work in the chaos of fallen Russia—the rise and decline of parties and counter-revolutionary groups. After a few chapters, we begin (like the famous reader of "Sordello") to suspect that we are losing our minds, for the intricacies of plot within plot baffle all comprehension; however, Miss Bryant relieves our tension by remarking that even though she was on the spot, following the political situations as closely as was humanly possible, she herself failed to understand them. We then resign ourselves to bewilderment, and shudder and thrill over picturesque events which require less mental effort than the elucidation of conspiracies. The author's account of striking incidents such as the fall of the Winter Palace and the "Red Burial" is admirably done; and she deals satisfyingly with the women soldiers, and with conditions among women and children in general, as well as with celebrated characters like Catherine Breshkovsky and Marie Spirodonova. She seems, nevertheless, too much in sympathy with Bolshevism, or at least not sufficiently impressed with its madness and its savagery. She departed from Russia, in fact, as a courier for the Bolsheviki, and transacted business for them in Stockholm. This is little to her credit. It is only fair to say in excuse that her dealings with terrorism took place before its full shame had been manifested. Since that time, its callousness has become apparent, and its systematic starvation of the bourgeoisie, so called; its wanton rioting in blood has been uncovered, and its hiring of Letts and Chinamen to carry on its slaughter.

Miss Doty's book is frankly about women, and we wish it might be longer. The author went around the world in 1918, to see what the women of the various nations were doing and thinking in the days of the Great War. Seven of her thirteen chapters are given to Russia. She writes in a curiously clipped and fragmentary style, but she never fails to make her point. It is evident that she perceives the menace of Bolshevism more clearly than the other two authors who have

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just been mentioned; and she gives an edifying chapter to the machinations of the Germans in Petrograd. The women of Russia she characterizes as the comrades of men. There is no feminist group. "Women have not struggled for their own emancipation. Their fight has been the man's fight, their life the man's life. . . The Russian woman is a man in petticoats." She has shared with man the good and evil which he has wrought. She will share in the upbuilding of what has been pulled down. One thing which Miss Doty says is of special significance in these days of uncertainty with regard to our American policy toward Russia: "Whatever we think about the Bolsheviki, whether we believe them all good or all bad, we must let them work out their own salvation. . . Little by little, Russia will right itself. Given freedom and a chance to breathe, she will stabilize and grow strong." Let us hope that the faith of Miss Doty is not misplaced. At any rate, she has written a most inspiring and beautiful book, filled with an earnest spirit of charity and helpfulness.

Miss Buchanan in "The City of Trouble" gives a chronological account of what took place during the wild days of the two revolutions. Her outlook was from inner diplomatic circles. There is a fine atmosphere about the book. The background of the old city is always there, with its exotic glamor and the savor of Orientalism. With the roll of events goes the succession of seasons—color and gloom, heat and frigidity, dust and snow. Little every-day occurrences, which tell so much, are coupled with class-wars and cataclysms. More intensely than the other three women whose books have been discussed, Miss Buchanan brings out the anarchy which swept the city. Perhaps her position gave her a greater repugnance toward and less sympathy with the destructive type of socialism, under whatever name. She forces us to see the mockery of government which made pretense of ruling, and the dirt and chaos, the thievery and assassination which abounded. She shows us a city like one of prophecy, "where the abomination which maketh desolate is set up".

These four books, all excellent in their individual ways, give the Russian situation from four different angles. That situation changes from day to day, and no one in this country rightly knows what goes on in the darkness of Russia or what will come out of it. But if we read what these women have, with their best endeavors, put before us, we shall be the better prepared to understand the revelation when it comes.

The Red Heart of Russia. By Bessie Beatty. The Century Co.

Six Red Months in Russia. By Louise Bryant. George H. Doran Company.

Behind the Battle Line. By Madeleine Z. Doty. The Macmillan Co.

The City of Trouble. By Meriel Buchanan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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TRAGEDIES OF AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

About eight o'clock on the evening of August 25, 1914, a German soldier applied the torch to the building of the library of the University of Louvain, in Belgium. On the morning of the next day the smoking ruins covered the burned fragments of nine hundred and twenty manuscripts—among them many dating back to the twelfth century, including one entirely in the handwriting of the famous Thomas à Kempis—together with more than 200,000 books and other priceless literary and art treasures. Only one book, borrowed from the university library by Professor Leon Van der Essen, now a refugee from Belgium, was saved and is safely buried in a garden "somewhere in Belgium".

To the literary collector, this event is comparable only with the burning of the Alexandrine Library. It is one of the tragedies of autograph collecting. What has happened in other Belgian and French cities occupied by the Germans we do not yet know. How much has been saved by looting is still to be determined. War is a great destroyer of manuscripts and autographs, yet the destruction of historical and literary treasures which follows in its wake is, after all, not to be compared with that which goes on continually in peace and war times alike. Such incidents as the burning of the Louvain Library, the Warsaw Library, and the private autograph collection of Professor R. W. Gibbes of Columbia, South Carolina, in our own Civil War, are spectacular because they are wholesale and wanton. The destruction that goes on day by day of valuable letters and documents is incomparably greater. Losses of men in battle are minimized when compared with the number of deaths from natural causes in civil life.

The story of lost manuscripts is a long one. When the unknown author of the Book of Esther, in the Old Testament, had told the story of the favorite of King Ahasuerus, he asked, regarding the acts of his power and his might, "Are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Media and Persia?" Perhaps they may have been, but if so, the book in which they were written appears to have gone out with the greatness of Media and Persia. Literary Russia today is sealed to us, but one can imagine the peril in which is placed the oldest known manuscript of the New Testament in Greek, saved from destruction by mere chance some seventy-five years ago. Well preserved in spite of its 1,500 years of age, it was the chief treasure of the Czar's library in Petrograd, rescued by Constantine Tischendorf from a basket of parchment leaves on their way to the fire in a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai.

What blunderers we mortals be! In our efforts to conserve paper we destroy it. The high price of paper is bringing to the paper-mills tons upon tons of manuscripts and letters which have a value quite apart from that registered in pounds avoirdupois. The Civil War, with a similar situation

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sent to the paper-mills manuscripts which might have contributed to the history of our country's past. George Brinley, more canny than most collectors of his generation, went through New England gathering up "old paper" but wisely assorted it before sending the worthless material to the paper-mill, with the result that he secured a library of Americana which at its dispersal in 1878 attracted the attention of all book and manuscript collectors and incidentally netted his estate a considerable fortune. Even today books from this sale come up in auctions to change hands at many times their cost to the purchasers at the Brinley sale. To compare their present values with the prices for which the Hartford collector secured them would be to insult the intelligence of collectors.

It was once the fashion to sneer at the autograph collector. Today the collectors form such an army that he is brave, not to say foolhardy, who would attempt to break a lance with the man who saves old letters. Autograph collectors are no longer satisfied with mere signatures—although these, too, have a place in the world and deserve a better fate than mastication in the paper-mill vat—nor are they of the gullible nature of the famous M. Chasles, the French savant, who bought a letter from Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalene, on paper bearing the Angoulême watermark and written in neat French. Collectors may be occasionally deceived—as the late John S. Kennedy, who paid large sums for spurious Burns manuscripts which he presented to the Lenox Library—but the great rank and file of autograph collectors are careful and painstaking, and feel that they are doing a public service when they rescue from the paper-mill ephemeral documents and letters of historic interest, in direct defiance of the government's injunctions to send paper to the manufacturers—injunctions printed on one side of the paper only and sent broadcast by the millions of copies, under the ægis of the Department of Commerce.

It is easy to cite instances of the saving of valuable manuscripts by the collector, and the story of salvage is like a romance. Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, who wrote the history of the "Raigne of Henry III" in 1627, derived much of his material from old deeds and charters which he collected with zeal and care. A pioneer in this good service, to his zeal, so the story goes, is due the preservation of England's most valuable manuscript. It is related, and similar experiences give plausibility to the tale, that he was passing a tailor's shop when he saw the knight of the needle about to cut up a parchment on which were a number of seals. Stopping the tailor in his destructive enterprise, he purchased for fourpence the document, which proved to be nothing less than the Magna Charta, which now reposes in a glass case in the British Museum, its seals a formless mass of wax and the writing almost wholly illegible. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's recovery of his manuscript from his wife's grave seven years after her interment has a gruesome sound; Coventry Patmore's rescue of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" from an irate landlady at his former lodgings, Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical", rewritten from memory, are classic examples of masterpieces given to the world after being seemingly lost. Only recently the indictment of Aaron Burr was added to the national collections by a happy discovery in the law library of the

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United States court at Richmond, Virginia. The story of how Israel K. Tefft of Savannah (while visiting a client), during a walk on the lawn with Button Gwinnett, the rarest of the signers of the Declaration, found at his feet an autograph letter of Thomas Lynch, is too well known to be repeated. However much this pioneer autograph collector in this country may be honored for his enterprise, present-day collectors are inclined to question why he did not investigate further that reported bundle of papers from the rooms once occupied by Lynch, out of which the treasure-trove was wafted by the wind to his pockets.

Every year there comes into the auction room some old letter or document that gives a new view of accepted history. The confidential papers of Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution—dispersed at auction in Philadelphia last season—were full of letters which showed the loyalty of Washington's friends and the true character of those who, through malice and envy, attempted for their own selfish ends to sow the seeds of discord among the masses of patriots. These papers, now valued as they should be, were for many years hidden among the papers of the late Mrs. Edward Waln of Philadelphia, granddaughter of the financier, whose mother, Mrs. Nixon, made the statement that "many of my father's letters have been destroyed". One wonders naturally whether the papers thus lost to the world were of equal importance with those which brought thousands of dollars in the Philadelphia sale.

Some fifteen years ago the magnificent collection of prints belonging to T. Harrison Garrett of Baltimore was loaned in its entirety to the Library of Congress for purposes of study and for exhibition. On February 5 the entire collection, which had been stored in the building of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company of Baltimore, was transferred to Washington. Two days later the place of storage was wiped out in the great Baltimore fire.

These, however, are not the tragedies of autograph collecting. The tragedies begin when we think of the valuable material which has been irretrievably lost. A burned paper is resolved into ash and carbonic oxide, although its face might have borne the inspiring message of the Declaration of Independence. Proximity to an event sometimes dwindles it into the commonplace. The descendants of John Smith, after reading through part of a bundle of old letters written home by their Revolutionary ancestor, and finding nothing but trivialities and memoranda of unpaid bills, may decide that the remainder are of like tenor and consign the whole to the flames, not knowing that John Smith was an eye-witness to the execution of Major André and the surrender of Cornwallis, and had written home a lively account of those incidents, giving details now unknown. What is the attitude of the autograph collector of today toward Dickens, who one day in the 'sixties made a bonfire in his garden at Gad's Hill of all the letters written to him for many years, saying that he had seen scandalous use made of the letters of prominent men, and he intended to save such reputations as had been left in his hands? What riddles of literature might have been solved, had those letters remained in existence!

Ignorance cannot be pleaded as an excuse in law. In the case of the destroyer of valuable letters and manuscripts it seems to serve as an ample

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defense. Charitably it may be regarded as an extenuating circumstance, but the punishment fitting the crime is to let the vandal know the enormity of his offense. An expert in such matters was recently called to appraise the library of the heir of a distinguished general in the Civil War, a man who had held the highest honors in his own state, and who, as a writer of local history, had preserved a considerable amount of manuscript material, besides his own letters. The appraiser looked over the books and estimated their valuation. When he had concluded he said to the heir:

"Now there were some papers and the general's own correspondence, of course. Where are they?"

"Oh, there was nothing of any consequence. He had a lot of local papers which he used in getting up the history. I suppose all they contained is in the book."

"But his own papers and letters, where are they?"

"Oh, there was nothing there but personal letters written to him by Lincoln, Grant and other people during the Civil War. I don't suppose there was anything of much consequence except perhaps the Lincoln letters. You see, he had some confidential relations with the President—I don't know just what. I rather wish I had saved the Lincoln letters."

"What!"

"Well, you see, there was so much stuff—a whole trunkful—and we are going away, and I had one of the neighbors take it away and burn it all up yesterday."

That is all. What the papers contained no one will ever know, but that their value was greater than that of the whole library is not to be questioned by the appraiser. If the case were exceptional, there would be no moral to this tale, but it is not exceptional. With the growing interest in the history of our country, an interest which should be stimulated and fostered in every way, the collection and preservation of the material for local history becomes an important duty. In thousands of homes there lie buried in old attic trunks many thousands of letters which shed an important light on the times in which the writers lived. Old ledgers, commonplace books, interleaved almanacs—these are things of value, and their rescue from oblivion is the work of the autograph collector. A little leaflet sent out by the superintendent of the New Hampshire Historical Society, calling upon old families to present to that state repository any old books or manuscripts which might lie forgotten and unvalued in their attics, brought to the institution a vast amount of junk and also no small amount of valuable local historical material.

The late Adrian H. Joline of New York was a purchaser of wholesale lots from dealers, of letters of men whose autographs were thought worthy of preservation in their day. Mr. Joline used much of this material to excellent advantage in the extra-illustration of books. Incidentally he looked up the records of the writers, and found joy in enlarging his store of biographical knowledge. Higher-priced autograph letters he bought, too, and his books on autographs contain a mass of entertaining material. Furthermore, his researches often brought him in contact with new points of view about matters on which historians had written with finality. But the point is that he thus preserved material which is increasingly valuable. His example is not without parallel, and the autograph collectors who are today

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gathering up this flotsam and jetsam of the past will find their compensation in the joy of doing a worthy thing, while their descendants, who possibly may turn the collector's industry into the medium of exchange, will rise up and call them blessed.

George Parker Winship, the scholarly librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library at Harvard, once pointed out to the graduates of a library school that what are known as "collectors' " books are the volumes which possess individuality and have an artificial, but not on that account an unreal value. Such books may exist in the smallest public library. The John Crerar Library of Chicago is the only place in this country where specimens of early Chinese printing may be seen, but this would interest fewer people in the Harlem Branch of the New York Public Library than the first thing printed in that river settlement. The point is well taken, and it does not apply to books alone. The resident of a country village who is unfamiliar with Izaak Walton would treasure less the last will and testament of that gentle fisherman than he would the document making final disposition of the property of the town's first settler or mayhap its only "great man". The present growing interest in the history of the early West is a hopeful sign. What person among Daniel Boone's contemporaries, with the exception of the one to whom it was given, would have paid sixpence, in the year 1788, for a deed of land in Marysville, Kentucky, signed by Boone? Yet the document brought eleven dollars at the dispersal of Mr. Joline's autographs three years ago, and cannot be bought now for more than that sum. In every town and city there lie buried hundreds of similar old papers of equal value—yet for every one in existence scores have been destroyed by careful housewives during the agonizing period of "housecleaning".

It would seem as though, in these days of autograph collecting, everyone would be awake to the importance of the historical and literary material which is daily consigned to the fire or the paper-mill. Yet the collectors are still in a minority, and only the collector or the antiquarian is competent to judge of the value of material, and that, too, from a distance. The treasure rooms of our great libraries harbor hundreds and thousands of documents, broadsides and other ephemeras which, having been idly perused by the persons for whom they were intended, were thrown into the rubbish heap. It is time to stop this waste, and while the scarcity of print paper is to be deplored, let us not attempt to wash out greenbacks to provide white paper, or give old lamps for new with a prodigal disregard of the consequences.

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NINE POINTS ABOUT READING

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

1. It is not part of my scheme to advise on the choice of books. Although I have aforetime courageously committed this dangerous indiscretion, I have always been of opinion that it is possible to attach a great deal too much importance to the selection of the books one reads. Some people spend so vast an amount of energy on choosing books that they have none left to read them. They are so afraid lest they should read something not quite first-rate, not wholly approved of by the highest authorities, that they are apt to die off before they have settled down to actual reading.

2. To read a second-rate book well is better than to read a first-rate book badly.

3. A persistent reader will ultimately "come into his own". I think of a persistent reader as a homing pigeon thrown up in a strange place. He rises and surveys the circle within his vision. If he doesn't see what he wants, he goes forward out of that circle until another circle is beneath his eyes. If again he doesn't see what he wants he returns to the original point and begins afresh in a new direction, until at length he perceives a landmark that appeals to his soul. The rest is easy.

4. To obtain reliable information about the relative values of old books, established books, respectable books, is not difficult. The bibliographies given nowadays in most encyclopædias are, for instance, a sufficient guide to a commencing student. Chambers's "Cyclopædia of Literature" offers fairly complete information concerning the worth of everything that has achieved any sort of a niche in English literature. And as an example of a book giving advice about studies not always exclusively literary I may mention Mr. J. J. Robertson's excellent "Courses of Study". And there are scores and scores of manuals that weigh books of a certain age in a balance. It is the man bent upon reading new books, books which have not yet been sorted and ticketed, whose path is not so smooth.

5. There is no patent, simplified method of hitting upon the few good books concealed in the immense output of the year. They do not bear a special mark recognizable by the initiated. You can only consult your librarian, and do as your librarian does—that is, read the reviews. I have often been interested at the carelessness, in the matter of review-scanning, of eager and convinced readers. Many readers have I known who were genuinely anxious to "keep abreast" of the best modern stuff, but who took no steps to be reasonably sure of getting the best modern stuff. Perhaps they expected to be wakened in the mornings by the cheerful sound of the best modern stuff knocking at the door!

A literary periodical must be read attentively and regularly. If you are keen on photographs you make a point of subscribing to a photographic journal, because it is your pride to be up to date and your anxiety to miss nothing. Why not the same with literature? The circulation of literary

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periodicals is much too small. It may be somewhat tedious, but it is certainly not a waste of time, to read a whole batch of reviews once a week or once a month.

6. Further, it is advisable to take a note of books that "sound good". It is even advisable to keep a small notebook in which to inscribe particulars of them. A person with a passion or a mild affection for books is constantly coming across traces of books which entice him—not merely in reviews but in other books and elsewhere. And he says to himself: "I must remember that! I must obtain that! I must read that! But he never does. Because he forgets. Sometimes he is short of a book to read, and he rummages his memory in vain. Sometimes he encounters a book and he says to himself: "Now I've read something about that book somewhere. What was it?" And he cannot recall what it was. A notebook, with titles and other details of books that promise well, and occasionally a cutting from a review pasted in, will put an end to all this gross inefficiency.

Moreover, the mere compilation of a personal informatory document has an extraordinary moral effect in confirming one's purpose and strengthening one's endeavor. It nourishes a lawful pride and gives birth to the previous sensation of being in some sort a specialist.

7. I consider it unwise to confine one's reading to a single subject or branch of literature. A principal subject and a subordinate one should be chosen. Of course if the desire for knowledge has bitten you very badly in one spot, and you have become an utterly mad specialist, your case is hopeless, and advice is wasted. But it does not matter, because you are happy. All utterly mad specialists are happy. I speak as a reasonable man to reasonable men, and I urge them to practise two sharply differing branches of reading, and to keep these going concurrently. I would venture so far as to suggest that it is well to read two books simultaneously—I mean to read a bit of one and then a bit of the other—but I do not insist on this. It is an excellent plan to spread the perusal of some mighty work (say Gibbon) over a long period, giving to it a portion of one's daily leisure, and to diversify it by a series of shorter works. A varied diet is not only more amusing; it is healthier.

8. Again, library subscribers should always keep two lists of books to be borrowed: a list of those that will probably be "out", and a list of those that will almost certainly be "in". Many library subscribers, I have found, go time after time to the counter with a list of books all of which are sure to be in great demand, and when, as often happens, a complete blank is drawn, they accept, no matter what, the first book that comes into their heads. No library subscriber who wishes to prosecute without interruption a proper course of any reading whatever can achieve his purpose unless he explores the unpopular portions of the library and, having settled what items in their portions are likely to be useful to him, keeps a list thereof for emergencies.

9. Lastly, it is more practical to resolve to read a given set of books by a certain date, fixing intermediate dates for each book, than to resolve to read for a certain number of hours (or minutes) every day. Some kind of resolve is essential (for the strengthening of natural human frailty) if any worthy project is to be accomplished; and the second resolve is better than none. But the first is the best of all. Under the

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second, a day lost is definitely lost; you wipe it off the slate and forget it. But under the first you have an inducement to make up for wasted time or misfortune by extra effort as the inexorable date approaches.

A DRAMATIST AND A DREAMER

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Henry Arthur Jones once said that it took three years to write a play, and others than he have made much of the elaborate planning involved, the interlocked structure, the emphasis on framework. Plays, they say, are not written, but built, and it is a long, painful, difficult process. Arnold Bennett once disputed this, declaring it easier to write a play than a novel; but his own practice never proved this point! It has remained for Barrie to prove it—at least, so far as Barrie is concerned. With the publication commenced, at last, of his long plays (hitherto only "The Admirable Crichton" has been available in print, and that in an expensive edition), we can see, perhaps, why he so long withheld them—the canny man. He didn't want to be found out! But three of the long plays are now before us, and we know his secret. He long since stopped writing novels and took to writing plays because the plays are so much easier. They are so very much easier that he is still a little ashamed to issue them naked, between covers, and dresses them up first with most marvelous stage directions, so they begin like stories (J. M. Barrie stories, of course), and fool you completely for three or four pages. In fact, he gets the curtain up before you know there is a curtain; and after it is once up, of course, you don't care whether you've been fooled or not. You don't remember. It's just how Sentimental Tommy would have managed it.

Personally, we have for some years believed that Barrie is the most successful dramatist writing in English, because he combines a complete, easy, almost scornful command of practical stage technique with that magic of his own personality and with almost unrivaled gifts of sympathetic human observation. You cannot possibly imagine him working out the technical intricacies of a "Gay Lord Quex" bedroom scene—not because he couldn't, but because he doesn't need to. He has such mastery of the stage that all he needs is a simple fairy story, with one of the seven elementary plots (is it seven?—maybe there are less), to work his magic on us. You can almost fancy him writing half an act in a morning. "The Admirable Crichton", surely one of the finest comedies written in English in our generation, although it is difficult to play without an extremely competent company (and so is "The School for Scandal" and "As You Like It"!), merely wrecks a family and their servants on a desert island, and lets us see the results to the social system. The plot is old; even the Germans have made good use of it. "Quality Street" shows us an old

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maid pretending to be a young one, to win our sympathies and a lover. "What Every Woman Knows" is merely the tale of a wife who cures an infatuated husband of his folly by marooning him for a month in the company of his illicitly adored one. If you or I had dared use that hackneyed theme in a play, we would have been hounded by all the critics in the land. But when Barrie used it, nobody knew! It is only when we read the play in cold type (or type as cold as Barrie will let it be; he keeps edging himself in between speeches, in italics, and warming the page up), that we realize how Tommy has "found a way" again.

Of course, the secret is simple. Barrie knows (and here is where his bravery comes in printing his plays) that a play is nothing but a fairy story anyhow, and that the great plays may very well have the simplest plots, the least ingenious mechanism. It really depends upon what James (you remember James, Maggie's brother) would call "that damn charm" in telling the tale, and the measure of reality one can impart to the characters. No farce ever opened with a more preposterous first act than "What Every Woman Knows". Yet when that preposterous act is over, and we are done laughing, we suddenly realize that we know Maggie and James and David and John and father, not as names tagging the dialogue, but as real people. And when the play is over, we are not aware at the theatre — and only slightly, after all, in the reading— that the preposterous tale has turned into the old theme of the husband cured by being thrown at his affinity. We are aware, instead, of brave, plain, humorous little Maggie, and through her of all the brave, more or less plain, humorous women in the world who hold us humorless males to whatever is best in us by not letting us know that we aren't doing it all our royal selves.

In "The Admirable Crichton", possibly Barrie's masterpiece, though time only can determine whether "Peter Pan" will outlive it, we once more have a frankly preposterous beginning, two intermediate acts of fairy tale on the desert island, and then a closing act which is still almost farcical, and even a little tinged with the commonplace intrigue of drawing-room drama. The play is too fantastic and careless for "realism", too humorous for "romance", too serious for farce. It could never possibly have happened, and yet it is all true. It is true because the people in it are alive, not only when good actors take up the words, but when we visualize them on the printed page. They are as alive as those people in another impossible place, the Forest of Arden. And because they are alive, we follow their story with the tensest interest, a story which is at once one of the most amusing and one of the bitterest in all the range of English drama. Barrie has often been accused of sentimentality. Yet here, and in "The Will", and in "The Twelve Pound Look", there is a fatalism, a bitterness, a denial of an exit from the coils of life, which that self-confessed arch foe of sentimentalism, G.B.S. himself, never has achieved. It may sound curious, but the Barrie of "The Admirable Crichton" and Thomas Hardy—two men, you would say, at the opposite poles —draw close together.

As we recall the stage production of "Quality Street" from the long ago, when Maude Adams was very

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little younger than today, but we were very much younger, we did think that a little cloying. We still find it so on the printed page, but far less than we expected. Compared with a later play like "What Every Woman Knows", or the still more recent and as yet unpublished "A Kiss for Cinderella", "Quality Street" is tricky, in the theatrical sense; Barrie was not yet so sure of his technique that he could get along without it. Exits and entrances are frequent and clumsy. Any competent graduate of Professor Baker's course could manage them better. The main trick, that of the heroine pretending she is somebody else much younger, Barrie has since handled far more subtly in "Rosalind"—and, we might add, far less sentimentally. But somehow even his sentimentality has "that damn charm" about it, and when we read this:—

> VALENTINE—There you wrong me, for I have discovered for myself that the school mistress in her old maid's cap is the noblest Miss Phoebe of them all. (*If he would only go away and let* MISS PHOEBE *cry.*) When I enlisted I remember I compared her to a garden. I have often thought of that.

—when we read this, I repeat, with its little master stroke of stage direction that supplies for us readers the personality of the actress, we do, after all, catch an authentic whiff of lavender—or is it heliotrope in that old-fashioned garden?

When the publication of the plays is completed, there should be, and doubtless will be, certain specialized studies of them, in relation, for instance, to the employment of pantomime, in their relation to the peculiar effects of the actor's art, and in relation to the American stage and public.

In no one thing does Barrie more completely show his natural mastery of the theatre than in his employment of pantomime to further his tale, or to amuse or enchant his audience. He is no more "writing literature" when he evolves a play than is, say, G. M. Cohan. That he nevertheless succeeds in producing it is due to the gods. The entire climax of Act ii of "The Admirable Crichton" is pantomime. There is a great deal of it in "Peter Pan", you will recall. Indeed, there is so much in the latter play that not even Barrie's stage directions will ever quite reconcile us to reading it. In much the same way, Barrie writes quite frankly for actors and actresses, rather than readers. He writes "fat" parts, he gives all his players something more to do than merely to repeat his dialogue, he hands the whole play over to them. Lady Mary has to jump over a chair, to indicate her incomplete return to civilization; Phoebe has to be an old maid and a young one in a space of five minutes (a feat actresses adore!); Maggie has to have no charm at all, and yet enough to captivate an entire audience of two thousand people. Crichton has to be a perfect butler, and then a king in Babylon, and then a perfect butler again, and absolutely convince us each time. Barrie, indeed, leans heavily on his actors. He leans heavily because he loves them, and also because he is a born man of the theatre, and seeks his effects through their aid primarily, not by the written word.

Which brings us to the strange fact that in America nobody but Miss Adams has ever succeeded in making a Barrie play a popular success, unless we except the recent production of "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals". William Gillette barely

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"broke even", as the stage world puts it, with "The Admirable Crichton", although the entire performance was on a high level. "Little Mary" was an utter failure. John Drew, in "The Will", gave one of the finest performances of his career—and attracted no attention. Miss Ethel Barrymore in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" did not intrigue the public. Even Miss Adams at first was threatened with disaster in "Peter Pan", and met it in "The Legend of Leonora", which was too fantastic for our prosaic American minds. On the whole, however, she has been accepted in Barrie, and through her, he has been qualifiedly accepted. That is good of us—but a trifle short-sighted. In many ways her spirit and his are kin; but, on the other hand, there is much in his drama which she misses altogether; she muffed the entire first act of "What Every Woman Knows", and threw the whole play out of key. Much as we hail him, much as we appreciate his unique flavor, his pervasive and whimsical fun, his deep and at times tragically wistful tenderness, J. M. Barrie is still, in America, the dramatist of the few. Until we have ceased to identify him exclusively with Miss Adams, and there is a general revival of the best of his dramas including "The Admirable Crichton", "What Every Woman Knows", "The Will", possibly "Little Mary", and of course the immortal "Peter Pan", which every American child should have a chance to see every winter, he can hardly be said to have come into his own in America. It is to be hoped that the publication of his plays, which can now be studied apart from the personality of any player, however beloved, will aid in bringing this day nearer.

Quality Street; The Admirable Crichton; What Every Woman Knows. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The following lists of books in demand in December in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians; the titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

FICTION	*NON-FICTION*
1. "Shavings".	1. Out to Win.
2. The Magnificent Ambersons.	2. The Education of Henry Adams.
3. Elizabeth's Campaign.	3. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
4. The Rough Road.	4. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
5. Greatheart.	5. A Minstrel in France.
6. Dere Mable.	6. The Glory of the Trenches.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. Joan and Peter.	2. A Minstrel in France.
3. The Rough Road.	3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
4. The Amazing Interlude.	4. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.	5. My Four Years in Germany.
6. Dere Mable.	6. Over the Top.

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. A Daughter of the Land.	1. Over the Top.
2. The Magnificent Ambersons.	2. A Minstrel in France.
3. Joan and Peter.	3. The Education of Henry Adams.
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	4. My Four Years in Germany.
5. Dere Mable.	5. The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me.
6. Home Fires in France.	6. Roots of the War.

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. A Daughter of the Land.	1. A Yankee in the Trenches.
2. Joan and Peter.	2. The Education of Henry Adams.
3. The Magnificent Ambersons.	3. Out to Win.
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	4. The Glory of the Trenches.
5. The Rough Road.	5. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
6. Home Fires in France.	6. Over the Top.

WESTERN STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	1. A Minstrel in France.
2. A Daughter of the land.	2. Out to Win.
3. The Rough Road.	3. Outwitting the Hun.
4. Joan and Peter.	4. The Education of Henry Adams.
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.	5. My Four Years in Germany.
6. Home Fires in France.	6. Far Away and Long Ago.

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. A Daughter of the Land.	1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.	2. A Minstrel in France.
3. Joan and Peter.	3. Out to Win.
4. The Magnificent Ambersons.	4. Over the Top.
5. The Rough Road.	5. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
6. "Shavings".	6. The Kaiser as I Know Him.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

It is quite possible that some of the best of the recent war books may enjoy a longer life than the pessimists in the publishing business have seen reason to hope for, if the analogy of Civil War literature offers any sound basis for judgment. Books on the Civil War were popular for a generation after Appomattox, and a well-informed librarian lately stated that an increasing demand for them had been recently observed.

A hint as to the trend of sentiment among publishers and readers may perhaps be gained from the answer of the editor of a short-story magazine to a recent letter of inquiry. "We are not buying any more stories of the war; they are a drug on the market now", said he. "But we recognize that the military spirit has been kindled and we shall be glad to consider short stories dealing with dramatic moments in American history. The patriotic vein is a sound one to work at present."

Incidentally, one who had been asking for Civil War books at the library the other day ran across a passage in the "Personal Memoirs" of General Philip H. Sheridan which, in the light of recent events, seems worth reprinting. Sheridan was given leave to go to Europe and had the opportunity of observing a large part of the Franco-Prussian War from the German side —part of the time in company with Bismarck and von Moltke. He was present at Sedan and at the occupation of Paris, and was enabled to examine critically and professionally the principal battles and many of the minor details of the war between the then two greatest military nations in the world. His comments are enlightening.

"Of course", he wrote, "I found a great deal to interest and instruct me, yet nowadays war is pretty much the same everywhere, and this one offered no marked exception to my previous experiences. . . .

"The earlier advantages gained by the Germans may be ascribed to the strikingly prompt mobilization of their armies—one of the most noticeable features of their perfect military system, devised by almost autocratic power; their later successes were greatly aided by the blunders of the French."

He praised the German infantry, but added: "I think that under the same circumstances our troops would have done as well as the Germans, marched as admirably, made combinations as quickly and accurately, and fought with as much success. I can but leave to conjecture how the Germans would have got along on bottomless roads—often none at all—through the swamps and quicksands of northern Virginia from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta and the sea.

"Following the operations of the German armies from the battle of Gravelotte to the siege of Paris, I may, in conclusion, say that I saw no new military principles developed, whether of strategy or grand tactics, the movements of the different armies and corps being dictated and governed by the same general laws that have so

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long obtained, simplicity of combination and manœuvre, and the concentration of a numerically superior force at the vital point."

At the end of the volume he remarks, with characteristic restraint: "I returned to America in the fall, having been absent a little more than a year, and though I saw much abroad of absorbing interest, both professional and general, yet I came back to my native land with even a greater love for her and with increased admiration for her institutions."

Stevenson in his "South Seas" says: "I was the showman of the 'Casco'. Her fine lines, tall spars, and snowy decks, the white, the gilt of her saloon, and the repeating mirrors of the tiny cabin, brought us a hundred visitors." The following item recently appeared in a San Francisco paper:

A new chapter in the long list fo sea thrills and adventures that have surrounded the schooner "Casco" since Robert Louis Stevenson chartered the tiny craft to cruise the South Seas thirty years ago, was finished during the past week, when the vessel came into San Francisco with all hands manning the pumps to keep the flush hull from sinking. The adventure ship came from Suva, and for the last forty-four days of the voyage Captain Percy E. Troup and his crew of five, including the cook and the bride of the skipper, had never left the pumps for a moment. The "Casco" is now owned by a Seattle man. She may go north next season for seals, but Troup will not be commander, for his bride says she has had quite enough of the Stevenson ship.

The statement in connection with the honorary degree of doctor recently granted President Wilson in Paris, that this was the first time the doctor's degree had been conferred as an honorary degree, appears to be incorrect.

The first honorary doctor's degree awarded under the provisions of the new law, someone has recalled, was conferred on the Reverend Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary and Commissioner to France of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, at the Church of the Oratoire in Paris on June 30th, by the Divinity faculty of Paris.

Grant M. Overton, who is the editor of that engaging section of the New York Sunday "Sun" called "Books and the Book World", is a person to be revered, admired, and humored in small whims. He is an omnipotent person, self-styled a literary reporter. The world is his. With charity toward all, with malice toward none, he makes remarks about the people who make books. As Mr. Overton says in the introduction to the second book of the Modern American Writers Series, he is undoubtedly most capable of writing this book called "The Women Who make Our Novels", because he is in a position to discuss them impartially, inasmuch as he is a reporter and not a critic. "The critic", he says, "may be justified in treating of Edith Wharton and ignoring Gene Stratton-Porter. The literary reporter who should do such a thing doesn't know his job." Therefore Mr. Overton, with the sublime indifference of a disembodied spirit, has discoursed upon such living and possibly revengeful celebrities as Kathleen Norris, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton, and some twenty others.

William Dean Howells has written an introduction for Blasco Ibáñez's novel, "The Shadow of the Cathedral". He not only offers an interpretation and estimate of the novel concerning which he writes, but he also tells something of Ibáñez's life and work, briefly reviewing a number of his novels and comparing them with the work of fa-

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mous novelists of other countries. Of Ibáñez himself Mr. Howells says that he is "the most commanding talent among the contemporary Spanish novelists", and of his comparative rank in modern literature he says: "He is easily the first of living novelists outside of Spain. . . The Russians have ceased to be actively the masters, with their following in all the countries, and there is no Frenchman, Englishman or Scandinavian who counts with Ibáñez, and of course no Italian, American and, unspeakably, no German."

Robert Nichols in his article, "To the Young Writers of America", published in the December BOOKMAN, gives a list of volumes by American poets of repute which were first published in England. Among them he mentions Aldington's "Images". The Gossip Shop is told by Miss Amy Lowell. "Mr. Richard Aldington is an Englishman. He comes from a very old Saxon family, although his wife, who writes under the pen name of 'H. D.', is an American. How this fact escaped Mr. Nichols's attention I do not know, but I think that perhaps it would be well to put it into a little note referring to his article, because of Mr. Aldington's non-inclusion in the anthologies of American poetry, which, since he is an Englishman, is quite natural. The same is true of Mr. Flint. He is English of the English."

An American edition has appeared of Robert Chambers's "Traditions of Edinburgh", recognized for several generations as a classic repository of recollections and memories of the Edinburgh that was before that historic town became a modern city. First written almost a hundred years ago, when its author was hardly more than a lad of twenty years, it brought him into acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, with Constable, the great publisher of the time, with all the wits and the literary men who gathered in Edinburgh in those days, with old people of eighty and a hundred years whose memories went back to the middle of the eighteenth century and who had known Johnson and Boswell and others of that period. All these told him about the Edinburgh of those elder years and he put it into his book. Forty-five years later, in 1868, he revised the volume, rewriting many parts of it, and described in an introduction how he came to write the book, and the assistance he received from the famous Edinburghers of his youth. This present issue has an additional introduction by one of his descendants, C. E. S. Chambers, who has newly edited the work, adding explanatory notes and connecting the Old Edinburgh of which the book tells with the Edinburgh of today.

Joseph Conrad's new novel "The Arrow of Gold" is, as he himself has said, a distinct departure—to a certain extent in subject, wholly in treatment, and considerably in style. The departure, Mr. Conrad says, was taken on purpose, for he knew very well what he wanted to do. This book is the product of the twenty-third year of the author's writing life, and shows him more than ever the romanticist. The story is laid "about the middle years of the '70's when Don Carlos de Bourbon, encouraged by the general reaction of all Europe against the excesses of communistic Republicanism, made his attempt for the throne of Spain". Yet the novel, it is said, is not historical in the narrow sense of the word.

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A further selection of the letters of Coningsby Dawson to his family bears the title "Living Bayonets: A Record of the Last Push". They take up his story at the point where "Carry On" laid it down—at the time when America entered the war, and continue it throughout the days of 1917 and up to October, 1918.

William G. Preston, advertising manager of THE BOOKMAN, died December 18, 1918, at his home in Peekskill, N. Y. He was born in 1866. He attended the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, studied law, and practised for a time in Buffalo. Later he came to New York in the publishing business, and was with THE BOOKMAN when it was published by Dodd, Mead and Company. He joined the staff of "The Nation" in 1913; when "The Nation" separated from "The Evening Post" last August, Mr. Preston retired, and on September first went back to THE BOOKMAN under its present management.

Frank J. Wilstach, the author of "A Dictionary of Similes", has presented to the New York Public Library a collection of scrap books labeled "Curiosities of Journalism". This collection, comprising curious head-lines gathered from all parts of the world, quarrels of editors, first copies of newspapers, and the like, was begun by a New York journalist, name unknown, thirty years ago, and carried on by Mr. Wilstach since the books fell into his hands.

After studying the matter for some time the Gossip Shop has come to the conclusion that the following communication recently received in this office is from one Christopher D. Morley, of Philadelphia, New York, Garden City, Oxford, England, etc., etc.:

Did you realize that Burns uses the word "cootie" in the Address to the Deil? But it has a different meaning.

Recevez, messieurs, etc., etc. C. D. M.

The Society for Irish Folk Lore, under whose auspices the private edition of George Moore's "A Story-Teller's Holiday" was recently printed, hints that another Moore creation will soon appear in a limited edition bearing its imprint. It has not yet been definitely decided what the title of the new book will be, though the New York publishers who were helpful in distributing "A Story-Teller's Holiday" say that the book may be called "Avowals".

"The Great Hunger", by Johan Bojer, now appears in an American edition. The author is a Norwegian, on whom France has bestowed the honors of the Academy. This book, published in London, has met with success; its title means, not hunger for bread, but for understanding.

A leading citizen of Brookline, "Mass.", sends a communication to the Gossip Shop which illustrates very strikingly the interest in poetry in the country at large today. She is, by the way, Miss Amy Lowell. She says:

"You probably know that, at the request of Dr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, I sent poetry libraries to all the training camps in America. The letters I have received from both men and librarians have been most interesting and inspiring. The other day I received a letter from Miss Marilla Waite Freeman, who is the librarian at the Base Hospital at Camp Dix, New Jersey, telling me that the hospital was some little distance from the camp, and that the demand

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for that library of poetry among the sick men was so great that she would be extremely obliged to me if I would send a separate poetry library to the hospital to meet this demand, which I have done.

"I had a long talk the other day with the librarian at Camp Devens, who told me that one of the men at that camp, who had never written poetry before, was inspired by these books and began to write, and he had eight poems published before he went to France."

Latest estimates place the number of persons killed in the war at 10,000,000. The natural result has been an unprecedented interest in the literature of the life beyond. Bookstores during the holiday season just passed had unparalleled calls for authoritative books on this subject. The publishers announce new editions of the following: "Raymond; or Life After Death" by Sir Oliver Lodge, "Psychical Investigations" and "Man Is a Spirit" by J. Arthur Hill, "The Bugle" by Kendall Lincoln Achorn, "The New Revelation" by A. Conan Doyle, "My Father: Reminiscences of W. T. Stead" by Estelle W. Stead, and "After Death", W. T. Stead Amanuensis. There is also announced for early issue: "The World and I" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Spiritualism, Its History, Phenonema and Doctrine" by J. Arthur Hill, and "What is This Spiritualism?" by Horace Leaf.

Several years ago there appeared in the Wisdom of the East Series, a little book of selections from classic Chinese poems, entitled "A Lute of Jade", compiled by L. A. Cranmer-Byng, who was the general editor of the series. For nearly ten years it has had steady sales and an increasing demand. Heretofore importing the necessary copies from England, the publishers have now reprinted it in an American edition.

"American Problems of Reconstruction", which went into its third edition within a month, will add, in the latest edition, an article on the tariff by F. W. Taussig, formerly of the faculty of Harvard University and now chairman of the United States Tariff Commission.

From Dayton, Ohio, to the Gossip Shop:

Dear Sir (or mayhap Madam):—

Will you as a kindness, yet speaking gently, tell your Mr. Boynton who does the "All Sorts", that Elizabeth Robins Pennell did *not* write "Camilla", but that Elizabeth Robins (Parkes) who used to write under the pen-name of "C. E. Raimond", *did.*

Mrs. Pennell always uses her husband's name in addition to the E. R., and while I know the mistake is a natural one, and one, too, which English papers continuously make, to one who went to school with Elizabeth Robins at Putnam, it is a grievance.

This is particularly noticeable (Mr. Boynton's mistake) when the "Gossip Shop" has an illuminating paragraph on page 506 in regard to her being at one time an actress, which Mrs. Pennell was not.

It was last spring (I believe) that Mr. Boynton spoke of F. Tennyson Jesse, as "Mr. Jesse", and noting that fact in my book reviews, I sent the clipping to the BOOKMAN; not particularly kind of me, but—

You see, we of the middle west are not always asleep (even though we are quite rude—as in this case).

Most faithfully,
PENELOPE PEVVILL.

In "The Congress of Vienna", the publishers say, there pass in review such figures as Wellington, Marie Louise and Napoleon's ill-fated son, Frederick William of Prussia, Hardenberg, the fascinating Countess Zichy, Gentz, Dalberg, and many a crafty

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statesman whose influence is still felt in the world.

John Reed's book on Russia, called "Ten Days That Shook the World", describes how the revolutionists acted; what they said and did; how the leaders looked; what they said and when they said it. The publishers state that for the first time the whole story of the Ten Days is reported in this book. There is also an appendix containing documents, speeches, newspaper clippings, secret diplomatic correspondence declared never to have been published before in this country, and a simple, lucid explanation of Russian terms, parties, and politics.

Charles Richard Van Hise, scientist, author, publicist, practical man of affairs, for fifteen years the president of the University of Wisconsin, and ex-officio member of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, died November 19, 1918, while in the midst of the university's war activities.

John Hastings Turner, author of "Simple Souls", is a young Englishman. His first play was put on in London a year ago. Then he wrote a revue, "Bubbly", which ran steadily for a year, and Curzon is to put on a dramatized version of "Simple Souls" in the early autumn. He is half-way through another novel.

The demand for biographies among our soldiers, it is said, has brought in large orders for a volume in the Leading Americans Series. It is "Leading American Soldiers" (including Washington, Andrew Jackson, Scott, Sherman, Grant, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others) by Professor R. M. Johnston of Harvard.

The experiences of an American nurse in a front-line hospital on the Aisne for ten months before and during the great German drive last spring appears under the title of "Hospital Heroes", by Elizabeth Black.

"Bismarck", by C. Grant Robertson, just issued, is a companion book in "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" to Lord Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln".

A new book of poems by Siegfried Sassoon has an introduction by Robert Nichols. It is called "Counter Attack". Mr. Sassoon's previous book of poems, "The Old Huntsman", was published in 1917. The new book is said to contain only poems about the war. The poems were written in a hospital while the author was convalescing from wounds.

Stephen Lauzanne, the editor of "Le Matin" and author of "Fighting France", recently returned to France.

"Another Sheaf", by John Galsworthy, a new volume of his essays and studies, is largely concerned with questions, material and artistic, of reconstruction; and in many of its studies deals with American standards, intellectual and practical.

Among the members of President Wilson's peace party were Stanley K. Hornbeck, author of "Contemporary Politics in the Far East", and William K. Westermann, author of "The Story of the Ancient Nations".

Of Clara E. Laughlin's "Foch the Man", four editions quickly followed each other on the press within a month.

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George Moore's "Sister Teresa", for a number of years out of print and impossible to purchase except at a greatly advanced price, has been reissued in uniform size and binding with the edition of the author's collected works.

Brigadier-General Albertus W. Catlin of the Marine Corps, during his recuperation at Hot Springs, Virginia, from wounds received at Belleau Wood, wrote his book "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", in collaboration with Walter A. Dyer.

"A Gentle Cynic", by the Oriental scholar and critic, Morris Jastrow, Jr., is the result of the author's love for the original book of Koheleth, commonly known as "Ecclesiastes". "Intensely human, and remarkably modern in its spirit, marked by a singular lightness of touch, and belonging to the small coterie of books that do not grow old", it is described in the preface. The publication is issued in a limited edition.

"Far Away and Long Ago", W. H. Hudson's account of his childhood and youth in South America, published in October, has passed into its fourth edition.

"Chamber Music", a lyric sequence by James Joyce, has recently appeared in an American edition. It was Arthur Symons who secured the first publication of "Chamber Music" in England. W. B. Yeats thought so highly of him that he asked Joyce in 1904 to write a play for the Irish Theatre. Joyce promised the play in ten years and almost on time produced "Exiles", a four-act drama just brought out in the United States.

"The scientific man", says James H. Hyslop in his new book, "Life After Death", "assumes nothing about a spirit except that it is a stream of consciousness existing apart from the physical body. How it may exist he does not inquire, until he is convinced that there is evidence of the fact of it, and then a large number of associated problems arise. It is comparatively easy", he continues, "to prove survival after death when you have once eliminated fraud and subconscious fabrications. But it is a very different matter to determine just what we shall believe or how we shall conceive the nature of the existence beyond the grave. It will be a matter of long investigation, and all that I hope to do in this work is to suggest the considerations that must be taken into account when discussing the problem."

Arthur Henderson's "The Aims of Labour" enjoys the distinction, among books dealing with politics or economics, of a third printing within a short time since publication.

Edward N. Teall, who writes book notices for the New York "Sun", and "The Watch Tower" for "St. Nicholas", has left the Princeton University Press and is now associated with the Marshall Jones Company of Boston.

The release of Karl Liebknecht, coming with the collapse of militarism, draws fresh attention to his book, "Militarism", for which the German government on a previous occasion deprived him of his liberty. "Militarism" has been unavailable in Germany for a number of years and was unknown to English-speaking readers until a translation appeared

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in an American edition about a year ago.

"The Diary of a German Soldier" is a volume translated from the French. The author, Feldwebel C——, fought in the German army on the western and eastern fronts during the first three years of the war. Finally, being wounded at Verdun, he was transferred to the auxiliary troops along the Danish border in Schleswig, and thence escaped into Denmark.

Thorstein Veblen's new book, "The Higher Learning in America, a Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men", reveals the failure of our universities as factors in scholarship and, too, discloses the demoralization among faculty and students that results from absolute power in the hands of trustees and president.

An announcement is forthcoming of the first American lecture tour to be made by Lord Dunsany (Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett), author of "A Night at the Inn", "The Sword of Welleran", "The Gods of the Mountain". Beginning late in January, the tour will last until about the middle of April, including cities as far west as Kansas City and Omaha. One lecture will be on a war topic and at least one on the drama. Lord Dunsany has fought in the war, since its beginning, as Captain in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, has been wounded, and comes to America by special permission.

A. Hyatt Verrill's "Getting Together with Latin America", among other things, sets out to show up mercilessly what our people in Latin America, from diplomatic representatives to salesmen, have done and the attitudes they have taken to make us all disliked and distrusted. In addition to the general discussion of how to bring about better relations, Mr. Verrill has provided a chapter in which a summary is given of general information about each of the Latin American republics, its size, resources, population, climate, industries, commerce, and other important matters.

Blasco Ibáñez's novel of the great war, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", it is reported, has passed into its forty-second edition. The book was published last August.

Professor Harold Whitehead, author of "Dawson Black: Retail Merchant", has been appointed director of commercial training for soldiers blinded in the war. The appointment was made by the Administration through the Red Cross. A number of plans which will aid in making Uncle Sam's sightless heroes self-supporting have already been worked out, and the training may soon be extended to include those crippled in the war. Professor Whitehead is also the author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke", two business stories.

William Roscoe Thayer, whose war essays and articles appear in a book entitled "Volleys from a Non-Combatant", is a biographer of John Hay and of Cavour.

In his article on "Technical Research in Chemical Industries" in "American Problems of Reconstruction", a symposium by men of authority, recently published, Major Allen Rogers advocates the establishment of

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a national institution for chemical research in which a central laboratory at Washington would work in cooperation with local laboratories in the different States, the latter dealing with matters of local interest and the former with those of general concern, and all of them affiliated closely with research work in existing universities. Major Rogers is director of Industrial Chemistry at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and is in the service of the Government, in charge of industrial relations in the chemical service section of the Army.

The following tribute to Rudyard Kipling was written by an American soldier serving in France, and printed in the Philadelphia "Press":

OLD KIP

Oh, they ain't long on the highbrow in this Yankee gang of ours,
And they don't read Walter Pater in their precious leisure hours,
But they do like simple soldier-songs, a-full of pep and zip—
And the guy what's wrote the best of 'em is Mister Rudyard Kip!

So, it's good old cheery Kip—(you will pardon us our lip,
But we like your stuff so mighty well, formality we'll skip)—
You have lightened many a load with your poems of ship and road,
And you've kept us grinnin' cheery 'neath the Cap'n or Skipper's goad!

We get thrilled on "Danny Deever", and before we hit the hay,
There's a chorus round the fire singin' "Road to Mandalay".
When we're feeling sentimental, there's that "Mother" thing of yours
That just lifts us out o' France back to our own Atlantic shores!

The death was announced, just before Christmas in New York, of Randolph S. Bourne, author of "Education and Living" and other books of criticism of life and letters.

A new edition has just been published of "Helen's Babies".

Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute in succession to Booker T. Washington, after conferences with the Secretary of State and with the President, recently sailed for France on an official mission for the Government.

Jane D. Abbott's story for girls, "Keineth", recently published, is to be placed on the Girl Scout Book List.

Two new books on aviation are "Text Book of Aeronautic Engineering" by Klemin and Juff, and "The New Conquest of the Air" by Rotch and Klemin.

"Henry Is Twenty", by Samuel Merwin has recently been issued. Though Henry is the same lad, grown older, whose temperamental activities Mr. Merwin recorded a year or so ago, this new book is a story by itself.

Presenting a contrast, it is hoped, to the Peace Conference of 1919, is a new book, "The Congress of Vienna", made up of material gathered from memoirs of the participants of the Congress. The book is based on the researches of Friedrich Freksa; the translation is by Harry Hansen, who also supplies notes and an introduction.

W. B. Maxwell's American publishers have received the manuscript of his latest novel and will publish it early in the new year under the title, "The Mirror and the Lamp". Mr. Maxwell—or Captain, as he has been in the English Army since 1914—is best known in this country for "The Devil's Garden", a book that had a considerable sale a few years ago.

"America and Britain", by Professor A. C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago, deigns to show

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how American political principles were derived from those of England; it deals among some of its special subjects, with the Monroe Doctrine and America's entrance into the war.

"One of the London Scottish", says Fullerton L. Waldo in his book, "America at the Front", "was amazed when a boy from Maine showed him a picture of the antlered monarch of the Maine woods and told him it was a moose:

"'A moose, mon? A moose? In the de'il's name, hoo big air yer rats?'"

"Automobile Liability: How to Deal with It", by John A. Post, tells the automobile owner just what his liabilities and his rights and privileges are under all circumstances, whether he is insured or not, in case of accident. The author has been for twenty years general western attorney for the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York, and has made a special study of automobile liability.

An announcement is made of an eleventh edition of Frank R. Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine". Stockton never sold a million and never will; but already now for more than twenty years the books of this gentle, gracious, good-humored American, who was also a literary artist, have gone on selling.

Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France" and William Beebe's "Jungle Peace" have each gone into fifth printings, while Mr. Hohenzollern's "Little Journeys Toward Paris", translated by Simeon Strunsky, has gone into a fourth large one, and Thomas Burke's "Nights in London" into a third.

An Australasian wholesale house has just cabled for an additional supply of 1,000 each of "Pollyanna" and "Pollyanna Grows Up". This makes nearly 4,000 copies of each book ordered by the "Anzacs" in 1918 alone.

Now comes "The Aero Blue Book". It is a book somewhat in the nature of "The Automobile Blue Book", though with more diverse material, since aerial transportation now has need of more explanation than the once brand new automobile. In addition to the aeronautical maps, "The Aero Blue Book" contains aviation records, lists of international and national trophies and prizes, information about aerial mail service, and a directory of aeronautical associations.

In W. J. Crawford's "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena", published last spring, the author gave an exposition of the mechanical methods he had used in the investigation of spiritualistic seances. He is a British authority on mechanical engineering, of which he is professor in the University of Belfast. In his latest book, "Hints and Observations for Those Investigating the Phenomena of Spiritualism", he describes the methods and the conditions he found most productive of results in his experiments.

In "Roumania's Cause and Ideals", Leonard A. Magnus sketches Roumanian history in brief outline with a view to showing how, because of their Latin origin, Roumanian peoples differ from their Slavic neighbors. The latter part of the little volume reviews and analyzes the diplo-

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matic negotiations which ended in Roumania's entrance into the war.

Rebecca West, Beatrice Webb, and nine other women have combined in producing a pamphlet entitled "Women and the Labour Party". Arthur Henderson writes the introduction.

Kemper F. Cowing, compiler of "Dear Folks at Home—The Glorious Story of the United States Marines in France as Told by Their Letters from the Battlefield", was Washington correspondent for the Indianapolis "Star" for more than two years. In New York he handled the publicity for the Y. M. C. A. War Work Campaign. He is the son-in-law of Senator A. J. Gronna of North Dakota.

Isaac F. Marcosson made five expeditions to the front during the course of the war, and as a result of his last trip will publish a book entitled "S. O. S.: America's Miracle in France". The book, it is said, was written under the special authority of General Pershing. It presents the romance of the Services of Supply which fed, equipped, and transported the American Expeditionary Forces.

"Africa and the War", by Benjamin Brawley, author of "The Negro in Literature and Art", discusses the importance of Africa in the war settlement, and the direct bearing of this upon present questions affecting the negro in the United States. The author speaks a word about the economic importance of the disposition of the German-African colonies. Mr. Brawley is dean of Morehouse College at Atlanta, Georgia.

Although most of the opinions in James Branch Cabell's newest book are put into the mouth of John Charteris, who by Mr. Cabell's own account has been dead for several years, "Beyond Life" is not a book about spiritualism. Mr. Cabell has taken his title from Milton's statement: "Many a man lives a burden to the earth: but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life". The volume treats of almost everything under the sun—from witch-women to Harold Bell Wright.

Charles D. Stewart, after a long vacation from novel writing, has retired from Chicago to write about it, in his new novel "Buck", the story of a son of the Middle West.

Several years ago a group of women in New Jersey formed a housekeeping experiment station, with the object of discovering the real obstacles to successful home management, and by practical experiments to overcome them and to raise the business of home making to the dignity of a profession. Just what they learned is told in "The Business of Home Management" by Mary Pattison, one of the founders of the station.

"Java Head", Joseph Hergesheimer's new novel, is a tale of Old Salem in the early days of the great clipper ship era. Salem was then still a port rich with the traffic of the East Indies, houses with old gardens with lilac trees and green lattices, and elm-shaded streets ending at the harbor, with the brigs unloading ivory from Africa and the brigs crowding on their topsails for Canton. It is a story of choleric ship masters, charming girls, and an aristocratic Manchu woman in carmine and jades and crusted gold.

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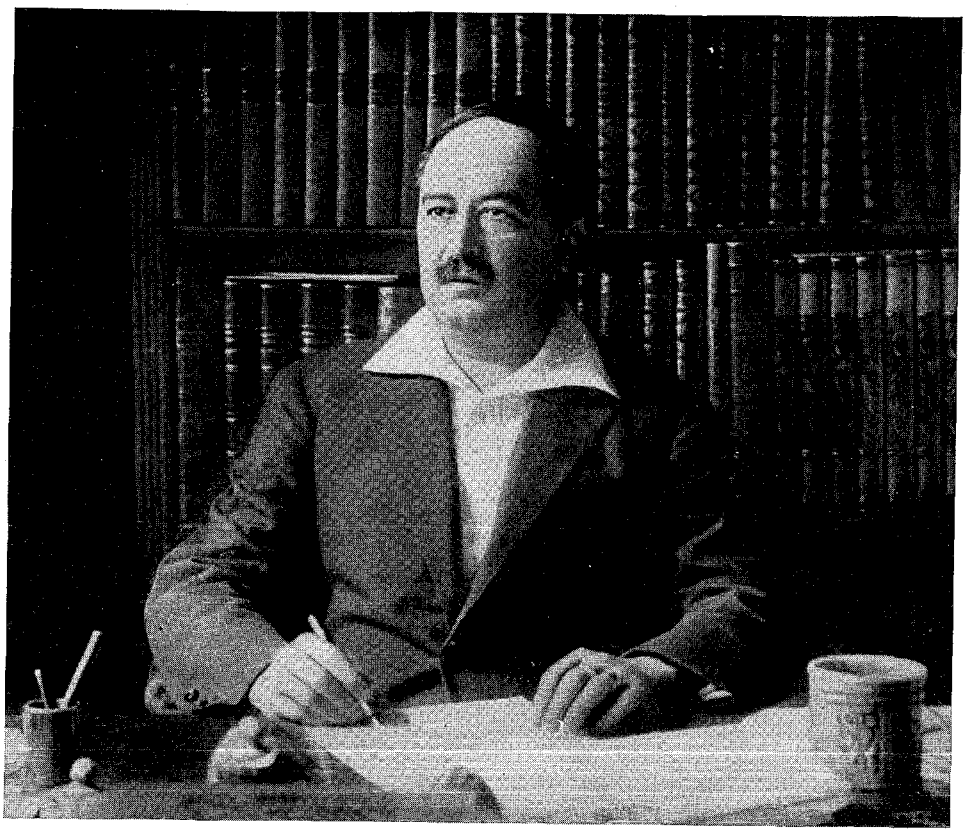

VINCENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

the Spanish novelist whose war story, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is attracting such wide attention. A review of this work and of his "Mare Nostrum", now being translated, appear in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

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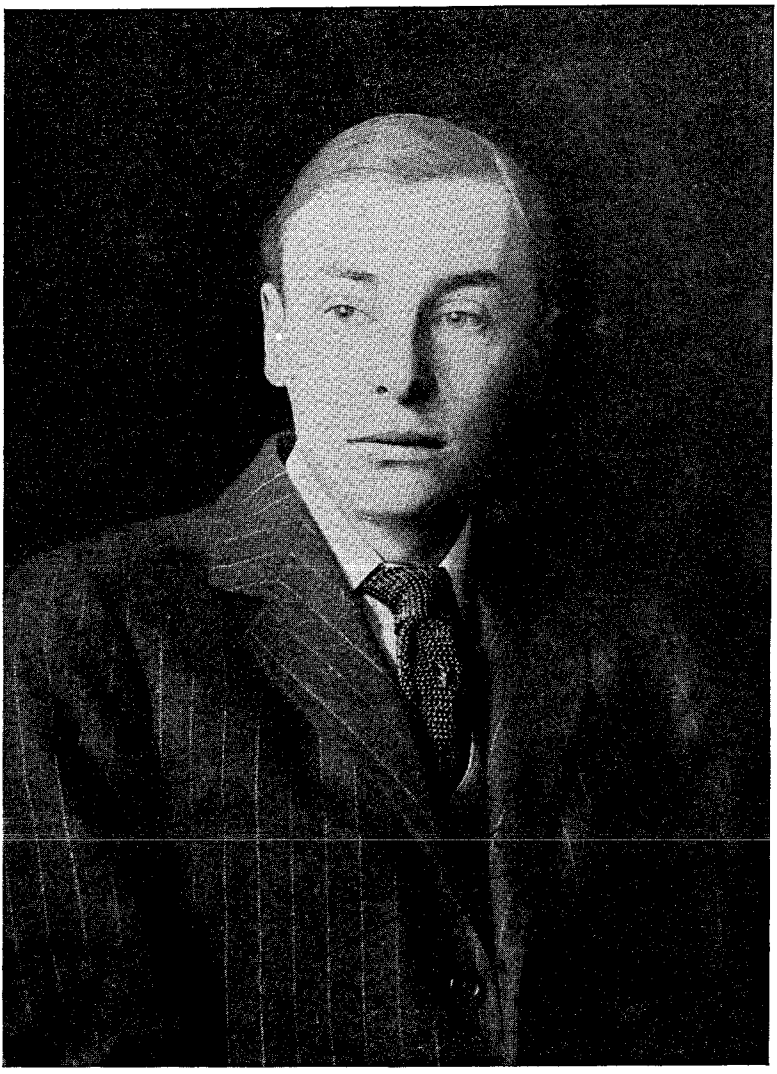

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ROBERT NICHOLS

Member of the British Mission and representing the younger poets, painters and musicians. Mr. Nichols is the author of "Ardours and Endurances," a volume of war poems, and his work has been given a prominent place in "The Muse in Arms." Mr. Nichols makes an interesting plea in this issue for a method of bringing the younger British and American writers together.

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